

# Cam'ron, Killa Cam

[voice]

Killa kam  
Killa kam  
Killa kam  
Killa killa  
Killa kam

[cam'ron]

[verse 1]

With the goons i spy  
Stay in tune with ma  
She like damn  
This the realest since kumbaya  
Kumbyay killa kam my lord  
Still the man with pants  
Scrill fam oh boy  
They want neuter me  
They want do to me  
The hooligan in hoolahands  
Maneuvering is nothin new to me  
Doggy i'm from the land of crime  
Pan pan gram or dime  
Not toes or mc  
When i say hammertime  
Beef i'm hammer mine  
When i get my hands on nines  
If i had on bammerline  
Cordourys kam will shine  
Canary burgandy  
I call it lemon red  
Yellow diamonds in my ear  
Call em lemonheads  
Lemonhead end up dead  
Ice like guinepeg  
Gemstones flinstones  
You could say i'm friends with fred  
You want happy scrappy  
I got pataki at me  
Bitches say i'm tacky daddy  
Range look like laffy taffy

[chorus]

[voice]

Kill kam  
Killa kam  
Killa kam  
Killa killa  
Killa kam

[verse 2]

I'm from where nicky barns got rich as fuck  
Rich and nay hit the kitchen they were pitchin up  
Rob base mase doug e fresh switched it up  
I do both who am i to fuck tradition up  
So i parked in a tow-away zone  
Chrome i dont care  
I'll call it throwaway homes  
Welcome to harlem  
Where you welcome to problems  
Off a furlo fella fellas get parkings

Canabuy banks  
Stand out like puty tanks  
Soon as the studie sings  
That when the tudy sing  
Bang bang came from that movie rang  
Snap crack jewelry bling  
Flat jack who he bring  
Clack clack cooley ring  
Bad rap cuties claim  
Ascap put em in the river  
I'm the sushi king  
And i'm keep it fresh  
Let the fish eat ya flesh  
Yes sir please confess  
Just say he's the best

[chorus]

How dope is this  
Teach you how to rope a chick  
What you want  
Coke or piff  
I got it all smoke or sniff  
And you know my drift  
Used to figures doe and shit  
You a roasted bitch  
Just a roasted bitch  
And i roast ya bitch  
That how i usually am  
Tell her and her groupie friends  
Go get they gucci cleanse  
We the moody gucci louie and pucci men  
A skada prada  
The chopper it got the uzi lens  
Bird's eye view  
The birds i knew  
Flip birds  
Birds gang  
It was birds i flew  
And word i flew  
Or herb i grew  
I would serve on stoops  
Now it swerve in coupes

[chorus]