

Kam

"Giddie Up"

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Uhh.. uhh, uhh
Kam.. with the wild horses
Hey y'all let's jump on this
Open the gate; let me show you how to ride, c'mon

[Chorus: Kam]
Giddie up, horsey giddie up
Giddie up, horsey giddie up (HYAH!)
Giddie up, horsey giddie up
Giddie up, horsey giddie up (HYAH!)
Giddie up, horsey giddie up
Giddie up, horsey giddie up (HYAH!)
Giddie up, horsey giddie up
Giddie up, horsey giddie up (HYAH!)

[Kam]
Gold, platinum, diamonds, pearls
Wealth, children, power, girls
Niggaz be in love with the life of this world
So against falsehood, truth is hurled
to knock out your brains
Your material game don't mean a damn thang it's all
vain
(Got money and fame) but we ordained
Struggle and pain, closer to you than your jugular vein
(But I'm bubblin mayn)
Yeah but that's how most niggaz shorten they stay
(how?)
They sportin they playin
Turn away from the message like they don't give a shit
But my job is just to deliver it
A nigger with a mission, so peep me listen
For lost found sheep cheap deep sea fishin
From the West to the East, North to the South (what?)
I reel 'em in with my hook in they mouth, singin

[Chorus x2]

[Kam]
No matter how deep in debt or how high you paid
You enter my net you get Y2K'd

Oh you quite a celeb' right?
Well stick your neck out, and come check out my spider
website
And we can get online
If you want it we got it if not it ain't shit on mine
I just surf on a Earthlink - sail on my e-mail
Pull down a satellite - clown me a atomite
I get at 'em like - give me a hug
And then infect they ass with this millenium bug
So they computers crash - looters mash
Shooters blast - so we can move this cash
So do the math in the riddle, and keep in touch
Or you'll be laughin a little, and weepin much
So on three say cheeeeeese
If you rich nigga take a picture
cause you ain't takin none of that witcha when you

[Chorus x2]

[Kam]

You can lead a horse to water, but can't make 'em drink
But of course you oughta - but y'all don't think shit stink
So you get spanked, the rider gotta yank your bridle
and take your bank, rank and title
A severe requital for a crooked system
Clear recital from the book of wisdom
that I stop to read, droppin seeds
Choppin weeds as I pop my steez
And if they don't wanna budge we force fools
But don't judge me 'til you walked in my horseshoes
It's good news and a warnin
So nigga take two of these, and call me in the mornin
Here's some for your poison and rusty locks
And y'all decoys in there amongst the flocks
Tryin to plot on a clear shot
So I look in my poison book, work cheerfully and fear
not

[Chorus x5] [fades out on last repeat]

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