

# Cam'ron "He Tried To Play Me"

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**(feat. Hell Rell)**

*[Hell Rell: Hook]*

HE TRIED TO PLAY MEEEE  
SHIT GOT ALL CRAAAZY  
BUT THINGS JUST WASN'T THE SAME  
SO I RAN UP ON HIIIIIM  
THEN PULLED MY MAC OUTTT  
AND I BLEW OUT HIS BRAINSSSS

*[Cam'Ron: Verse 1]*

Y'ALL WITH THE VIOLENCEEEE  
WE MOVE IN SILENCEEE  
SILENCE PLUS SILENCE THE GUNSSSS  
I WAS THE WIIILDEST...  
THAT WAS CHILDISH...  
NOW I STACK MY ONESSSS  
SHINAY WAS IN LOVE WITH HER SCHOOL  
RICH WASN'T LIKING HIS SCHOOL  
SHINAY CAUGHT TWO IN THE RIBSSSS  
HE WAS A HUSTLER  
SHE'S A CUSTOMER  
NOW HE'S OFF DOING A BIIIID  
TEE GOT SHOT WITH A SHOTGUN ON HIS BLOCK  
I WISH IT WAS ALL PRETEEEEND  
NANA WOULD GET HIIIGH  
HARD ENOUGH GETTING BUY  
WHEN IS IT ALL GONNA ENNNND  
ME I'M STILL HOLDING ON  
THE TEAM STILL ROLLIN STRONG  
THE AVE IS DOWN THE STREEEEET  
BUT IM A STREET TARGET  
CALL ME A MEAT MARKET  
I STAY AROUND SOME BEEEEEEEF  
THE BLOCKS STILL PUMPIN  
ISN'T IT SOMETHIIIIIN?  
NEEDLES, KNIVES & NINEEEES  
THERE'S NO TOMORROOOOW  
FOOD GETTING BORROWEEEEED  
WHAT KIND OF LIFE IS MINE??

*[Hell Rell: Hook]*

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*[Cam'Ron: Verse 2]*

They call me "Patty Cake Patty Cake The Bakers Man", I  
bubble bread (bread)  
Beef don't stop, who's this years knuckle head?  
(knuckle head)  
We done scrapped and scuffled until our knuckles bled  
(bled)  
Shot out in front of police, yell FUCK A FED! (fuck a fed)  
I patrol on d-lo, popo know my steelo  
Who seen Killa cop? Nigga's rolling C-Lo

Pump the peddle bike, nice chain, light chain  
Fiends sniffin' white caine, needle, 40 and night train  
(that's Harlem)  
Just a hype lame, you'll never like Dame (why?)  
Three years ago I would of robbed his dice game (true)  
Life's changed my snipe game's the right mayne  
(what's the difference?)  
Only difference is I'll push you to that right lane (whip in  
traffic)  
Gotta laugh yall that's just blue lightning (the Lambo)  
Or that white thing, you on the Internet pricing  
(pricing?)  
I don't window shop, not me and Jim go cop  
Hop through the window ock, god damn them Bimbo's  
hot (hot)  
Dukes of Hazard, they wanna do the Limbo Lock  
Never had a Pinto ock, first car a Benzo drop  
(Mercedes)  
"Bens & Bops", put between my hot wallet  
And my toaster, I really had a hot pocket  
And I'm saying this real clear  
y'all can't chill here  
I know real thugs in wheelchairs  
Yeah yeah, and you can't steal there  
Party pop more bottles than a nigga on 2 feet and  
some real gear  
It's real here, real near, you feel fear, a meals real  
They don't cry, if they do cry homeboys a steel tear  
Animals....Lions, Whales, Seals, Bears  
Y'all fruits.....cherries, grapes, stale pears

*[Cam'Ron: Bridge]*

THAT'S WHY NIGGAS FUCK WITH ME

AND THEM LADIES LOVING ME  
THEY ALL PUT THEY TRUST IN ME  
CAUSE.....I FLIP THAT KILLA MAN  
THAT'S WHY NIGGAS FUCK WITH ME  
AND THEM LADIES LOVING ME  
THEY ALL PUT THEY TRUST IN ME  
AND.....MY NAME IS KILLA CAM

*[Hell Rell: Hook]*

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