

Camouflage "Shitty Baby"

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* Strictly for da streets (sniff sniff) take one

(Camoflauge)

Camoflauge tha don...Suncut productions Pure Pain
Nigga

I puts it down

[Chorus]

I puts it down like a shitty baby
droppin bars like broads drop draws
fo niggas drivin my sadies
I puts it down like a shitty baby
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(Camoflauge)

I drop more shit than yo ass
good, quick, fast
I used to skip class to get grass
Puff Puff Pass
But now I sit back wit my pen and my pad
Den write these verses
Killin MC's Softly
Look at all these hearses
The dope it take to surface the face of the earth is
Crack
Rocks hit yo block and put smokers all on they back
Soft for just a second as I continue to act
Us don't give a fuck cuz them otha niggas they wack
But they got a deal plus it's major so now they play
them
Songs in heavy rotation even though we make them
Hits from the streets, Projects, Ghettos and gutters
And them thong wearin broads in the club shakin they
buttux

Me, I'm slangin tapes like them hookers slangin they
cut up
And just like the freak bitches i'm makin these niggas
nut up
So What up (What up, What up)
And just like Trick Daddy say Uh Huh, Okay, Bitch Shut
UP!

[Chorus]

From the Jail House to the Crack House niggas Steal my
shit
Put an alarm on my lyrics just in case my niggas try to
steal my shit
I Spit like text, Good like sex, Pop my Tape in yo deck
and u'll be high
like your on EX
Floatin' and shit, cuz I be spittin that potent shit
Got em' coughin and chokin and shit watch how u talkin
and shit
Grill gold teeted out
Eyes all reded out
Head all dreaded out
Kick shit like Jet-Li and Jackie Chan
I fuck over MC's Like they pussy and im dingalang
When I spit these flows i'm out of control
Like a kindergardener diggin in his nose
And wipin the bugers off on yo close
I'm camoflauge man these niggas can't see me
Unless i'm at the mall walkin round drop the top down
doin a show on TV
All he talks about is drugs, sex, and violence the black
Slim Shady
Don't hate me cuz I put it down like a shitty baby
Ya Smell Dat?

[Chorus]

Look I took my pen and pad
Rolled up every sheet I had
Bust up every gaurd in the car
Rolled up all the weed I had
Lit it, hit it, rolled it remembered it spit it
They mixed it mastered it manufactured Shifted
Promoted, the stores sold it, niggas robbed it and stole
it
Hurry up dog pull it off yo tape deck it's too hot to hold
it
They got drunk and weeded, ridin' round town in they
trunks they beat it
They woofers WHAM WHAM, and they tweeters , Leada

Leada

The way a fuck over the track it's like i miss treat it
Help writin a hit's like help fuckin a bitch I Don't Need it.
I'm cool, no ice, das all gravy, No rice
Mr. Rogers wanted me to move in his neighborhood cuz
my flows is so nice
Humptey dumptey sat on a wall Peter Piper picked a
pepper
Yeah I sat on the curb wit a bag of herb and picked up a
bad habit of gettin cheddar
Black beretta Tucked up under my Coogi Sweater
Man I ain't met a nigga yet dat flow betta
Nigga I puts it down

[Chorus]

(Camoflauge)

Ya smell dat
I puts it down like a shitty baby
Ya'l smell dat
Dat real shit
Camoflauge the dog
Stictly for da streets
Nigga i puts it down like a shitty baby
Dat funky shit
Dat muthafuckin real shit, uncut shit, dat 912 shit
Nigga ya smell dat
Savannah Georgia nigga

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