

Cam'ron

"I Used To Get It In Ohio"

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Verse 1

What up Midwest?

They forgot about the 4th coast, it aint nuttin though.

What up Arkansas, Minnesota, Kansas, Kentucky,
Missouri, Everybody in the Loop.

Thinkin bout Guy Fisher, never met him, but goddamn
that's my nigga.

I figure real estate, invested pie flipper, never snitch,
me I'm in a bathrobe, fly slippers.

Left Chicago with good money for 5 drops, West Side,
did the South Side like the White sox.

Vampoo and Pulaski, K-town is contra, they'll dearly
depart ya in front of Macarthur's.

I'm the author for gangsters, tough guys, did the whole
Ohio, but I started off a Buckeye.

Columbus to Natti, them towns I raped em, few clowns
was hatin, moved my pounds to Dayton.

And in Akron my niggas they would grow things, not
King James, these were coke Kings.

And he actin grown, doggy you aint back at home, the
smack- it's on, wrapped in chrome you better get a
chaperone.

Chorus

(If you know like I know, you should lie low, Killa, I used
to get it in Ohio, don't forget the Chi though, guns are
like a pyro, you keep playin you will look like a gyro.)

Verse 2

Yo, go head and hate me hater, cuz I'm flyer than a
aviator, well you'll get smacked with the radiator.

And I get K to play ya, wanna talk? Maybe later. Told
her, her time was up, 88 her, flavor flaved her.

Need ya neck choked, rather your neck broke, ya dead
broke, yet folks the jewels are like AYO!

And you'll get yolked up, switch blade-poked up, bitch
made since 6th grade he need his rope cut.

Cowboy roped up, y'all boys sold what? You know what?
The dope, crack, and coke is in the coat tucked, roll up,
hold up, family this a hold up! Get close up, soaked up,
I'm KG, post up.

Hoe, slut, no love, turn beef to cold cuts, family gettin bread, well he about to get his loaf cut.
Y'all doped up, this game is sewed up, Malcolm X- tell the white bitch yo, I want my toes sucked.

Chorus

(If you know like I know, you should lie low, Killa, I used to get it in Ohio, don't forget the Chi though, guns are like a pyro, you keep playin you will look like a gyro.)

Verse 3

I'd rather be judged by 12, than carried by 6.
My 12, 12 well, they carried my bricks, and them 12, 12 fiends they're married to sniff.
And the V12, that's on various strips.
Y'all make a brotha laugh, me I took another bath,
come into my habitat, hover crafts, bubble baths,
duffle bags stuffed with cash, fell in love with math.
I got the green Benz, rag, raised, mustard Jag.
White coke, tan dope, black gun, tre-duece, silver bullets, purple piff, blue pills, grey goose!
Pull out the ratatat, duck duck, say goose! Bage coupe, suede roofs, send him off to Jesus.
H-deuce. Yea yea, piss off the state troops, see me, then they don't, I disappear, say POOF!
Play Zeus, homeboy get a replaced tooth, not pot, mean dust when a nigga say juice. Killa, Killa!

Chorus

(If you know like I know, you should lie low, Killa, I used to get it in Ohio, don't forget the Chi though, guns are like a pyro, you keep playin you will look like a gyro.)

You know what it is nigga!

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