

## Pearl's Girl " Killa Cam"

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Killa  
Bases loaded  
Zeek on first  
Santana on second  
Jim on third  
I'm at bat  
I'm about to hit this shit out the world!

Killa, Heatmakerz  
Clap, Sing, Killa \*repeated  
Killa, Killa  
Yo, uh

With the goones I spa, stay in tune with ma  
She like "Damn, this the realest since kumbaya"  
Umbayay, Killa Cam my Lord (my Lord)  
Still the man with the pan, Skrilla fam on board  
Now bitches they wanna neuter me  
Niggaz they wanna tutor me  
The hooligan in hoola-hands manouverin's nothin' new  
to me  
Doggie I'm from the land of grime  
Pan pan, gram of dime  
Not "toes" or "MC," when I say "Hammer Time"  
Beef, I hammer mine, when I get my hands on nines  
If I have on Bammerline, cordouroys, camera shine  
Canary burgundy, I call it lemon red  
Yellow diamonds in my ear, call 'em lemon heads  
Lemon head, end up dead  
Ice like Winnepeg  
Gemstone, "Flinstones", you could say I'm friends with  
"Fred"  
You want happy Scrappy?  
I got patacky at me  
Bitches say I'm tacky daddy  
Range look like Laffy Taffy

Sing  
It's me  
Clap  
It's me

Harlem

I know y'all know about this

Yo, I from where Nicky Barnes got rich as fuck  
Rich and Nay hit the kitchen, then we'll pitchin' up  
Rob Base, Mase, Doug E. Fresh switched it up  
I'd do both, who am I to fuck tradition up?  
So I parked in a tow away zone, chrome  
I don't care, that car throw away homes  
Welcome to Harlem, where you welcome to problems  
Off of Furlo, fella fellas get parkings  
Them niggaz newbie bang  
Stood out like pootie-tang  
Soon as the stodie sang  
That's when the tootie sang . .  
Bang, Bang  
Came from that movie Ring  
Snap, crack, jewelry bling  
Flap-jack, who'd he bring?  
Clack, clack, Coolie ring  
Bad rap, cuties cling  
Ass capped, put him in the river  
I'm the sushi king  
And I'm gonna keep ya fresh  
Let the fish eat ya flesh  
Yes sir, please confess  
Just say, "He's the best"

Sing

It's me

Clap

It's me

Me end this shit, listen

Yo

How dope is this?

Teach you how to rope a chick

What you want Coke or Piff?

Got it all, smoke or sniff?

And you know my drift

Used to figures, dough and shit

You a rooster nigga, this a roaster bitch

And I a roast your bitch

That's how I usually am

Tell her and her groupie friends

Go get their cootchie cleansed

We the moody of Gucci, Louie and Pootchy-men

A skadda pradda, the chopper it got the uzi lense

Birds I view, the birds I knew

Flip birds, Byrd Gang

It was birds I flew

And, word I blew off herb I grew  
I would, serve off stoops  
Now swerve in coups, it's me

Killa Cam, Cam  
Killa Cam, Killa Cam  
Killa Cam, Cam

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