

Beckmann & Brühne**"That's Me"**

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(Cam'Ron)

I'm not going to watch this go on any longer
You put my food in the dark
and expect me to look for my plate on some Mr. Magoo
shit
Fuck I look like
I'm not going to watch this go on any longer
WHOOOOOOOOOOOO

(Clue)

we going to set this off

(Cam)

I'm on ya'll
Harlem, who else is going to hold us down
Bloodshed niggas
lets get it right this time
understand
Killer

Yo, I don't understand how these cats sip daqueri's
Like it's all good down at the hit factory
Be on 54th, whole clique backing me
all that click clackery takes your wrist wrappery
I ain't no rapper, b, I skeet oozies
And I can't act, turned down 3 movies
So gimme your chain, your jewels and your cash
And your fast food, I'll eat your food fast
My rude ass, carries 3 weapons
And I'll give your face a c-section and keep stepping
Who else in a hurry to mirk
We kill girls, rape em', bury their skirts
imagine me wake up 7:30 for work (what?!)
I'd rather run the streets 7:30 with work
But met this knucklehead, thought he want a order
Came and asked me stop pitching to his daughter
Tell me it's the man, can't be
Be glad I'm not in her damn panties
Got her damn handy
How you going to ever ask stop carrying candy
I'm going to sell to anybody in your damn family

Your Uncle Tom, your Aunt Tammy, your Grandmammy
Your right hand man Randy, understand me
in Antlanta I got an outlandish land piece and a
matching land
Desert Calasandi

Chorus:

You know the one with the whips, THATS ME
The one with the chips and the chips, THATS ME
The one with the toast, pants saggy, yelling out get at
me
Get at me, nigga, THATS ME
The one that be running and dodging, YOU
The one that be sucking mad dick, YOU
The one that's scared of some yay yo,
always wanna lay low, cause your girl say so, YOU,
biatch

(Cam)
I could show you some ice
Throw you a bite
You not that good dog, who told you you're nice
Ay, yo your crew, switch sidars
When I come through, hey Cam
Dick riders
But I only mess with Navigators 528
6 drivers, big buyers, where you live we live liver
Come through, stick your suppliers
Mack so many hoes, dick in siliva
Gash her up, ma, put it on you mouth
Then I grab her neck and try to take her tonsils out
And I don't got beef, I don't play those games
If I did though believe me I would say y'all names
Go to your house, red dot scope your crib
Smack your earth, snatch your seeds, choke your wiz
My crew split it was my mistake
But to my nigga Duke we all make mistakes
I'm going to get shit right if I spend my cake
Jimmy, I'm a get you up out of 5h
This is for my niggas that load the pipe
Saying I'm the best just not promoted right
You know my life
Drink, smoke, roll some dice
Control the hiest
Know I'm a patrol your schiest
We all get schiest
Ma, keep all your rice
Wedding ring, HELL NO
I like all my ice
Niggas tried to make Killa Cam all polite

Turn on the set now bitch I'm like poltergiest
You the type talk about everything you got now
I interrupt you like "Not now you hot owl"
My rings like a dog, all rock wild
When I flash it, everybody shocked "wow!"
I see y'all concerned about me
you don't got to go to school to learn about me

Chorus:

Yo, the one with mad guns, THATS ME
The one with the yay for 23, THATS ME
The one with the ice, sliced, coke half price,
yoke that's nice, THATS ME
The one that's scared of a scuffle, YOU
The one that say "Baby girl, I love you," YOU
The one that talk about hustling, never seen a oven,
you all about nothing, YOU Biatch

(Cam)

Told you I got us this time around niggas
Feeling me some, HUH
Harlem, I got us nigga
Santana, Freaky Zeeky, Jim Jones
Feshon, run with us or run from us or get run the fuck
over
It's fuck us so fuck y'all

Killa bitch
Killa bitch
Killa bitch
Killa bitch
Killa bitch

(Clue)

AND I.....

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