

Double Up

Cam'ron

Yo y'all niggaz wit the muscle y'all get clapped in the tussle
I'mma hustler, not a rapper bitch, rap is my hustle
Show a nigga know yo
We the first teen millionaires in Harlem since Rich and Po
You don't know? Get to know
Ain't takin shit to left, Jimmy Jones rock and jock
Right back to the block and cock, it ain't hop and scotch
It's pop and scotch, in a bar they go shot for shot
Matter of fact, outside the bar they go shot for shot
Me and my co-D on a O-Z, we go rock for rock
Me and my co-D on a roll we go rock for rock
You souped up, think I'm easy to touch
Then you been watchin' a little bit of TV, too much
Lots of rhymes, so you see my ass lots of times
On the corner still, like I ain't got a dime
Autographs not the kind to be signin' the crap
Here's a CD, slash here's a dime of that crack

Nigga double up, keep all guns double clutch
Shoot at yo feet, make you jump like double dutch
New York baby for you matchbox niggaz
Chicken wing, french fry, snack box niggaz

I know lookin at my jewerly is scarrin yo brain
Not to mention Jada Pinkett over parkin' the range
(Yo that's Will Smith girl) naw she's part of my chain
Pardon my game, car gettin washed in the rain
Runnin yo trap, that'll get you one in yo back
The hood that I had, had to take the good with the bad
Like Joe on the run, put his fuckin P.O. it's done
Low on his funds, had to get the coke or the guns
Word to the wise, killa Cam, I heard of them guys
Diplomat, crisp black, yo convertible fives
Rims on the wheel, to drive down shows in the South
Rap ain't that great neither, I got coke to give out
Stroke to give out, motherfuckin smoke to give out
hoes to give out, naw we ain't over this route
Back on the street, Jimmy get the crack on the street
Tour over motherfucker let's get back on our feet

I fucked up let the streets got a hold of me
Now they got me trapped in and they holdin me
I'm stressed out, why else would I smoke the weed
Everyday papi tell me he got coke for cheap
Broke as shit, thats why I hold the fifth
Send niggas to snatch your chain and choke your bitch
Rope your nigga, leave you with an open liver
I'm the reason why its gonna get cold this winter
I done seen niggas standin on these blocks for days
Pump work out of buildings, dimes and treys
Fuck A&R's that want me to dance and pose
I rather stand on poles with grams and o's
White shirt, construction timbs, a pair Girbaud's
And white powder shit, that'll clear ya nose, faggot

