

Cam Meekins

"#fuckyourbitch"

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I told 'em I would kill it
They tried to put a hit out
Bitch I'm young livin'
Old folks get out
I'm somewhere in the izz-air
Up in the smoke clizz-oud
I get high so much that my pickups are a pizout
I'm on this, I got this
Sittin' on some profits
I'm chillin on the beach
With Martha Stewart and some sock tips
You last year like Crocs
I'm this year like this year
My future lookin' bright
So I'd say its crystal clear
I'm so sweet like Krispy Kreme
5 or 6 up in the Beam
Drivin' down on 95
Bitch I'm headed to the bean
I got what you hatin' on
Dog, I'm what you tryin' to be
So keep goin' like free throwin'
Cuz I'm all up behind the three
I'm with ya girl up in ya bed
All those line are kinda dead
But it's true, I'm actually fuckin' her
Forget all of those lines were said
I'm known to be a king
I was born to be a star
All these people lookin' at me like
I'm goin' to mow they lawn
Well nigga fuck that, I'm outtie
I'm outtie like an Audi
I'm outtie like an innie
Man, I'm outtie out in Maui
With some girlies on my nuts
Like I'm a rap star or somethin'
And they tryin' to take me home
But I'm just tryin' make some muffins
Cuz I'm high as fuck, on the river
You the loser

I'm the winner
And my girlie got that ass
Bet it's thicker than a Snicker
My life's blang, your wife changed
In my bed, life change
We fucked all in the football stands
Call that shit a night game
I'm smoking on the light green
It burns down 'til its white
That good stuff can do that
Dog, look it up cuz I'm right

Hashtag, fuckyobitch
Got that Colin Powell money
Semicolon, I'm rich bitch
Period, I'm kickflippin'
Shoelaces, My Vans trippin'
I'm fallin over, I'm drizzy drunk
Mike Jones, still tippin'
I got these kids at my show
Smoking weed up in the crowd
Security can't kick 'em out
We burn this motherfucker down
We lampin' til she turn me off
Get it, lamps? Turn it off?
I treat my girl like luxury
Call that chick a foreign car
I'm sicker than the common cold
Sicker than bein' kinda old
And fuck these little bitches who got one flow
They kinda blow
I got that, I don't need a hook
Like hand fishin', don't need a hook
English class, I'm in this bitch
Best believe I don't read a book
I keep my joints stuffed like you never check the mail
...
That last line was brail
So stay up out my business
This ain't show and tell

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