

## Cam'ron "Take Em To Church"

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Killa

This that Harlem Music Right Here.

This that Diddy Bop, Get ready for the winter music.

That's what it is.

Killa, Dip Set,

*[Cam'Ron Verse]*

Uh, Uh

You know me dawg, i just wanna keep the peace  
But saying my name, that's only gonna lead to beef  
Tell my niggas chill, but they wanna heat the streets  
(Be Easy)  
Or do all the records, Check-it who spit beef to heat

*[Juelz Santana Verse]*

Everybody Welcoming this, Welcoming that  
He wasn't welcome in the first place, how we welcome  
him back?  
Give me the Mac, let me welcome with that  
Tell "Mr. Rogers", I leave his brains on the trolley  
track  
Now proolly that

*[Cam'Ron Verse]*

Listen, ya'll Stop It (Stop)  
Know you appalled dotted  
But this my call by the force prophet, all profit (all  
profit)  
Harlem Hustler (yep), I can't at all knock it (nope)  
But you hard, when you go in the lord's pocket.  
What you offering, put it, write an offer in  
They take it all, Cash, Credit, Silver, down to porcelin  
Look at the Porsche he's in (look at it)  
Then Give them portioning (To Who?)  
No handicap, Annie Rag, orphan friends  
Friends, but the sizzurp I'm drinking on  
Birds I'm thinking on  
Get your Kirk Franklin on

Word, so you get your Ben Franklin on  
Just when you think it's wrong  
One blink, he's gone (damn)

*[Chorus]*

Father Forgive us  
We gon take him to church  
Father Forgive us  
And it's the truth it hurts  
Father Forgive us  
And that won't work  
No, No, No, No, No Way

*[Cam'Ron 2nd verse]*

Yo, you try to handle us  
Get on the air and damage us  
Screaming out Harlem (huh) like you ain't just a fan to  
us (Where you been at?)  
Well let me fill you in, now it's a whole clan of us  
Blink so mad, he went and beat up Canibus  
Zeke got shot then Zeke locked up (then)  
E got killed (what else?) B popped up  
But B hopped up and still broke out his chest  
On probation, Doe on house arrest (what up Doe)

Right out the flesh  
Sit in a house and rest  
He don't pout, get him gear, in the house he fresh  
(Fresssh)  
Not that you care, just getting clear and think  
One glare and wink  
Everyone wearing pink  
I'm the reason that your two rings are clear (Yeh,  
What Else?)  
I'm the reason that your ear rings is square (Yeh,  
hear?)  
Now we take trips to casinos, to lovely homes  
You check on Lotti's mom, Minos, Honeycombs  
(Homes)  
You trying to fake it with cardem, pardon  
You gonna leave them naked like Tarzan

*[Cam'ron Talking]*

Kudo Love know that too.

Holler at Kudo, ask Nelly about him.

*[Chorus]*

*[Cam'Ron 3rd verse]*

Yo, Yo

I kill diamonds, get with pearls  
I ain't trying kid the world  
I ain't got beef, when I do, I say "Get 'Em Girls"  
Not a diss dawg (nope) we just heard the fronting  
(Heard It)  
Do Harlem a favor (What?) get a church or something  
(something)  
A rec center in the winter where the youth can play  
They don't even shoot the jay  
sell drugs, shoot and spray  
I'm known better, still moving deuce a day  
Two, that's two keys, I still move the Yay (Yayo)  
Found a newer way  
My crew do and say  
Fist Fights to Shoot Outs, we won't move away

*[Chorus behind Cam'Ron talking]*

All my niggas that held it down the last half a decade.  
My nigga Gruff, Bad 140th, 139th.  
Black tone, White Tone, 142nd Rell Street.  
And 141st, Tito, My Jamaicans, My Belegians.  
33 33 Polo grounds, St.Nick colonial Jurist.  
Lincoln, Tab, Forster, Johnson, Jeff Wagner.  
Wilson, East River, The 9, 145th St.Nick, 145th  
Broadway.  
Lukas, Taliban, 135th, 118th, Manhattan.  
134th and 8th, Powerful what's really popping.  
Sarge hold your head, Freaky Seeky hold your head.  
The O.B.B.O., 151st Amsterdam holla at your boy.  
A.K. Jackie Rob, All my niggas in Harlem.  
Get your hustle on,  
Keep your muzzle strong.  
I know about the blocks you hustle on.

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