

# Hello

Cam'ron

Had to do this far my man Murph

Don

Killa!  
HELLO!  
Rip Murph!

Talking to lead  
I'm one of the last few  
Had to get my respect it was past due  
Through with my past  
I just reminisce when I pass through  
Moving them bags  
Tryin' to get em flipped in my stash  
Crew shooters that blast over the nonsense on the cash flew  
Ask who was there when nobody actually cared  
Real shit had to share his kicks for half of the year  
And now I take mine and I take his daughter shopping  
Same nigga pull up to your door with the .40 knockin'  
I got niggas quarter coppin'  
Coke in the water lockin'  
All they ever knew was hustle cause they never saw an option  
I'm hearin' the sneak dissin'  
I'm tryin' to ignore the gossip  
Third take better be an earthquake before I drop it  
I hear the hoes ponderin'  
I got a cult followin'  
Joe Carroll, I throw arrows into your soul hollerin'  
I probably not the most known but I'm the most confident  
The most relatable, no debatable, most dominant  
I'm in need of a blessin'  
I'm blowing weed to the heavens  
Cause in my dream I was destined to see me speedin' in 7s  
When you look in the mirror  
And nigga see your reflection  
Is you really or not  
That's the easiest question  
I'm around OG's  
That was sellin' ki's out the Westin  
Never leave ya protection  
And never speak off confessions  
Y'all niggas getting lost on me  
Only need a direction  
Feel it when you look at his momma face  
And see the aggression  
DON

HELLO  
Aw man  
Harlem world  
HELLO  
High Bridge  
HELLO  
Bronx, Queens  
HELLO  
Brooklyn

HELLO  
Staten Island  
HELLO  
Aw man  
My bad ladies  
HELLO  
You gettin money?  
HELLO  
You fuck with snitches?  
HELL No  
Ok  
HELLO  
HELLO  
HELLO  
Aw man

He know killers  
Ya'll know Killa  
Fast cars, speed boats, all sorts of villas  
Bad girls, jewelry, drive-bys, chinchillas  
RIP to Mike but I'm the real Thrilla  
I'm done with that though  
I ain't beefin with the family man  
Shit I'm still in the PJ's like candy man  
With dude sellin whole halves of candy yams  
Despite that the garage look like candy land  
Candy painted ain't nothing about me tainted  
Drove every car you name it  
Look homie come get acquainted  
Can't change it or rearrange it  
Disclaimer because I'm heinous  
The 9 will make you famous  
Blow! That's for the plaintiff  
The gun range no goggles  
The targets they testin nozzles  
The bullets they on point  
Them points you call hollows  
In the club we get the bottles  
We leave it we hit the throttle  
Then pull up inside McDonalds with porn stars and models  
Look nigga you can't erase me, debate me, rape me I'm spacey  
These bitches they want my baby  
Nah baby, but you can taste me  
The guns got no safety  
In DC for when they grazed me  
And I ain't been postin' lately  
Ya'll would really hate me  
Yeah homie, it's a blessin  
I'm here to answer the questions  
I'm the OG Don Q was talkin about at the Westin  
Yeah, yeah baby let that molly rock  
Niggas suckas Imma start sellin lolli pops

HELLO  
Aw man  
She sniffed a line  
HELLO  
Damn that ass fat  
HELLO  
Down south  
HELLO  
Midwest  
HELLO

West coast  
HELLO  
Aw man  
HELLO  
You gettin money?  
HELLO  
You actin funny?  
Hell no  
Ok  
HELLO  
HELLO  
HELLO  
Aw man