

# Cam'ron

## "Losing Weight Part 2"

Visit "[Losing Weight Part 2](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

**(feat. Juelz Santana)**

*[Hook: Cam'Ron]*

Aiyyo, fuck losing weight  
I'm back on these highways moving cakes  
Life's based upon what I'ma do today  
Cop a car, new estate  
Na, fuck it get the beef and rocks blue and grey  
Baby do the date  
I got ta move an eighth  
Fuck the scrutiny  
Y'all niggas screwin me  
Killa never let the drama slide  
Y'all gone hear a nigga momma die  
Yell out homicide

*[Cam'Ron]*

18 months please, that ain't facing time  
I'm stressed anyway, need it for vacation time  
I'ma do the right thing though, take shock anyway  
6 months right back on the damn block anyway  
But look, money from across the street  
Think its sweet, think you get money across the street  
Me and my peeps often meet  
At 5-0 they work for us, walk the beef  
Walk with heat cause talk is cheap  
So dunn stay silent  
Revolvers, Automatics, guns stay silent  
When it comes to beef it becomes a talent  
Remember me, ODB, I'm the one from falice  
Digital ten, shit get critical friend  
I got 800 invisible men  
That mean it could be the bankman  
Person at the gas station filling up your tank, fam  
Lady at the front stand  
Or rap poison your relish right in the center babe  
Bitch is a renegades, she'll piss in your lemonade  
And y'all dead now  
That you can bet now  
Do like a toaster put your bread down  
Upset now, hate when I gotta rep clowns blow Tech  
rounds

In a collision, I see their ambition  
But they don't know them days when I was stooped up  
in prison  
Or all them hot summers when I was cooped up in the  
kitchen  
When it came to grams it was 90 I fried  
350 on the stove and its 90 outside  
I'ma get this girl that be stuff in my bricks  
Felt life cheated her, she be cuttin her wrists  
Her mom died, heroin overdose stuffed her wrist  
Father fuckin her, older man fuckin her sis  
But love my music, say I do nothing but hits  
She'll do anything for me, nothing but hits  
Cause when she needed help I got her nothing but  
fixed  
Needed coke, needed dope, ya I gave her a fix  
So she went across the street, gave him a kiss  
Stuck her toungue out, flirted, played with his dick  
You know Cam, he said "yeah, don't play with his chips"  
Stood back, blazed the 6, amazin and shit  
Killa, Killa, Dip Set nigga

*[Hook: Juelz Santana]*

Fuck losing weight  
We back on these highways moving cakes  
Life's based upon what I'ma do today  
I think my moms moving away  
Yeah, I think I'ma cop me that new estate  
Baby do the date  
I got to move an eighth  
Fuck the scrutiny

Y'all niggas screwin me  
Juelz never let the cops get me  
On the block til the shots hit me  
Until the shots get me

*[Juelz Santana]*

Niggas wanna know why I'm so nice when it come to  
spittin that fire  
Its real dog, I live in the fire  
Used to being in the streets homie, in the mists of the  
fire  
Break works put it in pots, sit it in fire  
Quick to grab the 5th and just fire  
Try to peel off, I'm hittin your tire  
Hittin your door while your cars spinnin hittin the wall  
That's just the beginning of war  
I let you know you dealing with dogs  
My villians will finish you off  
Head in your chest brain

Dead on the van on the express way  
While I got my hand in the Tech wave  
Niggas like "fuck, is he stupid?"  
Cops wanna cuff me, do it  
You wanna be a hero, snuff me, do it, rush me, do it  
Shit, like I ain't been through the scars and bruises  
Like I ain't been through the bars, seen the sargaent  
trooper  
Look at my body, I lost so much weight  
Cops raiding my spot, I done lost so much weight  
I'm tellin papi front me a brick, let me owe that cake  
He tellin me, he ain't got but so much weight  
He been waiting for his connection to come  
I'm like "at least give me a half, I'll confess and stretch  
it to one"  
I'm on the block as usual  
With that block that you chop and the rocks as usual  
Watching for the cops that's moving through  
Me and my soldiers know the rules  
We use cakes to get by, by the dudes in blue  
Keep your mouth locked, screwed and glued  
Or shots from the rigger will circle round your body  
like hoola-hoops  
Mami told me son, hold your own  
And one day your gone grow to be a rolling stone  
And I believed her  
Juelz never let the cops get me  
On the block til the shots hit me

*[Hook: Cam'Ron]*

Aiyyo, fuck losing weight  
I'm back on these highways moving cakes  
Life's based upon what I'ma do today  
Cop a car, new estate  
Na, fuck it get the beef and rocks blue and grey  
Baby do the date  
I got ta move an eighth  
Fuck the scrutiny  
Y'all niggas screwin me  
Killa never let the drama slide  
Y'all gone hear a nigga momma die  
Yell out homicide

*[Hook: Juelz Santana]*

Fuck losing weight  
We back on these highways moving cakes  
Life's based upon what I'ma do today  
I think my moms moving away  
Yeah, I think I'ma cop me that new estate  
Baby do the date  
I got to move an eighth

Fuck the scrutiny  
Y'all niggas screwin me  
Juelz never let the cops get me  
On the block til the shots hit me  
Until the shots get me

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

---

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