

## Leave Me Alone, Pt. 2

Cam'ron

Bitch, uh killa, uh dipset bitch  
The Union, uh huh, Harlem, killa

I be like move, get out the way  
'Cuz I move bricks, get out the yay  
And it's two clips, I get out the play  
For a few chips, I get out an' spray

It's more than shrimps, it's whores and pimps  
The difference in our crimes, your's attempts  
Attempt burglary, attempt theft, you just begun  
I'm Grand Theft Auto, rackets here, larceny, conspiracy murder one

Electric chair, I don't deserve the fun  
But I get the dough, shit, I might splurger one  
Now I know a lotta styles, some see  
But listen, stop it child, it's a done D

I come to ya block, stop and style, one V  
Gators straight from Crocodile Dundee  
No rubber sold, hardwood bastard  
Fitted, legitted, hardwood classic

Killa, uh, uh, that shit you talk don't move me nadda  
The dudes with the Q's be proper  
Uzi pop your news and choppers  
It's truly lava, who knew we prosper

The game's a bitch, who we gotta  
The shoes, Louie products, groupie blah blah  
Santana, Zeek the koofie popper  
We the movie Shottas

But it's really rude boys and rosters  
With a trailer load of girls, excuse me Shabba  
I wish my homie could watch me  
Live happy days like Tony and Chachi

I stay lonely and cocky  
Dice rollin' and rollin' 'em  
Cars, the repo are towin' 'em  
Acts black, we totally total 'em

Even blood, he totally totaled it  
Plus his life, he totally totaled it  
But any girl I get, I totally open 'em  
Brain in they legs, coke and the dope in 'em

Killa, talkin' tough? Yo, smokin' dust, woah  
Fuck with us? No, no, no  
Get ya head bust, get ya head bust  
Fuck around dawg, get ya head bust

He talkin' fly, yo, I wonder why, woah  
Fuck with us? No, no, no  
Get ya head bust, get ya head bust  
Fuck around dawg, get ya head bust

Yo, uh, leave me alone  
Let me just live my life, killa

I spend days on Kawasakis, nights with Lewinskies  
But I'm the like the Ice Man, Michael Kiplenski  
I style on New York, pile up my fork  
Dips, consulted by the son of Malachi York

Doggie, 'cuz I push weight, plus I push tapes  
God damn, I'm starvin' and I just ate  
I wouldn't say I'm meano with Tha Carter  
I'm more like the plant in Little Shop Of Horrors

But I don't say, "Feed Me Seymour"  
I say, "Feed me dame, feed me Leeyor"  
Epic, they used to feed me detours  
Roc-A-Fella, they feed me C-4

The way I blow up, the VS just soars  
You GS3? I'm GS4  
You in a Lexus, I'm Gulf Stream four  
Up in the sky on the Gulf Stream tour

You want beef? We'll start a Gulf Stream war  
Lay ya ass down on God's green floor  
We playin' golf in the Gulf of New Mexico  
Tha cost to be the boss, you gotta respect it, ho

My gas game you gotta respect it thooough  
I swear to god you think I'm workin' for 'Texaco'  
And ya section know when any day Techs could blow  
Hit 'em from head to toe, when I come deck ya hoe

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