

## Cam'ron "The Cycle's Sick"

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G.O.D!

I'm scared of ya'll I'm scared of ya'll I'm scared of  
ya'll... (quiet)

[Verse 1:]

Yo, ya'll little girls singin a song hoes sing  
Ya'll need lower back tattos, toe rings  
Eye brows arched, belly pierced the whole thing  
Who, oh-no, low blows, to the coke king  
I sold blow some thug things, I'm a slinger  
I run a drug ring can't put it on yah finger  
I wasn't born a singer, but let the storm just linger  
I'm the muslim from new york, I'm mortis stringer  
Off ice, but on ice, the money chill  
Dummi pay attention, fiends still got the funny pills  
I'm vest glocked up, yah chest I red dot up  
You can taste it, test it, stretch it I got the best product  
baby  
I'm a hustler used skills god done gave me  
Know them cop cars you can un mark-em baby  
Bills they mark-em crazy, keep yah gaurd up lazy  
Had run ins with the atf, marks, and navy

[Chorus:]

Man I might just quit you know the cycles sick?  
When they go to court to snitch, on michael vick?  
I'm scared of ya'll, I'm scared of ya'll, I'm scared of  
ya'll

[Verse 2:]

Ay yo! some lean, when I land the lar  
A 100 grand handed here  
Crystal pets dogs, cats, panda bears  
Liquor, came up here reflection off the chandaler  
But baby while we're standin here  
Let's go another rant a year  
Said cam thts the ocean and the sand right there?  
I looked at her and nodded like, you damn right there  
Mah you drunk too much, yah drink here and here  
I love the public but I don't need the fan fare  
I read the fan mail it help me hustle when I'm tryna

make this damn mail  
Or even pay my man bail  
I'm jack and jill kept the water in the tan pail  
Fuck school told my teacher that I can't fail  
Cops in the club sippin on champell, can't tell  
Wire on tapein on the hand held  
Before you cross the street you need your hand held  
Before you get hit, I spit sick, whip dip

[Chorus:]

Man I might just quit you know the cycles sick?  
When they go to court to snitch, on michael vick?  
I'm scared of ya'll, I'm scared of ya'll, I'm scared of  
ya'll

[Veres 3:]

Don't get your rifles, my rivals, don't want no rivalry  
Hand on the bible baby boy, I ain't yah idol b?  
You don't idol me? shit why you listenin?  
No rims o.t I'm ridin on the michelin  
I'm tryna get them dividends, a 100, 000 kid a spend  
If the edition is new? Michael Biv and them  
I might get rid of them the site I might revist in  
Pets as my neighbors, I'm a lower body citizen  
Shit, I wish the lord could fin my prison friends  
To fly to comply, we was on a mission then  
Vision girls use to call us the kitchen men  
Cause we was cookin more then them whip it whip it in  
Let the shit begin, we get it how we ship it in,  
The shipment, that they shippin, sittin, right there on  
the ship, my friend  
Baby boy that's when you coppin coke, alot to rope  
I'm a city slicker, that can knock a boat

[Chorus:]

Man I might just quit you know the cycles sick?  
When they go to court to snitch, on michael vick?  
I'm scared of ya'll, I'm scared of ya'll, I'm scared of  
ya'll  
[x2]

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