Cam'ron, Cuurtis

Verse 1:

The truck or the Lamby Cam be stuffed in some candy This ain't a label Curtis, I'm freaking with family See my squad done waited right behind them bars that's gated Hopped out the casket bastard, reincarnated Yep, so have a seat, this gon' be a masterpiece I have to beef, he look like a gorilla, with rabbit teeth Bugs Monkey, act hard wit' a crack god that mack broads That video ain't Queens, it's your backyard Cuurtis, what's messing wit' ya head bad Ya dead mad, but dag that, security with red flags You bangin' 5, shootin' rocks and signs my way Fine play, I keep it nuetral, but my family's 9-Trey Soo-Woo, my A.R. lights that stay to fight from day to night When I smack the Lightey brothers, Dave and Mike Huh, believe me hoe, you can't G me though Jimmy ain't the president, he the CEO Zeke is the president, it's evident, he'll cock and spray Santana underboss, I sign off like Dr. Dre I f**k with Zo Pound too, waddup, Sa Pa Se Grab the cocoa macok, tessozo, rock away I extended the clip, never be friends with you pricks Shout to a real Queens dude, ya know, Kenneth McGriff He ran from police, you run with police You ain't from Southside

Hook:

Cuurtis, uh, rewind it DJ Cuurtis, you ain't 50, 50 Cent's from BK Cuurtis, yep, he deserve to be nervous Cuurtis, damn, show some courtesy Curtis (Repeat)

You 'bout to get your mouth wide

Verse 2:

Ay yo, check the tale, girls break they neck and nails Just for me to sex they tail, but let's talk record sales Juelz, 800, Jim, 400 I cop more cribs, more cars, got more blunted

Yeah I rocked the Roc so stop it doc, you copper top
My niggaz, watch 'em ball, your dudes, I watch 'em flop
Yep, so beware, dog I'm tryna be clear
Banks bricked, Mobb bricked, Buck ain't been out for three years
Lemme be fair, I hop up off a sweet Lear
Right to Lennox, ain't no sand, but I'm on my beach chair
Visa knottail, and dog we not frail
You don'r club in New York, you party out in Scotsdale
I can't be clowned, beef dog, how dare we now
And how you livin', you live in Tyson's hand-me-down
Plus you can't be found, I'll have you taped, gagged, and bound
Ask around, I never liked the circus, so I clap a clown

Hook

Ay yo man, thanks for all the shout-outs
For my dudes who keep shoutin', I love it baby
They're my brothers
I ain't hear you say Banks name in a minute
Talkin' 'bout Koch a graveyard, you just signed off for Prodigy to go there
Ay yo P, he a sucker, get away from that dude B
You ain't got no swag with buck teeth

You know how ya ain't got no swag
Whoever let you sign off on them G-Unit tanktops
Is stupid just like yo' dumb ass
Them is brazier tops
Whoever wore that outside was a homo, gay ass nigga
Ay yo stop calling my probation officer too
Why you talkin' 'bout my probation
You tryna get me locked up Curtis
Ay yo Curtis you really tryna get me locked up
You said something about my probation on your song

Next thing you know my probation officer called me today, said they need to see me

Ay yo if I go to jail, Curtis put me in jail

It's crazy, how I gotta report to probation next Thursday

I ain't supposed to report for three weeks

I gotta go Thursday and he mentioned my probation

Ay yo, lemme get off this mic now cuz I know how you get down

Rat ass nigga, that's true story, that's not even a joke, I'm dead serious