

Unknown

"357"

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What up on my Harlem niggas
My BK niggas
Back uptown baby
Lennox Ave.
My Oyas on Broadway all day
Aye yo you love the way I rep black
Step the f back
'Fore I bring out the guns
And chest check
Respect that
Any girl I met that
Hit that
Love the way I spit that
I don't kit kat
Push your wig back
Get you shit snatched
Get your ribs cracked
Got a friend
Have me kick that
Get that
Sit back
School shit skip that
Learn how to flip pack
For the big stacks
And the big act
Now I got the big gats
Click, clack, uhh
Since day one been in a ditch
Came with a snitch
Now I'm in the pen in the mix
Friends sending me flicks
Girls sending me kicks
Been in some shit
Had to tap a chin with a fist
When the ?
Begin with a stich
End in a kiss
So yo so I blend in the mix
Now a day don't go by I ain't been in a chick
8½ on the dope ask Dominican Rich
Winning and rich
Eating on cinnamon grits
Grinning and shit
How a nigga spin in 6
See they all see the 12
But you see me in it
TVs in it
BBs kinted
Ask who it is
You see me tinted
I did drive-bys
Now I take you on top of a high rise
See if you can sky dive
I'll bring it to you at your local gymnasium
How 'bout the Palladium
Fuck it
Yankees stadium uhh
Play people
Jumped up and sprayed people
I got dudes that'll jiggle with the A's legal
You not a threat
You want it you got it bet
I'll leave your momma and your poppa wet
Nigga wait now I'm set
I'll go another route
Kidnap your family
make you brother eat your mother out
After I done dug her

out
Needles to jug her out Pillows to smother out You don't
give a fuck about
Un would've ? about I'm through wit' it Your crew ain't
even true wit' it
I see your man he's like umm nothing to do with it I
know you pack like that
But Cam why you act like that SHUT UP nigga clack
clack clack Pat pat pat
Rat tat tat Put fear 'fore envy Nigga I'm not in fear of any
I'll leave a nigga black and blue Like a pair of
Pennys While me and Betha
Throw fiestas By alma queta Chicqueta Monero Nieta
Don't ever fuck around with the Don's cheddar
See Jimmy Jones frontin' in the Jon Cletta Or the black
boots
Jumpin out to act cool Cars never lease 'em Girls ? 'em
My man and his wifey want me down with the
threesome Niggas tease 'em
Bitches please 'em When I'm out of town yo my pants
got a crease in 'em
All calls valid Never hard mallet Dallas Been up in you
favorite star's stlyus
Coward Bite on my hoes like Marv Albert But you should
thank Un though
Coulda made you run though Been at your front
door Gun hold for fun though
Guy- Yo, yo, yo, yo (Cam- What's up?) what the fuck is
wrong with you
Cam- Fuck that it's not a game
Guy- Yo, you ain't gotta be rythmin for niggas like that
Cam- Man fuck them niggas B Guy- Yo, you know what
you do Cam- What?
Guy- Tell these niggas the real deal Cam- Aight check
it Aiyyo I'm ?
Cook up the crack Everytime you look up a gat Got you
shook up attack huh
Look in the back, nah The guns I had put in the back I
want the hook up in check
On this work of the rap Now I'm not saying what I like Or
what I dislike
But get the fuck out my face til' your shit's right See
baby boy I carry guns
You know the big type The kind that might give you a 10
year fear of life
And I was just like y'all flippin' hundred pack But
nowadays I'm the only
You a running back You got to understand baby I'm
done with the crack
I get pure white coke from Columbian cats Or the
cocaine plan

Leave your whole brain dead
Light this herb Don't mean
to disturb
Never been to Sesame Street but I flip a big bird
And I know stealers and they not from Pittsburgh
No kids rapping or ostriches
Just kidnapings and hostages
So, y'all better obey
We shoot pro way
Mess with us no way
Now go 'head go play

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