

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 stoddie 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
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