

Dinner Time

Cam'ron

I need somebody to talk to me tonight
You remember how well you use to sing it?
I can't sing that song
Young man looked at him and said why you can't sing it?
You know what he told him?
Since you saw me last, something happened to me

Time to get the facts across
Ohh, somebody pissed the pastor off
I'm all for the jokes, bundle up, get your coat
But, I only go for the throat, I'ma chimney, I work the smoke
You done opened up a door, I'm petty, ready for war
I ain't got a sister, only sister I fucked was yours
I know the bars off The Program touched you
How you mad at me, though you let Mr. Royce touch you (facts)
Do what you must do
Me, I'm getting my just due
But, who you talking tough to? Blinky just snuffed you
Puff fucked you, we've seen in those binoculars
Passed you to 50, he was finger popping ya'
Then, he took it back like a fly bitch that was popular
You're 42 still saying "Ain't no stopping ya"
You know my deals, liquor, movies, and flashy kicks
How you talking deals? Your last deal was 96'
Your flight book it, talking about I'm crooked
Man, I don't steal, if I took something I took it
Pastor Mason, no fabrication
We're winnin' see all these people you spinning
I'll take it to the beginning
When Corey Wright japped you, Baby Maine yapped you
Roc over here slapped you, you still gave him dap too
That's when I asked you, murder was the verdict
You said, "Nah chill Cam, I feel like I deserved it"
What type of shit is that?
Nigga, you a queer
My crib in Orlando, I had that for years
The Program gave you the biz
You know exactly what this is
I got homes where you hide, I hustle where you live
Max B from my building, nigga who you getting wavy off of?
Fugazi baby, going off that water not Avianne
Listening to Suga J, look, he gon play you wrong
Carmelo took Lala, Meek Mill took his baby mom
And let the church talk, hallelujah

No it ain't a game I still roll with the stainless
And you know my slogan nigga, I'll make you famous
I'll use my brain so I will leave you brainless
So where you wanna meet at nigga?

Remember when you dissed trap?
You said it was the devils work. Look at this nigga yo
See how the devil work?
Wolves on your ass though, I told them all to pardon ya
Why you talking Harlem? You from Jacksonville, Florida
I used to give you all my clothes, don't forget you was bummy
I fed you when you was hungry, crash test, dummy

But the shit he said next, I swear it ain't funny
Said "Cam, become a deacon, them deacons be getting money"
That's blasphemous, word to Jesus and Lazarus
You got bad karma, stay away, he hazardous
Collection plate money in his pocket, he a klepto-
And to get a dollar dollar you would suck a Creflo
2 albums, 20 years, come on this is dead bro
Only time they mention this nigga when its retro
Money gone, jewelry fake, you could hear an echo
I'm what you could have been, you was too petro
I took your broad, they all know you a fraud
And the only show you got, the lady of soul awards
He might be nominated, I'm your little mama favorite
Any hood I go to, I'm accommodated
What you mean I'm selling liquor now? You a jizzerk
Forgot 10 years ago I gagged out on sizzurp
Oh Boy cologne, I was giving niggas that wizzork
I ain't even spend that Killa Season money, man, you hit dirt

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