

Cam'ron

"Let The Beat Build Freestyle"

Visit "[Let The Beat Build Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My nigga G.O.D. (yessur)
My nigga Leo G (how y'all doin')
Let's rock baby

Yo, I'm thinkin' 'bout AJ
Ajinaye, name shoulda been AK
Willie hit the Eastside, it was mayday
Red Bentley drop, let's play, play
Chuck Stone home, my nigga Ray, hey
Pass the Brandy brother, I'm Ray J
That was deep for y'all, that's just why I sleep on y'all
Peep it y'all, you creepin' any coke, give me a call
Can't stop the D's, but the D's can't stop the keys
Stop the cheese, all these damn shopping sprees
Louis this, Gucci that, sacks, 5th
.9, Tech, banana, Mac clips
Go 'head and act sick, Mac spits, backflips
That rich, a half a million dollars in the mattress
Stickup kids outside, tell 'em "Ah it's cool"
Thou will never ever ever get my jewels
Go 'head and try fool, die fool, I, cruel
Mean jet, tough car, bad bitch, fly pool
I'm professional, you high school
Mini hardware store, 5 tools
And they're all hammers, you'll turn pale-blue
Not the cops, ock, but I will nail you
Fishscale, that's on the scale boo
Run a train on your girl, then derail you
You, you, this is how you get rich
Yeah, yeah, this is how you get rich
Yeah, yeah, this is how you get rich
Bitch, bitch, bitch
We talkin' codes on the phone, jellocake
I see my enemy, well look, hello snake
Killa, calm, yeah I'm in a mellow state
Anytime, any moment, they'll be yellow tape
And y'all hesitaters call on your investigators
Legislators, yo you should invest in a respirator
Like Warren G and Nate Dogg, I'm a regulator
I'm on the top ock, catch the next escalator
I want fast head, mami give me slow dome

Wish she can hurry up, so she can go home
Or go roam, I'm so grown
Sun hit the ring, it look like a snowcone
And you synthetic, forget it, I'm connected, respected
What you expected, yo check it, it's genetic
Fuck with me you will regret it, in the ground you'll be
embedded
Let's bet it, don't wanna bet it, the best bet is to get it,
forget it
The abominal, phenomenal phenomenon
Bomb wit' no drama, whole Llama blow at abdominals
They fallin' like they dominoes, what we got in common
though
Nuttin' cuz I'm comma after comma after hoe
They bonded though
Wonder where I wander though, where I'm a go
How I'ma flow, they baffle how I'm on the dough, on the
low
Babygirl I'm honorroll and right now I'm on a roll
Born to roll, pay your toll, hurry up, get on the pole
Shake it like a tambourine, peel it like a tangerine
Fuck bumpin', liet's get it jumpin', like a trampoline
Damn, his tramp is mean, I want head for sure
Then I looked down, mami need a pedicure
Yeah your feet dun, I told her "Please hun"
I been gettin' money since Each One, Teach One
And this rap, singer, crack-slinger, Mac-blinker
Yak-linger, look at the pinky ring on that finger
Yeah, yeah, this is how you get rich
Yeah, yeah, this is how you get rich
Yeah, yeah, this is how you get rich
Bitch, bitch, bitch
Killa, Killa

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