

Cam'ron "Family Ties"

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[Cam'ron]

Killa, Dipset

[Verse 1]

[Cam'ron]

Man i spit that pimp talk
You hang out where the pimps collide
It's a pimp in my ride
No need to pimp the ride
This aint the pimp camp
Pimp limp, pimp stance
Pimp slape the slim tramp
Order stake shrimp skamp
Okkkay, you gggay
I souflay ya toopay
And bottles be ya bookay
Right where you stay
Or where you stay
That 45, tre deuce stayed sprayed
You stayed
Unload the click clack
To ya fit cap
Hold the shit back
Say good-bye
And go comitte that
For nine years,?? had a time share
Back to times square
I got dimes there
By the poor authority
But i got more authority
Ya girl she ordered Maury
Checks she forger for me
Reporters, report me
How she reported the orgie
But it's more to the story
Her daughter aplaud me

[Chorus (Cam'ron)]

We in the zone, our soldiers like to stand by

Never alone, we bout to make them drums cry
(Cam'ron)Dipset,dipset,dipset,dipset,dipset,dipset
We hold are on, don't think you could go and push us
We step to the side, that's why they call this family ties
(Cam'ron)Dipset,dipset,dipset,dipset,dipset,dipset

[Verse 2]

From the back of the cock ride
The black on black black
When we cock rides
I will not hide
Hi ma, hot thighs
Dick on her nose
Now she's cock eyed
From whipping the bacon rolls
To outside, whipping the bacon rolls
See ?? from those
Im raking, but makin dough
80 holes in ya shirt
There ya own jamacain clothes
I aint talking to potent nose
Im talking to astence
The sloughs we go
You get the okey dough
Play me, baby i hope he know
We break noses
Call em baby pinnochio
Fucking liar
I hold it wit blue mittens
Two pigeons, what the fuck are you pitching?
1 house, 2 kitchens whose bitching
I bring the diesel
Wont see the foohst snickens
Now i don't trust a hoe
That's mother, to baby mother
Mother fucker you look like a lady lover
I touch, slap her
Dap her, plus clap her
Tell her drink cum, get drunk
It's nutt cracker
And it's well known
That Rell home
Yep, he eat C up on his cell phone
As ya family dies
And my family ries
Call the network dipset family ties

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

You see me in that, lavender tank
You ravegers faint
I was fort laudy
You was saint ladder day saints
Whips get lavered in paint
Ride wit the rappers
Scrap wit the actors
Cap back, abra kadabra
And imma paul think that we all comfortable
Mia morties, rappers all theodore huckstables
Their mother's a lawyer, their father's a doctor
Auction, coke to the coppers
Glocks in the locker
And, who you suppose to be
Get hung from the rosery
Call me C.O.D.
That's coke and them o's of d
Some O.D.B.
Off them o's of d
I ain't give a fuck
As long as they ain't close to me
Put ya drugs in the air
Give a toast to me
Pump that dip in ya veins
Get dope like me
Fuck Kerry and Bush
You should vote for me
Fareal nigga, on the real
The last hope is me

[Chorus]

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