

Cam'ron "Glory"

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

[Cam'ron]
I'm here now!
Ha! Ha!
I'm here now!
They should have never let me in the muthafuckin
game b!
They done fucked up lettin me in Un
They done did it to themselves man!
Eh yo you see him
Cam in the BM
Wit the Koreans
To G 'em
Wit land in Korea
Take the leer jet flight
When?
Thursday night
Overseas
No fuck up is worth they life
Huh you niggas heard me right
Uggh for that persian white
I go to church of christ
Search a life
Enough to cut a nigga from his merchandise
My niggas ball for weight
Sprinkle ten grams of coke on their corn flakes
To make em frosted flakes
Oh, these jewels on my neck
You say are out of sight
My shit cost a cake
You think you can afford a date
I thought I'll let you know
That my crew
We intend to blow
Treat you cats like Martin Lawrence
And muthafuckin end your show
When I say no
What don't you understand the N or O
Like that nigga Jigga said
Yo, you either friend or foe
So respect my wish
I'm a perfectionist
And wit the gun

Is the only time a nigga plays catch or kiss
Check the kid
How many necks I twist
Who expected this
Exodus
Flow over night
Or even sex a bitch
But I can get her
Anytime I hit her off
On my dick so bad
I need Cochran to get her off
Ask my nigga Digga
Or my other nigga Mr. Ross
I pray you get across
To make it that you get across
And, chumps like you
Get mad and wanna holler rape
But you live in the burbs'
Your business is on the holidays
Chorus
[Noreaga]
Now where my up north niggas at
Wha What!
Now where my down south niggas at
Wha What!
Now where my east side niggas at
Wha What!
Now where my west side niggas at
Wha What!
Now where my Harlem World niggas at
Wha What!
Now where my Iraq niggas at
Wha What!
Now where my N.O.R niggas at
Wha What!
Now where my Cam'ron niggas at
Wha What!
[Cam'ron]
Eh, yo I just wanna walk wit ya'll
I don't wanna rhyme
I just need to talk wit ya'll
How ya'll feel about me
Yo, I think I'm pretty hot
Cause when I rhyme
Niggas grab they dick and diddy bop
Then pull they skully down
And put their ice grill on
Like they don't trust a nigga
And walk around the club
Like they bout to crush a nigga
I get a nigga mad enough to when he snuff a nigga

No need to boast
Yo, I fuck around and bust a nigga
You got to love a nigga
The way I rhyme what
Cause out west they fuckin throwin gang signs up
Wildin all out and not carin where they wind up
Next day same ice grill along the lineup
Ya'll niggas' time up
No mean to trouble you
I'll snatch your kids quicker than B.C.W
What you mad about?
I see a lot of types of drawers
I got a lot of hoes
But I'm really, really liking yours
Not to nag her
Wonder if I can bag her
It ain't if I can have her
It's how I'm gonna have her
I'm a lay her like a quarterback
On her back
On the mat
Found out that you wanna act
We ran through her
You want her back?
Come on wit that
You trick a hoe
But when the bitch leaves
You fuck around and miss the hoe
Oh, I'm the type to kiss the hoe and diss the hoe
Choke and threaten the killer
Like her last name's Carlisimo
Listen yo
Trick the hoe and get her doe
That was pryor like Richard yo
See I done been around the world
See I met Puff and I no Mason
But still the best nation
Nigga is donation
So let me hold somethin
Yo, you can't change my livin
This robbery's a holiday
Call it Thanksforgivin'
Cause you a turkey
Talkin bout you sell weight
Nigga you had soul mates
I had sell mates
But now
I've been in the same three hummers
For the same three summers
And my dice game loves me
And stays on the same three numbers.

Chorus

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.