

## Cam'ron

### "Killa Season"

Visit "[Killa Season](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[DukeDaGod]

Before we get into this Killa Season  
Let's start this shit off with my man 40 Cal

[40 Cal.]

Who am I? 40 Cal. motherfucker  
Gat to your back, get down motherfucker  
Clown motherfucker  
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)  
Let me try to explain  
I shoot his truck up just to drive him insane  
Give his Rover the new name, the firing range  
When we see you yell fire and aim  
Cause when I fire them thangs it's like  
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)  
I gotta watch who wit me, watch who pretty  
Drop two-fitty on a hot new Bentley  
But when it come to drops say he cop too many like,  
damn  
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)  
Down with wonderful Cal. {they make Hummers in  
brown?}  
Nah I just shitted on you, even haters lovin my style  
I'm a role model, I make the hustlers proud  
I make the customers smile  
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)  
Catch me in them thangs with Jennifer, BM's with Olivia  
If it ain't Vivica or somebody sim-i-lar  
Comin down the block the suspense is killin ya like,  
wow  
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)  
That's Cal. we see him {we see him} we leavin {we  
leavin}  
He schemin, he be beastin  
Heard he kill people, we believe him  
Oh shit he's reachin  
(You will be wonderin what are we gonna do now)

Killa Killa Killa Killa!  
Killa (Killa!) Killa Killa Killa! (Killa!)

[Verse 1]

Dial killa for murda once, no redial  
Just see child, the O G style and how I used to be wild  
This the story of Cam'ron and Zeke Giles one way road  
to the P now  
Yea the whoscal, ohh child you wasn't there  
Zeke snitched, if he did, I'd be doin a hundred years  
Did the interstate, big cities, tiny ones  
Took over niggaz towns, black ties, tiny bums  
Handsome hoods, pretty thugs, but we grimy dun  
Cars, cribs, money, had to find me some  
Zeke right behind me dun dun, he play by all the rules  
That's why the house is his, the cars, all the jewels  
Ya'll niggaz all are fools, your regular married with  
children  
Dawg, nine to five, office, pool  
Couldn't live that life, I needa loft and pool  
I had too much class, I ain't report to school  
If they report to school, I caught the stool, extort the  
fool  
Took off his jewels, thought he cool, gun to mouth, they  
often drool  
Fuckin wit this wolf, this should be taught to you  
Ya money don't matter, what you can't afford to do  
Is fuck wit me dawg, that could be affordable  
Hide ya mom, police protection, that's when I'm cordial  
Cars convertible, TV's are portable  
Fiends on line, coke lines, they come and snort a few  
Killa!

[Chorus]

(KILLA!)  
Guns, cars, bitches, and (KILLA!)  
Weed, smoke, dope (KILLA!)  
Glocks, ox ockin I'm cocked (KILLA!)  
Cam, fam, damn, it's (KILLA!)  
Season and the reason you breathin (KILLA!)  
Who buy out the bar though? (KILLA!)  
Who far from a star but they car is Gallardo? (KILLA!)

[Verse 2]

I was forced to eat, anything you lost I keep  
Shot the fifth, and then like a Piston, toss the Heat  
(Bye)  
Now round the corner, up the block, cross the street  
Up fifty flights, iight where the bosses meet  
And the Porsche is peach, felt like Boston George  
Left Boston Market, did deals on Boston Beach  
Now I bought the beach, all because they applaud my  
speech  
One nigga crossed the chief I know you heard he lost

his teeth, and it's  
Killa!

[Chorus]

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

---

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