

Cam'ron

"Facts Of Life"

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(feat. Juelz Santana)

[Juelz Santana]

Lemme see you do this
C'mon, lemme tell you about the facts of life

[Chorus: Theme song from "Facts of Life"]

You take the good, you take the bad
You take em both and there you have
The facts of life, the facts of life

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The facts of life, the facts of life

[Juelz Santana]

Aiyyo I tried to take the good, I tried to take the bad
I tried to take em both man, look what I have - nothin
Look what I'm stuck with, dirty streets corrupted
Nothin to do but sell drugs to the public - fuck it
I'm on these corners hustlin eighths of crack
From the day to the night, to the day come back
and these hoes'll try to get you for cribs and get you
for loot
Stick you with kids you didn't produce
Sorry lady but I'm just spittin the truth
Yeah I know niggaz do creep shit too - fuck em
See it's a fact niggaz is dogs
Just like it's a fact that if I can't rap, I'm in the kitchen
whippin the raw
Gettin it hard on the corners, dishin it off
Hopin the cops never catch me and ship me up north
The hustle's inside me, no one or nothin can guide me
Stuck in this lobby with crack, that's my life, that's the
facts, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Cam'ron]

Killa, facts of life, facts of life, facts of life
I got a ROC habit, I copped karits, how could I not have
it?

Ice drippin down my neck, even the lock lavish
But my most prized possession - cop badges
That I got from a scuffle with these cop bastards
I unlock handcuffs, my cockmatics
I don't wanna talk to y'all if ya not attics
I'm not average, my old school, stop passed it
Seen my principal, showed off my fox fabric
No hard feelings though sir, got passed it
See y'all failed me in math but I got passed it

Guns, credit cards dog - got plastic
When I floss in the street, man I stop traffic
You should stop carriage and pay homage
How I got cabbage I tell you I love you ma, it's not
marriage
But hell wit the speech you spit
You'll have ya own beach and six and that's the fact of
life

[Chorus 2x]

[Juelz Santana]

Yo, now you could catch me holla'n at every bitch
walkin my way like "Hey"
Ma, you feel like talkin today?
My name is Juelz, I promise I will feed you the ice
If anything I'll teach you, I lead you though life
I'll tell you not to go down that 11th street pad
I'll keep you from the losers and deadbeat dads
I'm just tryna live the facts of my life
But I realized, yo it's just a few facts in my life
This rap, this mic, this pack I got strapped in my Nikes
Damn my ankle hurt, these straps is too tight

[Cam'ron]

I know just how it is dog, I'm still pitchin
Right around the corner from Bill Clinton
Beef and brocllii's on, you know the grill chickens
You need sixteen, Cam is down
How you want it - rhymes, O's, grams or pounds?
Come though ban-damn it down
Putcha hammers down, from now on its Santana's town

[Juelz Santana]

You take the coke, you take the bake
You shake and scrape and there you have
The crack and right, the crack and right
You hit the block with the rock, watch for cops and
there you get
The stacks in life, stacks in life
Mommy always said "Will you ever grow up"

I think I'll never grow up, I think I'd rather blow up
Cuz I love to run the streets, chasin ladies, gettin
money
That's a matter of fact, life's a matter of fact
Cuz when you liivviinn up to ya dreeaamms
I'll show what my hood's about, I'll tell you what my
hood's about
When you liivviinn up to ya dreeaamms
I'll show what my hood's about, I'll tell you what my
hood's about

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