

Cam'ron, Laughin' At You

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[Hell Rell: HOOK]

WE...BE ON THE BLOCK ASS NIGGAZ I AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR THESE JAMIE FOXX ASS N
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[Hell Rell]

Now the boat's on cruise, the scope's on you
Damn right cocksucker the joke's on you
I'm laughing all the way to the bank
plus I'm blasting all the way til it stank...GUNPOWDER!
Bust a brick open powder the scale
If you was in Clinton with me you wouldn't come out of ya cell
I'd have you scared to go get dressed, scared to go to the yard
You might as well be a good brother, go to the Mosque
F**king with me? It's off with ya arms
You'd rather spit on the Qu'Ran, in front of Saddam
You'd rather rape ya little sister in front of ya mom's
Flex it's Dipset baby, drop hundreds of bombs!
You dealing with dealers that's dealing with the hand that they dealt
I'm gripping my strap, always got my hand in my belt
Can't take faggots, I can kill him and his man by myself
Cause they pussy and I know it and they know it theyself!!!

[Hell Rell: HOOK]

MY COCAINE COME ON THE BOAT NIGGA
I READ YA LIFE STORY AND IT GO WITH THE JOKE....THAT'S WHY
I AIN'T LAUGHING WITH YOU, CAUSE I'M LAUGHING AT YOU (you funny niggaaaa!)
I AIN'T LAUGHING WITH YOU, CAUSE I'M LAUGHING AT YOU
WE...BE ON THE BLOCK ASS NIGGAZ
I AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR THESE JAMIE FOXX ASS NIGGAZ...THATS WHY
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[Cam'Ron]

KILLA!

Mr. Giles with Mr. Mohammed (what up Rell!)
Chocolate Maybach with Baurties (rims), these bitches could vomit, like...
TO COP THE THIRST FROM MEEEE, GIVE ME THE THIRD DEGREEEEE
My third grade teacher, peep her....she want to work for me! (haha!)
I ain't graduate, I ain't make the honor roll (nope)
Failed gym, the Dean said I'm walking on a violent stroll (how's that?)
Spit on Art teachers, fighting every talent show
F**k the Principal, it's the principle....SILENCE YO!
In the jam sport the Calicoooo
F**k with Cam? Thought about it bro, f**k a smart Alec ho!
Here's ya lesson....f**k school, cop a pound
In the States spot a town, grams triple, lock it down
Oh, you got it now? Wanna get it popping now? (now?)
Well be careful on the Hill, they could spot a clown
They'll take ya money and ya work while they clapping at ya
You'll be running down the hill while they laughing at ya

[Hook]

[Hell Rell]

Your rap book is a whole bunch of riddles that you scribble
Your not a baller you can't dribble, and ya middle name is little....COWARD!

Little nigga, little house, little rocks
Pull up on ya little block, hop out with my little glock
Make it pop, my whole clip fill it in ya spine
Before that make you say DIPSET a hundred million times
Let me see some old Soundscan, what did Bleek sell?
Teiarra Marie.....what that little freak sell?
All them niggaz went wood and I'm laughing at them
Got my wrist in the air throwing karats at them
These niggaz is dumb, I pre-school teach them
Plus I'm....stingy with rhymes, I tea-spoon feed them
We the braggers & the boosters, our ratchet's in the holsters
Now we pull 'em out faggot, target practice with ya posters (bang bang!)
God damn he's a stand up comedian
Hell Rell with a stand up TV rim

[Hook]