

Cam'ron, Can't Hurt My Style

Hook:

Y'all little dudes couldn't hurt my style
And you got birds, it'll make it worth my while
And I mean-mug cuz you don't deserve my smile so
Been into plenty drama
Flame it like Benihana's
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Verse 1:

I got the stainless, the stainless know how to work the fire
I'll leave you brainless then famous, more murder murder guys
My chain, my ring, my chain, my watch, it might hurt ya eyes
Pop pop pop pop pop pop pop pop, baby come work them thighs
I know that coke the iaina, ya know, birds or pies
Bad work, a bloodbath, niggaz deserve to die
Look dude, I'm the Dean, don't mean to hurt ya pride
You the wanksta, I'm gangsta, certified
Get with me, physically I'll take you out your misery
My bracelet is Time Square, necklace a Christmas tree
The piece you see across the entire state children
The night version of the Empire State Building
Let's dead the convo, pronto, go condo for condo
Better yet shot for shot, John Doe for John Doe
Y mano y mano, I'm Don Juan Demarco
With the magic wand, beyond, tell 'em get and begone you

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Verse 2:

We pimps and mobsters, with a different posture
Dipped in Prada, pasta on the shrimp and lobster
A side of oysters, plus the scamp we fried
I don't understand it 5, the way he move he can't be live
We still family ties, get ya family tied
Uh, duct-tape, wrong move, ya family dies
Couple hit the kid, couple shots graze the trunk
Middle finger, pay the punk, know who I was raised amongst
The neck tennis yellow, the wrist tennis blue
I'm at the tennis match, L.V. on the tennis shoes
Soon as the tension fuse, we begin to feud
I'm 80 percent of the reason the tenants move
So tell your employer, better yet, tell your lawyer
You wanna see the boy, a 100 million, Dela Hoya
Dude brought your girl to the crib and said "Enjoy her"
I got it cookin' on the stove, you can smell the Goya

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