

Beadell Elly**"Intro"**

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(Cam'Ron)

How y'all doin' out there?

I wanna welcome y'all back

Welcome some of y'all for the first time, huh? Killa

We did it again, y'all don't fuck wit us

Suck a dick man, ayyo Jones, what's good?

Santana, Freaky, they gonna be mad this time, huh?

Ayyo I got my man Kay Slay up in the house

Harlem, you know what it is, what's good?

(Kay Slay)

You know how we get down, East side, El BARRIO

(Cam'Ron)

El Barrio up in this bitch, ayyo Kay

This bitch blowing up my motherfuckin phone right now

Man, fuck' hold up, hol', yo man

(Kay Slay)

Yo son

(Cam'Ron)

What's good?

(Kay Slay)

I gotta tell you like my dog told me

When you meet a chick, you gotsta straight slap her

(Cam'Ron)

Slap her?

(Kay Slay)

Yeah, when you first meet her, just slap her

(Cam'Ron)

Off the bat?

(Kay Slay)

Off the bat, just backhand her

(Cam'Ron)

Why's that, though?

(Kay Slay)

'Cause later on down the line
You ain't never gotsta to worry about
That chick telling you --
"Cam, you don't treat me the way you used to"

(Cam'Ron)

Laughing That's what I'm sayin' nigga
But see the thing is with me
I don't understand how a bitch can go out
Rain, sleet, snow, fuck, suck whoever
And then go give another nigga her fucking money
Knewmean?

(Kay Slay)

Nah Cam, you gotta understand
That's cause ya game is tight

(Cam'Ron)

Oh, nah, not me Ka', I'm talking about another nigga
I know my game is tight, nigga, knowhalmean?
We getting ready set this shit the fuck off
Jones, where we at, huh? Harlem, harlem, harlem...

(Verse)

Yo, yo, I advise you to step son
For I fuck ya moms, make you my step son
Y'all be calling me daddy, cause
The "Rag Muffin" y'all soon say
Y'all fuck around with brother "Num-say"
Y'all gonna see doomsday
I'm a savage but colder
Now I rock karrots that I'm older
See this parrot on my shoulder?
He do the talking, I ain't concerned with words
Act up, and be returned to the birds
I return with them birds, any 28 grams
A bitch that I touch, pretty much turns to birds
I be in Miami, Bow-Ca-Baton, pokin' ya moms
Hauntin' ya aunt, all over the dawn
Using a dope then I'm gone back
Cobacabana, no joke I'm bananas
Cops come for dope it's a damper
I'm low in Atlanta, get hot, go to Savana
Rush the crib, go in the hampter
Don't follow me, "Stan-a"
If you do, I'm blowin' the hammer
That'll rip that vest apart, hit ya chest and heart
I ain't finished, that's just the start

You'll be calling for back up, praying for help
Fuck my life, I'm taking myself
All the achin' I felt
In my crib at night, praying for wealth
Bitches dissin "What's the problem ma? I ain't ballin?"
Now every ten minutes, hos prank callin'

(Kay Slay)

Yo Cam, fuck all this rap shit, man
Let's get down to business, Harlem

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