

#FuckYourBitch

Cam Meekins

Lamp City in this mothaf**ka yo
I told them I would kill it they try to put a hit out
Bitch I'm young livin, old folks get out
I'm somewhere in the izzair up in the smoke clizzoud
I get high so much that all my pickups are a fizz out
I'm homeless I got this sittin' on some profits
I'm chillin' on the beach with Martha Stuart and some sock tips
You last year like crocks I'm this year like this year
My future's lookin' bright so I say it's lookin' crispy clear
I'm so sweet like Crispy Creme five or six up in the beam
Drivin' down on 95 bitch I'm headed to the bean
I got what you hatin' on dog I'm what you tryin' to be
So keep going like free throwin cause I'm all up behind the three
I'm with your girl, up in your bed, all those lines are kind of dead
But it's true, I'm actually f**kin her, forget all of those lines I s
aid
I'm known to be your king, I was born to be a Czar
All these people lookin at me like I'm born to mow their lawn
But f**k that, I'm outty, I'm outty like an outty, I'm outty like an
inny
Man I'm outty out in Maui, with some girly on my nuts
Like I'm a rap star or somethin and they trying to take me home
But I'm just trying make some muffins cause I'm high as f**k
Bong the ripper, you the loser, I'm the winner
And my girly got that ass but it's thicker than a snicker
My lights blind yo wife change, in my bed, life change
We f**ked all the football stands call that shit a night game
I'm smokin' on that light green it burns down till it's white
That good stuff can do that, dog look it up 'cause I'm right
my dick #f**k yo bitch
Got that colon power money, semicolon I'm rich bitch
Period I'm kick flipping shoe laces my man's trippin'
I'm fallin' over all drizzy drunk Mike Jones, still tippin'
I got these kids at my show smokin' weed up in the crowds
Security can't kick 'em out, we burn this mother f**ker down
We lampin' 'till she turn me off, get it lamps, turn it off
I treat my girl like luxury, call that chick a foreign car
I'm sicker then a common cold, sicker then being kinda old
And f**k these little bitches you got one flow, they kinda blow
I got that, I don't need a hook, like hand fish, don't need a hook
English class, I'm in this bitch, best believe I don't read a book
I keep my joint stuffed like you never check the mail

That last line was braille so stay out of my business
This ain't show and tell
Bitch! Lamp City.