

## Cam'ron "Who's Nice"

Visit "[Who's Nice](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Cam'ron]

Yo, turn me up some b!  
I'm about to lace ya'll  
Check it out  
I'm not a muthafuckin' joke b!  
Whoever think I'm not nice  
This is for ya'll punk muthafuckas!  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo!  
See the drug game was always the man's sport  
That's what Cam thought so everyday I had a hundred  
grams bought  
On the transport kept it inside the Jansport  
A real hooty game, we ain't care who we blame  
Shit was all the same until Guili' came with a moody  
aim  
You know the mayor nigga, a fight crime approach  
Acting like a kind host but gettin time for a roach  
A little indo  
That's when yo, I said I'm messin with these bimbos  
It's easier to pimp hoes, nowadays they simp hoe  
It don't take much to make her  
Just take her to a place where It's nice  
Show her the ice and might give her a fake fur  
Cause girls I control them classy  
Old and sassy  
Old and nasty  
I ain't gonna front that nigga Gold he gassed me  
But now I'm flowin fastly, rollin jazzy  
Just a while ago I was rollin badly  
We was on the low wit Aggie  
But now what have we  
Range Ro' and Navy life size  
My girl yo she slices pies  
A benz is what my wife drives  
You know Qeet' nigga  
Executive thug  
But she respects me and loves  
Don't let your head meet her slug  
Until she sprayed out and layed out  
Ineffections of blood  
A lil' thick chick that'll click quick

Do anything for the dick dick  
You know what else that puzzles me?  
I find this shit a riddle  
How come when you got a lot?  
People say you got a little  
Like they say you act a little funny  
Cause you got a litte money  
And you did a little song and  
Made a little money  
Oh, you know my favorite  
Oh, you think you a little star  
Cause you got a little fans and you drive a little car  
I prove they all are liars  
Saying that they got a fire  
Hang em up on a barber wire  
Yo, you think you got attire  
To the point like Stoudamire  
Yeah I'm a harsh nigga  
That drink hard liquor  
A six benz car getter  
You know Digga  
He ain't rich  
He's a star figure  
Platinum deep  
Hangs with Jews  
Chills up at their barmitzfah's  
He loves the hooligans  
Now we eat at houlihans's  
Seen Ed Lover and Doctor Dre  
We told them niggas Who the Man  
Pulled the toast out on these niggas one time  
And even Cuda ran  
You know that I'm a skitzo  
Who listens to calypso  
But I'm quick though  
And old school like Hungry Hungry Hippo  
Ask my Queens niggaz how I get dough kiko  
Now I beat up clicks, eat up chicks  
Ask my man how I beat up shit  
And when I'm out of work, I got to re-up quick  
Every six the same pies, drink from Cris' to St. Ides  
Every hit my bank rise, and no bitch I ain't high!  
I've been hotter  
Since I was in pampers hittin pinatas  
You win nada  
Come on I got put on by Mase and Big Poppa  
So I'm glad you sat down  
I ain't want Uncle Un to bring the gats down  
He spat rounds, I heard that nigga clap towns  
But me I never back down  
My mother, she can sign that

I know you're thinkin' that It's bout that time  
Nigga I wanna rewind that  
So go ahead and rewind it faggot

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

---

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