

Cam'ron "Let Me Know"

Visit "[Let Me Know](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

All my harlem niggas my bk niggas
back uptown baby, lennox ave

We bout to spit hospitable
Physical, but shit is gettin critical
The way cats bitin is dispicable
Pitiful, unoriginal, this shit is miserable
I'm a businessman, I ain't tryin to be lyrical
Damn it's a miracle, thought y'all was veterans
Wish your flow was ill huh?
Mine was your medicine
Now you're in the game
Lame sound the best you've ever been
Play right I'll catch you late night nigga like Letterman
Get thirty thou now your actions begun
Actin and fun nigga after taxes you're done
Cars impounded, New York must stop bitin and start
writin
And start malice(?)
When the fuck we start bouncin?
We stash ounces, make a nigga start clownin
We spark round and nigga that's your heart poundin'

[CHORUS]

Yo you fly? Let me know
Yo you high? Let me know
You wanna cry? Let me know
You wanna die? Let me know
You want raw? Let me know
You sound raw Let me know
You want a war? Let me know
You on tour? Let me know
You sell crack? Let me know
You bust yo gat? Let me know
You sell weed? Let me know
Well where the trees? Let me know
You a fed? Let me know
She give head? Let me know
It's aight? Let me know
You wanna fight? Let me know

Yo I get dough any way

I can flow any way
Yo you rap about money, man, who are you anyway?
C'mon, all my jewels ice and gray
And nigga might I say
I'm Mister Rogers status, change twice a day

Any beef you let me know, I'll be there right away
And when I'm rhyming, I've always got the right of way
I got some cats that'll come down here right away
To take your ass right away
Believe me you could die today
We explode and bullets we reload and killers speak in
code
So please let me know
You get fly? Let me know
He get high? Let me know
Take his jewels and his rolls(?)
Eat his food to let him know(???)
You can't come to the hood, we got glocks to squeeze
With rocks and G's and that shit looks hot on me
So gimme that, little man, I'm bout to pocket it right
I make this look good, you wasn't rockin it right

[CHORUS]

You the type of cat, wanna marry your lover
And to the end of earth 4(???), huh, like mario brother
Better carry your rubber
Now you done this street, Me I gun this V(???)
Somethin to see, and man, ain't nothin to me
Not my man, not my style
Not my fam, not my pal
Not my click, not my type
Hell no we not alike
You get knocked, you sit in a cell
Get raped, bitch, and you yell
Turn homo, kiss and you tell
Bitch nigga, walk with a switch nigga
Why you switch nigga?, talk high pitched nigga?
You know how we get niggas?
Bla! bla! bla! bla!
That's how we get niggas
Big drinkers, me and 6 figures
Bout to be some real, real real real real real
Rich niggas
Big niggas, talk slick nigga
Got shit to spit nigga

[CHORUS x2]

