

## Cam'ron

### "Dipset Forever"

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Let's do it!  
Santana, Jim Jones, Killa, Freekey  
How long we gon' have this shit on lock, man?  
Yes sir, you gave me the right track Kanye

(verse 1)

Listen - I been coppin them pieces  
Maybe that's part of the reason  
I feel like a boxer: bobbin and weavin  
But I'm gettin head  
She's bobbin her weave and (yes sir)  
I'm grabbin her neck to stop her from breathin  
I'ma wild out until I part with my breathin  
Until I'm sparked up and leakin  
Part of the cement  
I need something pure, like from the Garden of Eden  
(why?)  
Wouldn't mind making her part of my achievements  
(what happened)  
Cause when music discourage my pride (who was  
there?)  
Zeke the only one with courage to ride  
The ride's so dirty inside  
Seems like we were playin in mud  
Hazin' it up, grams, gauge and a snub  
Who ill? a check for two mill  
And a cheap case, defaced, blue steal, true skills  
I got stories that my soul can sing  
Flip water like Poland Spring  
And I'ma hold them things

(verse 2)

Look - talk to 'em  
Look - my fella said you been coppin' a lot  
Latest caper? Propellers on top of the drop  
But fuck it, who ever thought I would rock at the Roc?  
(Killa!)  
Top a top on top of the top  
But yo - nothing definite  
I chop up the rocks  
And I stop up the drop

+Blocka Blocka+ the block  
Hello mate, yellow tape, helicopter your spot  
What you wanted is not what you got  
And I pop up them cops  
Cause dogg, it ain't about Cam (It ain't about me)  
I got a son homeboy, it's about Cam (For that?)  
It's about being +Bout It+  
If you're not, you're ass backwards  
My mathematics cause cash matters (That's important)  
Little niggaz need to sit up and breath  
If the town's too hot, get up and leave  
Niggaz always got a trick up their sleeve (always)  
Nigga like me - I always got a brick up my sleeve  
And that's for-e-ver

(verse 3)

Shit, I was two blocks from coppin dust  
I used to hop the bus  
Now look dogg, ain't nobody hot as us  
Girls, they gotta rush  
Shit, they gotta blush  
Wanna go in the mall just to shop with us  
To how they piss and bitch how they ran a mile  
Fuck Killa Cam, they in love with Cameron Giles  
Damn, I gotta smile  
Hundred grand, I demand it  
Cot damnit the boy the boy done done it child  
And that's forever man

(Cam'ron speaking over fading beat)

You hear it, uh huh  
We here, I love y'all man  
It's nothing boy  
Dash, Hoffa, Young Guru  
What's really good?  
Holla at your boy  
I might have this shit on lock man  
Kanye, Harlem, Chicago, Columbus, Holla  
Chicago, you have your own Kanye West on the track  
Harlem, you know who the fuck I am - Killa!  
We just want you's to know Diplomats is here  
We ain't going nowhere  
Holla at the boy boy, let's ride out man

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