

Dipshits

Cam'ron

Never thought they'd see this again
Here we go!
Killa Cam in the building
Dipset!
You know what it is
My man A-Trak
I feel something epic, no homo

Man, I'm that nigga, y'all, I ain't even lying
I'm running fashion, man, I ain't even trying
I see these fuckboys hating on me
Been in the crib three years, they still waiting on me
But I'm done with the frontin', I'm popping trunk and pressing the button
No stunting, I'm dumping and pumping the pump
Somethin' to this chump, have him crying like onions
With a gun I am gifted, back up before I will happily lift it
Popping a cap in the back of your cap
Lift up your hat, my astro's malicious
Mommy backed up and said she see the difference
"You're mature, handsome, mixed with a lot of ignance"
Dick in her intestines 'bout to poke her chitlins
Call me 2 Chainz's Drummond, say my strokes are different
I'm different, you beating
What you doing after this, bitch? I'm leaving
Adios, vamonos
I fuck your mama, word to mama, keep your mama close

Uh, I know you miss this
It's still Dipset, you dipshits
Stay fly, don't get your bitch hit
Stay gripped, don't get your shit split
Uh, still push it and get it off
Nigga, we just cut from a different cloth
Uh, I know you miss this
Still Dipset, you dipshits

Man, fuck a magazine, don't care what you cowards read
Don't gotta wonder, we like wonder with our bread
Money, respect, don't forget the power, dread
Had this one girl squirting like a showerhead
Nine on the waist, eighty keys in the trunk
Stamp on the dope, eighty degrees of funk
Reebok money, eighty degrees in the pumps
Lookin' for me? Top floor suite of the Trump, baby
Cause of stupidity, send fire, humidity
No one here is sick of me, got the gift, no Christmas tree
Get the shovels, y'all, everyone digging me
I'm back to the future, still making history

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I feel like rapping on this shit
First off, my name is Dame Dash
And I want to talk for a second if you don't mind
let me just say one thing: I am from Harlem
and I'm back outside. And you know what that means?
That means people eat. Cause I'm a Harlem nigga
and that's what we do. That means when we walk
in the room, nobody's safe. You 'bout to feel that, pause
Harlem sticks together. So if you feeling like number one
get ready to be number two, cause we back
What's that shit y'all be saying? Fool's Gold!
Aight? 'Bout to party, I might pop bottles
Might have to see Champagne Dame!