

# Cam'ron, Sports, Drugs & Entertainment

[Jay-Z]  
uh huh, yeah

[Cam'Ron]  
This goes to all my hustlers, entertainers  
And of course, athletes in the struggle

[Verse 1]  
Yo, yo yo yo yo  
Some get a little and some get none  
Shit, I was part of the some get none  
The ball, run for run, play the slums for crumbs  
Wired, real tired, till my lungs are done  
After all, I was nice in ball,  
But I came to practice weed scented  
Report card like the speed limit  
55-55 expellable  
If your nice they make sure that you eligible  
Pretty final, '92 played the city finals  
Pretty swift, real mvp, and 55th  
I can hoop, yo  
All-American in my age group, yo  
Raised bad settled for a ju. co. (junior college)  
Uh, but why they let a thug on campus  
All i did was rob and mug on campus  
Sliced, rolled dice, got shiest on campus  
At the toast got bad, payed the price on campus  
Forgot about ball, I was done dude  
Now I'm in county in an orange jumpsuit, middle of Texas  
Call moms, she dont want the phone act  
She dont condone it, Cam dont come home, shit

[Chorus x4: Notorious B.I.G.]

Cause the streets is a short stop  
Either you slangin' crack-rock  
or you got a wicked jump shot

[Verse 2]  
Yo, yo, ayo  
Comin back home, I thought it'd be cool  
But everbody like, Cam, &quot;Yo, i thought you in school&quot;  
Nah, im about to go back, huh, they know that im lyin'  
See me on broadway, know what im buyin'  
Niggas gettin' money, know what i'm eye'n  
Shiesty again, no where without iron  
Seems like my school life self destroyed  
Fuck gettin' a job, BIG self employed  
Slugs pop, drug spot, runnin' the thing  
Played ball on the weekend, 300 a game  
Till one of the workers pulled a small case  
Mouth runnin' like a dog race, tryin' to get us all laced  
I was slangin, but wasnt a kingpin  
A slow case n', verdict probation  
Tried to fuck my P.O., she ignored that  
Said, &quot;Know what Cam your found with more crack&quot;  
See what happen', stopped the crackin'  
Start rappin', quit the clappin'

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]  
Yo, yo, as a young nigga, always into crime  
But no matter what, yo, always used to rhyme

So in that i became more curious  
Fuck bein' up north delirious, more serious  
Uh, so Killa did mixtapes  
CEO's heard, now here come big cake  
But one cat said Cam you better recoup  
Before you back on your block, baby, dead on the stoop  
But Un hooked me up with all this cheddar and loot  
The best rap deal of all time next to Snoop  
Money more the clutch, money more the touch  
I dont just rhyme I own liquor stores and such, but  
yeah  
Yo, the rap game remind me of the crack game  
Niggas wanna get they gun, then start the clap game,  
for dat fame  
Throwa Entertainment  
Sport, Drugs, Entertainment  
Till the arrainment, Killa

[Chorus]

[Cam'Ron]  
That's how it go on my block  
Mad props, let off mad shots  
All my peoples out there tryin' it  
Dis a problem for they environment, killa  
Sports, Drugs, Entertainment  
Till the arraignment