

## Fleegod

Cam'ron

You don't know just what your soul does  
When there's no love and you sold drugs  
On the first of the month like Bone Thugs  
And the damn funds just won't budge  
And you live right where the crime was and the nines bust  
You tryna shine 'cause the grinds on your mind  
Sold nickel and dime without doing time. Don't mind us!  
Still get computer's 'putin  
Nuisance, don't care 'bout your two cents  
You vexed, you'll never get the blueprint  
Switch siders, hopping a new fence  
Relax before I relapse, these facts  
Squeeze that three caps where you eat at  
What you call feedback, bro, I don't need that  
Believe that, go home with your kneecaps  
Blowing on Cheech & Chong, them sweet ass chron'  
To each his own, make media leaches leave alone  
Fuck sticks and stones, get beat to bones  
You reach for phones, I reach for chrome  
Then lie when gunshots reach your dome  
Think these is poems? You've seen all the money and cars  
You'd think that Meech was home  
Monogamy, nah, possibly do pornography  
Listen to my philosophy, Cam's autobiography  
Outside on Lennox Ave with the coke and the crack  
And the pen and the pad with the MAC in the back of the 'lac  
While I'm racking on racks, you looking at endless swag  
From Cassius Clay to bouncin' yay  
In the fastest way, put the gas away  
'Cause all you gon' hear is, "What's his name died..."  
"What's his name died?" he done passed away!  
Pull out the arms, body armor on  
Dead to a farm by a bag of hay, you a castaway  
Sunday through saturday, St. Patrick's Day  
Mother's Day, any other day, Labor Day, Father day  
Your death date on your death certificate  
Is our day, that's what I would say  
I beg your pardon, Vanessa Carlton  
Yeah, we a thousand miles away  
At the ballet, wearing Balleys  
That's out of date, that's our debate  
What you wanna eat baby, trout? Steak?  
Steak, potatoes? How about baked?  
Inner city, out of state  
I want dessert, that pound of cake  
You sounded safe, from down the base  
We'll surround your place with a pound of tape  
Put around your waist, then bound your face  
Legs and arms, you down to race?