

# Cam'ron "Just Us"

Visit "[Just Us](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[VERSE 1:]

Uh, Yo  
Her shoes, straight was hooker.  
Don't play, I'll cook ya.  
What's shakin' suga, I'm gettin' cake.  
Fetti, cheedi, bacon, moolah.  
She say hate pusha.  
I said I hate a booga.  
A snoddy attitude. She laughed.  
I purple hazed to kush her.  
My charm, captured her.  
She havin man trouble.  
I'm havin woman problems.  
It all began in Harlem.  
Wife with the Louis Vuitton.  
Said I'm living, and I did her wrong.  
Forget a song, I swear I love her to death.  
But we just can't get along.  
Her problems bigger hell.  
Her dad died, man beat her.  
Friend crossed up.  
Ma, breast cancer  
Got laid off, and plus her son got sickle cell.  
Damn mommy, hit the L.  
Missus Bell got shit to tell.  
Sound horrific, ain't a doctor.  
But your son I wish him well.  
Under this damn pressure.  
She looked at me, I looked at her.  
And the Cam measured.  
Started to Sanchez her.

[HOOK:]

Tell you some dudes might fight son.  
Gunplay daytime, when the night come.  
But I'm from Harlem, want a problem.  
Yeah you dealing with the right one.  
The right one.  
A female, I like one.  
A straight girl, a dyke one.  
Either way come on girl.  
It's just us. [x4]

I'm so tough.  
Out the cuffs.  
Diamonds crush.  
We so plush.  
It's just us. [x8]

[VERSE 2:]

Uh, tell you the boy's amazing.  
I show some poise and patience.  
Lack of communication.  
Well that there destroys a nation.  
I'm God's child right.  
My dudes employed by Satan.  
And once the grape is dry.  
Hope ya'll enjoy the raisin.  
Tonya living check to check.  
Kim gettin' high, no self respect.  
What you expect?  
MTV, man crack got direct effect.  
Plus all the side effects.  
They coming fully loaded.  
And then divide yo death.  
Fuck the tec betta hide yo neck.  
So I play home base.  
And I keep a chrome case.  
And a lawyer, just in case.  
I catch a case.  
It's a very long race.  
Moving at the wrong pace.  
Hope you got strong brakes.  
My crew ain't nothing but candles.  
Yep, we sittin on cake.  
And all these birds we pitching.  
Well they absurd and sickening.  
But I seen Brenda, 143rd & Lennox dirty kitchen.  
Back of the burger hun, you heard me hun, she 31.  
Gave her a Sanchez, yes a dirty one.

[HOOK:]

Tell you some dudes might fight son.  
Gunplay daytime, when the night come.  
But I'm from Harlem, want a problem.  
Yeah you dealing with the right one.  
The right one.  
A female, I like one.  
A straight girl, a dyke one.  
Either way come on girl.  
It's just us. [x4]  
I'm so tough.  
Out the cuffs.  
Diamonds crush.

We so plush.  
It's just us. [x8]

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

---

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