# Cam'ron

# "Get 'Em Daddy (feat. Hell Rell, J.R. Writer and Ji"

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feat. Jim Jones, Hell Rell, JR Writer

#### Cam'ron:

See the problem is I ain't goin' nowhere You could shoot at me, you could stab at me Take ya best shot This is the remix, suck a dick no homo Dipset, remix

My flow is Novocain, my bars is Hurricane Katrina

#### Hell Rell:

I got hella 'caine, Mac in the melon Range
Hop out a self-exchange
I wanna see these niggaz, die, die, make they moms
feel hella shamed
Walk around like I got a broom in my pants
Now that's a fuckin' AK, heavy tool in my pants
Damn, man, these cowards better stay in they lane
And if they ain't gettin' the picture, it ain't in the frame
No VVS it stayin' my chain, damn my ring
You must've wrote your will already if your saying our
names
Hell Rell, Mr. Ruger Ruger, I'm a shooter, shooter
You hung with the girls, you double-dutcher, hoola-hooper

### JR Writer:

Hop, skippin', and jumpin' Block, clickin' and jumpin'

Glock, clickin' and dumpin', this da mic

Listen I'm quite known, nice chrome, I cyclone niggaz
Your sight blown, right on, my white stones glitter
Left hand bling, the Vipe' won't shiver
Stallion, medallion, a ice-cold pitcher
The white stone flipper, that white tone, nice home
Gettin' rid of the weight, like lypo mister
Mrs. Psycho sicker, that ain't crack in ya pip
You got a rat as a friend like Mike gone prisser (stupid)
This ain't nothin' to me, a scrapper at his best
No rapper could impress, man I'm crack right out the
'jects

You rappin' in direct, but it's lookin' like a movie shoot How they sendin' all these damn actors at the Set

## Jim Jones:

It goes get 'em daddy (Goonies)

Told niggaz they sick and flabby

Young, fly, rich and every nigga wit' me faky (We ballin')

(Get 'em daddy)

Somebody snappin' pictures at me

Plus I know I got the FBI sickin' me

The cash, the jewels, and how we buy exquisite V's

Go get ya brains fried to a frickin' seed

My vest and my heater, breath from the reefer

And your boy stay fly like he was dressin' for Easter

The big vechote, Capo to heaven

Back and forth for a ballcase, to trap on they stress way

Dipset Byrdgang we fly high

And chart the G4 we gettin' high in the sky

You fuckers

#### Cam'ron:

I'm Hardcore and Randy Savage

Bob packin', pa actin', honk-honk, who they think they carjackin'

Dumpin' and dump, I slumped and I slumped

Your mad my car;s like a elephant, the trunk in the front

Shit, see it do react, HUD 6 threw me back, but few did

But I ate those, them shits was Scooby Snacks

I ain't see stars, I'm a G pa

Threw the Lam' in 6, drove to the ER (true story)

Had to make it hot

Feel like Pac I know instead of them old niggaz know

I'm 'bout to take they spot

Ain't no A-B-I-O-U-Y-B, gotta get 'em up in ICU

Like I see you at the VP, shot 'em off, GP

Gun from VA, PA, down to DC

Waddup DOA, if you short up on my PC

See 74 switched 'em over to P.C.

Like Chuck D, we the O-6 PE

Fucke me, why, I'm in a '06 GT

All about them Gs B

We the BG, Byrdgang Dipset, D-I-P, see

Like KRS-1, the great BDP

Wanna join the crew, then you must see me, flee

Dato mami, you ma got some body

Cuz I'm back now with the pump, jotty jotty

Honey smile, don't act funny style

In one ear yeah, yeah, 220 thou

Jim Jones:

You heard what he said nigga
We still ballin', them shits is Scooby Snacks fucker
The repercusions is a mu'fucka
When we catch dat ass, flatline fucker
Hey Killa we back, tell 'em the city is ours
No disrespect to you other mu'fuckas
But Jimmy Blocker, Killa The Don, King Jaffi Joe, Juelz
Santana The Prince, Hell Rell
I see you mu'fucka
You know who we are, Dipset Byrdgang
The most powerful movement in this mu'fucka
We ride high nigga
I wish you would, dang dang, nugga
(Get 'em daddy)

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