

Let Me Work

Cam'ron

I'm smoking killa same color as lavender
I be with killas, millionaires, scavengers
And my own car often play the passenger
The girl is down (point 4, I'm bangin er)
Well my status, the lavish karats attracted her
But where the movie set? I see a lot of characters
It's acrobatic, my flip with no spatula
I get the water from the Seattle - I'm a marinar
Dom it's Africa, be with my Dominicans
Clues dig from Italy, my connect well he Mexican
Account at Switzerland, bad bitches in Michigan
Women friends say I'm priver than moments in timberland

Next up we have
Harlem's own
Queen of the ring
Hustle!

I can never give you all a glisten clear
While I'm soakin heaters and hammers my gorillas go bananas
Fuck shit, bitch hoe
Sorry, excuse my grammar
I'm used to ignorant shit, none of my hoes got manners
But let's roll the ninas,
Them girls, we live in Finland
I'm movin like a beamer
I'm talkin ladies being innocent
If I'd send shots to them from the bar
On camera if a nigga get that in a shootin star
Without the stay I'm stuck
All that fly look, daddy get yo boss hit
If I want you killed I'd pull strings, you know guitar shit
Hey, it's that yo whole team? I could make a collage quick
Bullets jumpin in the ground, something like a mosh pit
La crème levy and I be ridin with some riders
Drive an Impala, pull up right beside ya
Hand out the window, start blammin at yo driver
Claim you won drama but we swim into Nirvana

Next up we have Harlem's own street battler loveness
He really needs no introduction
I like to call him Beloved

I pray he blessed every youngin that's tryna make the ledge
Be smart learnin, make sharp turns on a razor's edge
Just to put food on the table spread, keep the babies fed
A real man rather stay ahead fore he stay in bed
You take yo meds this morning you know yo name Jack
Black, these white boys tryna remain fat
Jumpin down and engage pack, mainstream and a main match
Watch but don't ride on the other side of the train track
So sure, nothing more than the trouble Lord
Buzz the door, hug the floors up against the wall
Some record like miracle with the other swords
Love involved, I put the mother ship in the motherboard
Is it the truth?
Can you feel it? I'll give you proof

Niggas root for me in the 13, Piggy Booth
50 rude niggas can't do nothing when the witties shoot
You hear the snoop, gin and juice rappers
Please let me work

Next up we have the 14 year old street dog, ya'll ready?
Hold on
Chris Miles

But anyway lolololook
White kid but I make this shit on this game when I pick up the pace
Gonna piss on they families
It's just because a youngin doing better they favorites, have that
I'm a beast at the case T3
I'm avenged, now they wanna get me all up in they playlist
Give me the crown back, king to these whack ass
Grind cause my backstab's after the count stack stack stack
Kick flows like a brown house kid would allow
Not down for the countdown
Try for the 50's, last down to the man
Cause you know he's doing down down down down wut?
Say dudes get no love
I've been going through this hustle til both my lungs breakin those
Hold up these basic and sees it's too late
But my friend you should pray to yo maker and bow down
To me every beat that I see is deceased cause you already know that I chow d
own
And I swear to God I'll paralyze your pair of eyes
Of every second that you see me
And I can't even bother with these random guys
Who been talkin trash, can you please gone?
On every song I'm off in the competition
I got beat up in school, now dudes be sayin they tryna chill and shit but no
Homie just back off or my slap a rapper swag off
Get it crackin like a couple chiropractors at yo back door
See ya

Ok next up we have
What? I'm not going after that little kid
You crazy, you ain't just hear what he just said?
Shiiit