

Cam'ron, D Rugs 2

I'm back on the street wit' heat, oh glorious hood
Only two months in, Damn my lawyers good
Ten bricks and a body that's lickin rich
Tell the DA, fly f**kin' witnesses
Sittin' in the cell, I could just vomit
That's word to Elaja Mohammed, became wiser the prophet
Gods not I, I time my guy, I don't hate to see the boys
(Why)'cause the tapes can be destroyed
They on the beat walkin, in my socks searchin me
It's not hurtin me, most cops work for me
Yo where Qweed, what up ma huh what
where D at, damn yo we need that
Yo yo, my earnin' in question, I'm burnin' and sweatin'
You knowin' jail turn me depressant, I ain't learnin my lesson
You just a dumb spouse, I ain't gone run him out
I know where to find D rugs over Un's house

(talking)

Get the F**k off me, I'm goin to Un house
Get the f**k off me

Verse 2:

Yo, I knocked on the door, yo yo how it's lookin Un
You seen d rugs, yeah I was cookin him
I ran to the kitchen, Oh my God damn look at him
What's the problem with him Un, yo he lookin slim
What you ain't feed him right, what's wrong he ain't eatin right
You f**kin wit' him that's why you sneezin' right
What you mean duke, wit' d rugs ya ass will get a mean tooth
You lookin like a fiend to
But he made me cheddar, I'll take him to the death wit' me
He felt the same, so the nigga left wit me
Now we back, and dealin' in hoods
Reunited and it feel so good
Fiends comin thru in fleeces and sweaters,

Increasin my cheddar Happy just to see us together
Now we round up new click, competition too sick
D rugs left blue six, woooo shit

Verse 3:

It's like I'm born to rock on the block, still clockin
Me and D rugs hug but they still watchin, Lil hot chick
She said man keep them mills poppin,
The only way to keep you in they got to kill Cochran
But he mixed business and pleasure he get to me
And I'm a Geto Boy my mind playin tricks on me
Optional, ay yo he still f**k wit ya moms
Naw man that's impossible, Yo I heard she left the hospital
So I stepped to 'em both, needless to lie
My mother told me naw Cam chill he was prescribed
She got to take him twice a day to keep her alive
And I'm sittin' here shocked yo, rain don't stop yo
What's that the lots yo, who that the cops yo
Female Tahoe, connect wit the Brosco
F**k a hard case, I'm from a mob race
Why does this f**kin' feel like the end of Scarface
I'mma sucha sober, flip d rugs up to smell the odor
Told him, he f**ked us over
Then popped girl, to my mother, told her I love her
Plugged her, now only God can judge her
Now after this tragedy, d rugs laughed at me
He was here way before, and he'll be here after me

Now here come the cops and the whole f**kin' calvary
Snorted d rugs and had them niggaz blast at me

(Gunshots)

You can't kill me, I'm a f**kin killa you can't kill me