

DJ Kay Slay f/ Cam'Ron, Vado

"Monster Muzik"

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[Intro: Cam'Ron] Word up Rector I wasn't gonna say it again? Word man it's all good You don't gotta let us in your little shit, you got that Keep that shit man, you could have it man, we good!!!!!!! KILLA!!!! [Verse One: Cam'Ron] See you like to front (Word) me I like to stunt (True) I go for it on fourth down you the type to punt (Fuck that) I go for the homerun, you the type to bunt No support stay in court twice a month, light the blunt D.A. flees and flies he breakin down them pizza pies See my eyes, rolled up right now, I'm facin three to five (In Jersey) Assault charge yeah granted, it was aggravated But you characters my character, won't assassinate it (Nope) Huh! They had to hate it aggitated cash related (Cash related) I tell your bitch grab my dick, huh, now masterbate it Don't catch feelings man, how she not feelin Cam? And look her by the waist feelin like a ceilin fan (Crazy) My girl Chanel should sell shit 'for Chanel kicks hell Split turn down 50 mill, on my Chappelle shit Get your ice wet, lay down that slight bet Word my word heard you'll get curved like a Nike check [Bridge: Vado] CHECK!!! CHECK!!!! FLY!!!! Aiyyo they call us the new Harlem Knights man!!!! We like Richard Pryor and Eddie, three shots I'll take his whole team out!!!! Arsenio ass niggas!!!!!!! [Verse Two: Vado] You now lookin at the face of the new team (Yes) No Plies big faces in these true jeans (HUH!!!!) I don't tie nor lace 'em keep some lose strings (All day) Tongue hangin son fakin in them two G's She 'gon drop on two knees once she see the belt (HUH) I'm number one with the water I need to meet with Phelps (HAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!) Got my own corner (Corner) I don't need your help (Nah) I'm doin everything like I only need myself A bit more thread I'd have the city sowed (Sowed) Top down gettin head while on the Bentley phone (Phone) Powder blue it's all like the one that Diddy own (Yeah) Ask Killa I write Thrillers like Quincy Jones G4's speedboats and villa homes (Homes) Fake pokin y'all chest out y'all silicones Jeff Hamilton spurs level with silver phones Standin on the couch in mansions spillin Rose.....Homes!!!!!! [Verse Three: Vado] DAMN!!!! See while I'm feelin myself The market done changed

and y'all rappers feelin y'all self Quick to go for the
Eagles like I'm from Philadelph I feel for y'all health,
'fore I pull your ice grill and get melt (LIKE CHILL!!!!!!)
Shotty pump no ball get your body dumped (Dumped) I
don't brawl a phone call have your body slumped
(HUH!!!!!!) Queens stories heard 'em all from Preme to
Ronnie Bump Waitin on that four door Porsche should
be out in a month [Verse Four: Cam'Ron] With these
keys I'm a wilderbeast, Nautica feel the fleece (Come
feel it) I should shoot at the ground the way I kill this
beat No seatbelt but ma, I'll unfacin it Jag Coupe is
lavender, today I'm playin passenger (Shotgun) Killa
the signature before that is the literature Pow was a
baller hustler slash prisoner But a good listener your
wife I might piss on her Christian her, yeah that's how
I'll wizz it wizz on her

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