

## Happy Campers

### "One for Peedi Crack"

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[Peedi Crack]

Turn my motherfuckin' mic up  
Killah Cam, where you at, c'mon  
Omillio Sparks, where you at c'mon  
Juelz Santana, where the FUCK you at?

It's not a game I'm from Philly  
Go by the name P. prizzy mac-milly  
Used to be with young crizzy, in a 'Lac rollin' on twigs  
People wanna know who run with me, nobody but the  
bang, bang  
Please lord forgive, street mobiles searching the city,  
sing  
Peedi, Peedi, I heard that they got you number  
The alias you've been living under the mac goes,  
thhhhhhring  
Peedi, peddi I heard that they watch you mother  
Got a hit on your brother, like motherfucker, don't blink  
Crack, smack the tooth out your choopers  
Any wrong move, I blast the tool up on you fuckers, wait  
That's just enough for you to follow  
Heavyweight rap, I spit too much for you to swallow  
Blap, blap, number one with a bullet  
Play with them guns to the fullest  
Your stupid ass get, clapped, blap  
About my past and my future, you disrespect me, I'll  
shoot ya  
Treat it just like that

[Cam'Ron]

When I was eleven years old dog, I learned birds and  
bees  
Syzirrup please, thirteen, birds and kis  
Seventeen, furs and Vs, premeditated, I observed and  
squeezed  
Bling, bling, look at his pinky, bling, bling  
Look at his ears, bling, bling, that nigga just, bling,  
bling (Shit man)  
Ching, ching, all these bitches got 'em, under the wing  
For zennies and perks, again he get merked, sing  
Peedi, peddi, it's your nigga named killa

Santana, jimmy with scrilla, the taliban got guerillas  
Crack, crack, that's what I sell on my block  
Slab a yellow the top, don't let the metal, go, pop, pop  
That nigga dead on arrival, put his head on the  
sidewalk  
That'll dead all the side talk

[Santana]  
Ch-ch-ch-yeah, bling....bling  
It's Santana, WHOA  
I'm in the place with Peedi, getting drunk  
About to catch as case with Peedi  
This nigga got me in the middle of Philly  
Driving around, plus he packing, got a gun bigger than  
philly  
Ain't no telling here, fuck around, and catch a gun  
charge in Delaware  
Peedi is crazy, bloa, but he keep my a lady  
So when I'm Philly, I never worry cause he keep me  
alayed, whoa  
So I'm willing to blap, for mister Peedi Crack, listen to  
Beanie Mac, bitch

[Beanie Sigel]  
Now one for Peedi Crack, and two for Cam, three for  
Santana  
And four on the bandana, I bet the boy jam ya  
Run up on you with the harsh grammar, all he heard  
was the charge blammin'  
I'll stop your memory nigga, put that on my death, got  
the memory nigga  
How could you not remember me, nigga?  
Top of the city like wheel pin, Bentley wheeling  
Made you park your wheels in, niggaz start your wells  
in  
Death aproaching, can't you feel the Grime Reaper  
floatin'?  
Closed caskets, the preacher, quoin'  
Scriptures for revelation, niggaz talking shit and got  
the Devil waitin'  
Uh, I'm like this I got the shovel waitin'  
You niggaz took it to another level hatin'  
Now you facin', the Broad Street Bully  
South Street fracture, putting stitches in your mouth,  
bastard  
Yes, you heard it all from Mac  
Niggaz can not see me, and it's just like that

