

Cam'ron, Glory

[Cam'ron]

I'm here now!

Ha! Ha!

I'm here now!

They should have never let me in the muthafuckin game b!

They done fucked up lettin me in Un

They done did it to themselves man!

Eh yo, you see him

Cam in the BM

Wit the Koreans

To G 'em

Wit land in Korea

Take the leer jet flight

When?

Thursday night

Overseas

Y'all fuck up it's worth your life

Huh, you niggaz heard me right

Uggh, for that persian white

I go to church of christ

Search a life

First to cut a nigga for his merchandise

My niggaz ball for weight

Sprinkle ten grams of coke on their corn flakes

To make em frosted flakes

Oh, these jewels on my neck

You'll say the Lord I'm saved

My shit cost some cake

You think you can afford a date

But yo your men should know

That my crew, we intend to blow

Treat you cats like Martin Lawrence

And motherfuckin end your show

When I say no

What don't you understand the N or O

Like that nigga Jigga said

Yo, you either friend or foe

So respect my wish

I'm a perfectionist

And wit the gun

Is the only time a nigga plays catch or kiss

Check the list, how many necks I twist

Who expected this, Exodus

Blow over night, or even sex a bitch

But she catch feelings everytime I hit her off

On my dick so bad I need Cochran to get her off

Ask my nigga Digga

Or my other nigga Mr. Ross

The point we get across

To make it that you get across

And cats like you, get mad and wanna holler rape

But you live in the burbs'

Your business is on the holidays

[Chorus]

[Noreaga]

Now where my up north niggas at

Wha What!

Now where my down south niggas at

Wha What!

Now where my east side niggas at

Wha What!

Now where my west side niggas at

Wha What!
Now where my Harlem World niggas at
Wha What!
Now where my Iraq niggas at
Wha What!
Now where my N.O.R niggas at
Wha What!
Now where my Cam'ron niggas at
Wha What!

[Cam'ron]

Eh, yo I just wanna walk wit ya'll
I don't wanna rhyme
I just need to talk wit ya'll
How ya'll feel about me
Yo, I think I'm pretty hot
Cause when I rhyme
Niggas grab they dick and diddy bop
Then pull they skully down
And put their ice grill on
Like they don't trust a nigga
And walk around the club
Like they bout to crush a nigga
I get a nigga mad enough to when he snuff a nigga
No need to boast
Yo, I fuck around and bust a nigga
You got to love a nigga
The way I rhyme what
Cause out west they fuckin throwin gang signs up
Wildin all out and not carin where they wind up
Next day same ice grill along the lineup
Ya'll niggas' time up
No mean to trouble you
I'll snatch your kids quicker than B.C.W
What you mad about? I see a lot of tightened jaws
I got a lot of hoes, but I'm really, really liking yours
Not to nag her, wonder if I can bag her
It ain't if I can have her, it's HOW I'm gonna have her
I'm a lay her like a quarterback
On her back
On the mat
Found out that you wanna act
We ran through her
You want her back?
Come on wit that
You kiss a hoe
But when the bitch leaves
You fuck around and miss the hoe
Oh, I'm the type to kiss the hoe and diss the hoe
Choke and threaten to kill her, like her last name's Carlissimo
Listen yo, trick the hoe and get her dough
That was Pryor like Richard yo
See I done been around the world
See I met Puff and I know Mason
But still the best nation
Nigga is donation
So let me hold somethin
Yo, you can't change my livin
This robbery's a holiday
Call it Thanksforgivin'
Cause you a turkey
Talkin bout you sell weight
Nigga you had soul mates, I had cell mates
But now I've been in the same three hummers
For the same three summers

And my dice game loves me
and stays on the same three numbers

[Chorus]