## Cam'ron "Movin' Weight"

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Why I feel like I'm losin' weight Why I ain't got no money, less I'm movin' weight Why my life depend on what I'm ma do today Why I can't move away

It's just you and me, without the scrutiny
Bitches screwin' me, two and three truancies
Four shots, one toolie G, one uliogy
My mother and girl is smothered in pearls
Before a nigga under the world

When I was eleven got the truly dict
My uncle pulled me to the side
And he schooled me quick, told me son gooey, shit
You can't get paid in a earth this big, you worthless kid

Niggaz don't deserve to live, go and get a motherfucker
If he murder kids, bottle up carbohydrates and preservatives
He got hit up that same night
Ever since my dough, my flow, and my hoe game been tight

Puns of pearls, yo tounge will twirl, listen here Booger bear, I'll have you up in hooker gear, I swear, I was doin'

Lex persuin', niggas wired like Western Union Short like next to Ewing, head for truant, his set was ruined

Phony checks was fluent, listen hear me out

I'm from a cocaine block, with some plain clothes cops Where the sun don't rise, but the rain don't stop The pain don't stop, but my reign don't stop Ain't no lockouts, the game don't stop

Every month you change yo locks, change yo spots Get a little smart, want to change yo tops Rearrange yo rocks, you got a gang of friends, money You got Ben's arrangin' money, yeah Ben's arrangin' money But if I get knocked, I ain't got no bail But I come on the weekend, from Pablo's jail See I came a long way that's livin' the wrong way That's sniffin' the po-na, that's sippin' the cog-na, hey

You wanna be a star, you have ya own day Where they play ball, drink and get buzzed Reminiscin' on what a good kid he was I don't know what happened, all he did is what he loved

That's when you opposin' me, killa get the rosary Fuck this rap shit, I'll die for mine, motherfucker

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I'm around y'all, it's goin' down y'all Murder rap, clown niggas back down y'all Straight like that, y'all niggas fuck around yo Bandana P, blow thirds, the four take you on all fours

Thug shit, I keep a beamed out fifth
Is you fiend out bitch, catch a gleamed bullet
I live the street life ya heard, guns money and birds
Get dead armed and dead on ya jewels and pearls

Where I was placed, put between the wrong style thun Capital P, you know what's the outcome 'Bout some, but never put out the stout guns Don't let ya mouth get you in some shit ya legs run from

For all the killa's and the hundred dollar hoes Who real check me out though The most ill, more drama than Denzel More liver than the park fights at Sunny Carson

Me and Killa Cam, live at the carbon it's crazy, niggas throwin' they shit And niggaz flashin' crazy

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