

# Cam'ron, Intro (Purple Haze)

[Voiceover]

Welcome to Purple Haze, previously written 2001

2, 0-4, 76, they wired my mom  
Couple weeks prior to Ja  
Must've been the year of  
Murderous killas  
Murderers that murder and kill for scrilla  
O.G.'s wit herb that guerilla, then turn  
Mathemicians, subtraction, addition  
Division - to the packs and the cracks in the kitchen  
Multiplication, rocks that I slash - precision  
I gave a little more, few addicts were bitchin'  
But in Harlem you get smacked up for livin'  
That was a given, Rock the hood  
Pop the hood - Gats in the engine  
Clap up your women, accurate vision  
Black, I'm just livin'  
I'm the bomb but bombs get wrapped up in ribbons (Shiiiiit)  
This the fact from the fiction, packs that I'm pitchin'  
Cats in Maximum Prisons rattin and snitchin  
Cuz when Feds come, Niggaz mouths run  
But the outcome, gon' be 'bout guns  
Cuz I don't bitch, and I don't snitch  
I work hands on, fuck wit Cam'Ron  
Cause I kept the -  
Grams in the boot, Damn, I would shoot  
But fam I would soup, thought Cam was too cute  
To stand on the stoop (What I look like?)  
My Spanish recruit, outlandish wit loot  
We got obsessed wit Miami, cannons, and coupes  
Baskin & Robbin', I'm laughin & poppin  
It's all for Bloodshed tho, I haven't forgotten  
From the - night to the days, my triflin ways  
I'ma bring that platinum plaque right to your grave (Dog)  
You chill in the lobby, you feelin this probably  
You know me well, tear in your eye, chill in your body  
Take it in stride, let's bake up these pies  
Harlem, no homo, hop on and take this ride  
To the top of the mountain  
Bout to get this shit poppin' and bouncin'  
Now that I'm down, the Roc is surroundin (Feel me?)  
Afford all the best, ??  
Down wit the Roc, but I'm Lord of my set (Dipset)  
I know you niggaz hate it  
How I got Jimmy out of 5H, and my dog, Zeke situated  
Santana is next..  
[echo out]