

Inbred

"I Am Dame Dash"

Visit "[I Am Dame Dash](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Dame Dash] ** (Cam'Ron) **

Hopefully, y'all enjoying the album, as of yet
My name is still Dame Dash and I'm still the CEO
And I wanna take this time to kick it with my nigga Cam
and my nigga Jimmy
You know, we kinda came up around the same way
110th.. 109th... 142nd.. 140th
And if I could rap, Cam, I'm telling you
I swear to God, I'd talk my shit.. (I know)
I'd talk about how I got that money and copped them
cakes..
(Yeah, I got you, though) Cam, please man, COME ON!!

[Cam'Ron]

In '87, dog, my man, Dame, was a cake copper
Eighth chopper, now, he got a gray chopper
Harlem, Brooklyn, Philly, the whole state's proper
Shrimp, steak, forty-second, they ate lobsters
He used to stack up his chips
Crashed up his whip lookin' back at a bitch
Left it, 'F' it, we bout to get twelve Jeeps
'91, barbershop on 12th street
Yeah, we turned dope into dollars
Front haircuts, back 'dro in the bottle
Any beef? Cam is in place
Yeah, we got the bricks off of Hamilton Place
Papi came down with product in the bag
Put the crackhead in the taxi and we followed the cab
Downtown, no, we took 'em
We called Dookie, drove him over to Brooklyn
Their baby's mother, she once got the drop on us
We copped a bird and the bitch called the cops on us
Dame took me off the block
Hand to hand to handling the coffee pot

[Dame Dash]

Thanks, Cam, I appreciate it, but man
That's not enough, I still got some shit on my mind
I still see the cars.. I still see the fact that we were stars
I still see the rooftop..
Don't get it twisted, now, this ain't no song, like I said

I just got some shit I wish I could say
I can't rap.. matter fact, Jimmy, you first to def.. tell 'em
somethin'
Please, tell niggas how to get this money

[Jim Jones]

You still got visions of the rooftop
I got visions of this Coupe drop wit invisible rooftops
One of the first, to cop cases of drinks
Cash, cars, racin' from the rink and skatin' the minks
Shit, how hard is my team?
We started from fiends, turnin' buildings to Carters,
naw mean?
That's Harlem, now we partyin', sparrin' Eugene's
Bag bitches wit the bottoms from dreams
We rich, yeah.. rip up ya tar wit cars and new beams
Cop rims for every car on my team
Call shots.. Dame, I'm just poppin' my fizzle
I drop the top when it drizzle, this is what cocky can get
you
Fresh to def, we move the block of that sniffle
Up on the block wit them pistols, we give a fuck if the
Cops'll come get you, Gangsta!! Man, shit, we the
sickest
Some is for war, we rip up the tickets after the cops..
can you feel this?

[Dame Dash]

Man, that shit was hot
Pause.. I hope nobody's mad about that
I just had to get some shit off my chest
Matter fact, my man, FUCK YOU!!
You don't appreciate a nigga gettin' money
You don't appreciate a muthafucka that knows how to
hustle
You don't appreciate a nigga that's seen a million
dollars
And in that case, you ain't never gone see it
Niggas better get they mind right
'Cause I got enough fresh for one-thousand days
straight!!
I could pop tags everyday for the rest of the decade!!
I'M DAME DASH!!! HOLLA!!!

[fades out]

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