

## Cam'ron

### "No No No"

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[Jae Millz]

You know we had to do this right here  
All hoods stand up (It's only right)  
All rude boys (Uh-huh)  
All rude girls (Uh-huh)  
Get up! (Huh)  
It's the remix!

[Cam'ron (Jae Millz)]

Killa, Dip Set (Yeah)  
Jae Millz, most hated (Uh)  
Tone holla at me (MH)  
You already know what it is, Lennox Ave. (Wanna what)  
Holla nigga (Yeah! Harlem)

[Verse 1 - Cam'ron]

Doggy I seldom stunt, but got some pell 'em stunts  
Call 'em dunts, tell them hoes go sell them cunts  
Roll hella blunts (Blunts), and I'm only gonna tell you  
once (What, what) (No, No, No)  
So you should tell a friend, to tell a friend, to tell a bitch  
Tele-a-thon, telescope, televise, can tell I'm rich  
(Damn)  
Cause I sell my bricks, call hoes pultry (Why), chickens  
that smell like fish, bitch  
You rockin' Dada Dot, me I keep a Prada box  
Ak', gotta rock the rocks, now I got the rock of Roc's  
(Minimum)  
And I cop a top, AK chop a glock, suede, beige, knock a  
knock  
System in the drop of drops  
get the mobstered mopped  
Get the poppas popped, top a top, shot the pawn  
Dog, they'll be shotters shot, I done shot a lot  
Shot the nine, shot the rock, sure shot, shot for sure  
But I'm secure, no security, killa keep glocks and fours  
Plus blocks of raw, probably popped your whore  
But I'm not for sure, bitch wanna hop aboard  
Hit up the docks and shores (No, No, No)

(T.I.)

I know these ho niggaz hate this, I know this niggaz  
hate this  
Fake until you make it nigga  
If I wanted to be me as long as wanted to be I'd hate  
me too nigga, you know

(Verse)

It's your decision, we can do it however you want to  
Fight or shoot it out, look the choice is on you  
You could swindle a lame, but the gangstas ya don't  
fool  
Young pimpin' wont lose nigga (No, no, no)  
We can beef if you choose, but if we comparing the  
crews  
If we ever meet cha, we gotcha for keepin' ya jewels  
Keep your raps on the beats . . . and the talkin and keep  
talkin  
Cause is that what you wanna do nigga (No, no, no)  
Well I suggest you invest in vests and count your  
blessings  
Keep that smith and wesson, heckler cotch, whatever  
you got  
Cause what I come with too heavy to cock, clearing the  
block  
Nigga beggin' me to stop talkin' bout (No, no, no)  
Ain't this what you niggaz wanted to get, wanted with  
Tip?  
Get hit up in your stomach then get hit for runnin' ya  
lips  
Spit each and everyone in the clip, and one in your whip  
Ambulance just wasted a trip (Come if you want to  
man)  
Combat time, was flat lines, to back grime  
Nigga runnin' actin' like a Nissan and Pathfinder  
(Sfffmmmm)  
When the lead flyin' it's bed time, the head lyin'  
The paper in the morning saying (No, no, no)

(Jae Millz)

Yo I been spittin, been gifted, been crazy flow  
Wize, been attent, shit you can call me Benjamin  
Brethren, I don't ball with dopes  
And you can call me anything you want, just don't call  
me broke (No, no, no)  
Most hated, M to the izz H phenomenal  
Get up and one'll stretch, direct through your  
abdominal  
I'm warning you, stop your blood clot cryin'  
Stop lyin' cause theres no stop in dyin' (No, no, no)  
Picture me passing my chain, or getting smacked by a  
lame

That's like runnin' up on Father Zeek, and Matches  
Lane  
It just dont sound right, I get your team devoured  
So don't even TINK about it (No, no, no)  
you just a server shorty, I'll leave ya king stun  
I'm a king son, in Kingston, I bling dumb  
Only rapper you seen walkin' icy in the terrordome  
Holla back, how real is that (No, no, no)  
No I don't wanna stop, I gotta 'em sick  
So I'mma keep going, keep flowin'  
Benz backin' up so I'ma keep rollin' bent  
And I'm stilla heavy spitter, plus I'm good with the  
pitbull  
The tech missiles and the heavy hitters  
SUCKAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAS

(Jae Millz)  
Those my peoples, N Y C  
Killa, Dip Set  
They know, T.I. grand hustle  
What up  
They know who I am  
Jae Millz, call me whatever, just don't call me broke  
Wanna WHAT!?

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