

Critics

Cam'ron

Man, listen
My life ain't nothin' but a bunch of eggs, nigga
I had to scramble to get to the sunny side, you feel me?
Yeah
Let's talk, nigga
Uh

Tony Soprano, north New Jersey where the GOAT is at
Gotham City, I'm right here where all the jokers at
South Miami, Bal Harbour, that's where the boat is at
Flea farms, we poppin', where the smokers at?
But I'm in a nigga crib, money, yeah, he owed me that
Now homie hidin' in the same place the coats is at
Talkin' through the door, "All you gotta do is give me that"
AJ in the living room, grippin' on the mini MAC
Veezo got his girl, he about to let the semi clap
Told him we about to put two where her memory at
But she gave it up, told us where every penny at
I said, "You could come out the closet now," like Jimmy Smacks
No stoppin' this, me and money monogamous
I promise this, try to come between it, apocalypse (Blaow)
I'm a lion, tiger, wolf, rhinoceros (What are you?)
You a liar, biter, herb, preposterous (Preposterous)
No gossiping, I don't deal with side talk
I don't look for spots, man, I park on the sidewalk
I told the cop, "Tow it, I don't care, I like to risk it
I'll have another car here before you write the ticket"

Writers, critics, step aside with your shit
My life is wicked, but you might just tick it
What you say now?
You can't have it all, have it all, baby
Have it all, have it all, baby
Writers, critics, step aside with your shit
You can't have it all, have it all, baby
Have it all, have it all, baby

I was one year, four months, right from the poor house (Writers, critics, step aside with your shit)
Kept slidin' home, but cops would say, "You're out" (You can't have it all, have it all, baby)
Now I get red carpet treatment at the whorehouse (Have it all, have it all, baby)
Bent her over, wore it out, let's see what that jaw 'bout
Sat in the bleachers, then I got in the game
Used to sell leek at a bar called Bonita's
Bananas, I survived the era of preacher
Deacons, Reagan, now I got sneakers
Drive by my old school, seen all my teachers
Askin' for handouts, I ain't about to feed you
I ain't even graduate, y'all ain't understand me
I was like my hoes though, I stayed with a plan B
Tammy, Brandy, for your nose, we had candy
Cash makes me feel manly, Macho Man, Randy
Gun shooters, dope dealers, go-getters, coke sellers
That's who I'ma be with in my tent out at Coachella

Writers, critics, step aside with your shit
Gorilla, gets no realer
Start the dancing, all the girls say, "Go, Killa"
You can't have it all, have it all, baby
Go, Killa
Have it all, have it all, baby
Hallelujah, baby
Writers, critics
Step aside with your shit
You can't have it all, have it all, baby
Have it all, have it all, baby
Writers, critics
Step aside with your shit
You can't have it all, have it all, baby
Have it all, have it all, baby