

## K.O.P.

Cam'ron

Get Large, bald docteur

Baby girl, baby, baby girl wanna ride out  
Told her what she don't wanna hear (I don't care)  
She said, "I wanna go Cam, but what's in the trunk first?"  
Bitch, a hundred years (Couldn't understand it)  
She said, "You're already platinum (Ten times), still a brick layer (No construction)"  
I told her music and movie money, real, real good girl  
But I am a risk taker (Go getter)  
I be tourin' Sin City off (Yeah I do)  
He think everything legal (Why you suck his dick?)  
But no need to talk, man  
If you ain't involved, that's how I avoided them people (Scot free)  
Shit, I don't do telephones (No calls)  
Nah, I don't do third parties (Yo, yo, who that?)  
That's the reason cousin Bang in jail right now, nigga  
Facin' a third robbery (He gon' get out though)  
Black La Cosa Nostra  
Yeah, ya dealin' with ragin' bulls (You know the type of nigga I am?)  
Shit, I'll pay ya mother  
And take ya sister like Calvin from Paid in Full (We doin' our thing Miss Johnson) Shit, shit, but yeah  
The money, yeah I launder it, I deserve me a monument  
The judge exonerate me, the D.A. be in astonishment  
Let's bond a bit, I can get you money or ya mom evic'  
Harm, long arms under long john pajama fit  
Loafers with the jeans, they envy on how my garments fit  
23 year run, I know niggas ain't fond of it

(Keep on pushin')

That's what my nana said (Rest her soul)  
Turkey and cheese, a glass of milk for dinner  
With a slice of banana bread (Goddamn)  
She said, "Keep on pushin'" (So I did)  
Keep on pushin' (Yeah I did)  
Wanted me to finish college but, I like money, man  
I just couldn't (Sorry nana)

You could catch, you, you could catch me court side (On the floor, nigga)  
Camera view of the baseline (Say cheese)  
I recorded verses, then 10 pound deals when I walked out of Baseline (That's the studio)  
When I was writin' Come Home with Me (What I had?)  
Kilos and weed were thrown to me (What else?)  
Mo Money from Philly  
Packed it up fo' sho, got right on the road for me (What up Mo?)  
I like to thank I-80 though (I-80, though?)  
That interstate made me rich, boy (Rich, boy)  
I had coke and weed  
But then I threw some D on it way before Rich Boy (Dog food)  
You can't deny the bypassin' (Yeah, ya girl)  
I got a thing for them wide asses  
She suck me off so good  
I gave her \$1400, go get new eyelashes (Diamond joints)  
So, get out yo' feelings (Feelings)  
That's how I'm feeling (I'm feeling)

'Cause it sure feel good to see chandeliers hangin' from 50 foot ceilings  
H-h-hot girl summer  
Uh, bitches got turnt (Yeah they did)  
Few of y'all just a little too hot though, man  
Couple my niggas got burnt  
(Killa, Killa, Killa)

(Keep on pushin', oh yeah)  
That's what my nana said (God bless her)  
Turkey and cheese, a glass of milk for dinner  
With a slice of banana bread (Wish they could reap the benefits right now)  
She said, "Keep on pushin'!" (Okay), keep on pushin' (That's what she said)  
Wanted me to finish college but, I like money, man, I just couldn't  
Yeah, I kept on pushin'