

# Leave You Alone

Cam'ron

Uh, leave the hood I would but it got Cam twisted (twisted)  
Where Mikey gon' get that butter or them damn biscuits (you know I go  
tta nine)  
Mother still gettin' high, she so damn gifted (I don't know what's wr  
ong)  
Like she got no legs though, she can't kick it (nope)  
We can't kick it my man, dig it I van wyck it (wyck it)  
Wiggle wiggle the man wicked, rap was Cam's ticket (that's what I tho  
ught)  
But it backfired (fired) air in the back tires (tires)  
Get ready for crack buyers, wrap liars in trap wires  
thinkin' I'm aunry, be thinkin' I'm raunchy (raunchy)  
Watch Menace II Society (shshh) think about Chauncy (think about that  
)  
The snitch factor, now its a big factor (shits a bitch)  
Shits a bitch, watch your shift who you pitch after  
Get data, Michelle home from school her man Rich slapped her  
Kish kashed her, shot in the air yeah kids static (this on my block)  
Cause she joined the fraternity, the bitch capper  
He ain't like it, kidnapped her, in the hood pitch cracker  
Now rich not, she coulda met a rich cracker (yup)  
She down high, word to Mickey D's they big mac'd her (mac'd her)  
Bill train to fight us (fight us) Titus he gained arthritis (shit)  
Cops they train to bite us (bite us) with Kalina can't indict us (nop  
e)  
He beat them cases up like Mike tyson 86 (young Mike)  
That's why it's like I got a license for these eighty bricks (like Si  
gel)  
Crib tried to raid the shit, agents on some hater shit  
60K to Robby K, them cases never made 'em' stick

I could promise this, you dealing with a communist (YES)  
That'll pull the trigger on any nigga and bomb a bitch (what is it)  
My accomplices, they remain anonymous  
And they gon' stay there I swear, I'm what honest is  
Honestly you thought I quit like Tomjanovich (thought I quit)  
Conglomerate, treat you like Ramadan, honer it (you won't eat)  
You won't eat, I'm unloading a lobster and pasta  
Y'all imposters imposing my posture I got ya'  
Mobsters with choppas enough, date 'em'  
Chicks duct tape 'em', turn 'em' over butt rape 'em'!  
Grams cut shave 'em', damn hand cut shaving (shit)  
But bust on the hushes like a lust rush craving (whats that)  
That's the hustle, I'm old school you must page 'em'  
Whatever love hate 'em', won't do, touch play 'em'  
Degrade 'em', talk slick, nigga you'll all sit  
Lay you in dawg shit, look over you hawk-spit!  
Beef on Bobby block, right where his homies walk (word?)  
Homie we made bodies drop (let 'em' know) skate like Tony Hawk (this  
skatin')  
Over short paper, player old for very long (it's the principle)  
Fourth of July, M eighties, Cherry bombs (whats that)

Did disguise the slugs, sent his friends (his peoples)  
For them ends they had 'em' like the Benz, his eyes were bugged (shsh  
h)  
Watch the Don poke you, but for 45 hundred I will John Doe you  
Your moms won't know you, Killa!