

Cam'ron "Death"

Visit "[Death](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I swear to God it feel like death is fucking callin' me
But naw you wouldn't understand

I swear to God it feel like death is fucking callin' me

Ayo hit wit' at least ten, beat again
Hey, Cam'ron need a friend?
Aww man, we meet again
Here's your suit and tie your laced with the gear
You the same mutha fucka I been chasing for years
Don't take you why not? 'Cause you rhyme now?
Listen here muthafucka lie down
Yo yo chill, it ain't my time now

Come on, last year you had me duckin' the blaze
What about that bitch that you fucked wit' AIDS?
Aww shit come on death, I ain't know that
You know, I wouldn't of went up in that bitch kojak
Yeah, but her ass was so phat
But let's go back to when your ass stole cracks
But I was a little cat that ain't know jack
So I know that but let's go black

When they put you in the trunk of the gold hatch
Oh yeah, with the cold rats but back then I even came
back with rabies
But you still living that was way back in the 80's nigga
But yo you tried to get me once when my house caught
on fire
So I let you go when your girl called you a liar
And choked you with your necklace
And what about when your ass drove wreckless
Wha what in the Lexus? Come on now I'm thinking of
blood in the BM

Well I know where he at nigga yo you wanna see him
Ayo don't play wit' me nigga you'll get lead in yo head
Yo shut up nigga, you 'bout to die you can't kill me I'm
dead
This is how I get extortion
I coulda got your ass when you was a portion
Mom wanted abortion

Yo why didn't you come get me when my time was done?

When I didn't have a penny and I was confined to crumbs?

When I wanted to kill myself and couldn't find a gun
Oh yeah, that time you was beeping me 911
But to mean I was petty but now I ain't ready
Man Cam, hurry up I got to go get little ready
Me and her got a little 2 O' clock appointment
She playing with wires while she eating on a ointment
Yo, but I don't wanna even join the casket crew
Too bad mutha fucka be back in a few, yo chill, chill
chill yo, shit

I swear to God, it feel like death is fucking callin' me
But now you wouldn't understand

I swear to God, it feel like death is fucking callin' me
But naw you wouldn't understand

I swear to God, it feel like death is fucking callin' me
But now you wouldn't understand

Oh, you slid up on me
Ayo death, hurry up before they give up on me
Come on, my man
It's your time, it's your time
Ayo death, I forsake you, I ain't trying to snake you
Well, why shouldn't I take you
Well, I understand I stole bottles
But nowadays I'm the one the little grove follow

Yo, I'm like a role model and my girls pregnant
Look don't hand me the game
Yo, for real I don't wanna see my family in pain
Look Cam, man, shut up
But, but
What, what
Yo, man that fucked up
Yeah, well tough luck

Ayo, just show me the light and get me through the fog
What about Mr. Diggs and Jimmy and the God
Oh, your crew after you left they got a little chest hair
After hard rocks yo, they'll meet you here next year
Ayo what happened to 'em
You know niggas on the hill sniped 'em
Ayo, why they just ain't fight 'em?
See funerals I like 'em, you see family and friends

Yeah, don't forget the snitches
While you looking for them man, I'm looking for the
bitches
And you don't need no ends, and nigga no friends
I'm just gonna go wit you I ain't got no wins
Lemme get my shit man I'll go check it
Matter fact death you got to give me one second
Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul
to keep
And if I die

Ayo man, cut the crap man just get yo shit man and
that'll be that
Man fuck it death I'm ready to go lying in the ditch
Aw, Cam yo you always fucking crying like a bitch
I ain't gonna take you your life you can have that
Just wanted to waste time you someone to laugh at
Ayo, why you fuck with me just give me one answer
Ayo, I see you next album with my man lung cancer

I swear to God, it feel like death is fucking callin' me
But now you wouldn't understand

I swear to God, it feel like death is fucking callin' me
But now you wouldn't understand

I swear to God, it feel like death is fucking callin' me
But now you wouldn't understand

I swear to God, it feel like death is fucking callin' me
But now you wouldn't understand

Visit [Cam'ron](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.