

Cam'Ron F/ Charli Baltimore

"Werdz From the Ghetto Child"

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[Smiley] Aiyyo I got the dimes that I get, I got the dimes
that I bring
[Preem'] Yo, yo yo
[Smiley] Yo Preem', what's good?
[Preem'] What's good man - you still fuckin with that
shit son?
[Smiley] Yo, don't even come at me with that bullshit
man, whassup?
[Preem'] I'm sayin man, you said you was gonna leave
this shit alone
[Preem'] You still on that bullshit nigga
[Smiley] Son.. SON I'll leave it alone
[Smiley] when you come and get ready with this music
B, what the fuck?
[Preem'] I'm sayin man, who the fuck you think you are
man?

[Smiley]
Yo, yo
Yo gangsta gangsta, O.G. is what you call me
It's like my life is like a never-endin drug story
Make coke, expand, yo you know who I am
Death percentages rises in the hood like grams
Who done it and ran, who blammed on my fam'
Out the window every night, deadly intentions man
Cocked back and ready to fire, hit man for hire
And fuck politicians, nothin but liars
As I build my cream, with self esteem
But drink the water from the streams, of gangsta lean
To keep food on my plate, stick a mac to your face
So I never have to fall off, so you can never underrate
Force pressure, is the techniques of real men
So when you slam the doors, we still get in
It's like demons when, what you fight that you can't
see'll
come out your buildin, and get shot drastically
The way of the world, niggaz fiendin to pull it
You either bite the dust, or just dodge that bullet

