

## Fantastic Four Pt. 2

DJ Clue

Word

[Incomprehensible], Nature, Cam'Ron, LOX, Fabolous  
Yeah yo, yeah yo, peronas the crib sicker than Madonna's  
Gettin' more press then Elien Gonzalez  
Some niggas tell me I'm the hottest, I never cool off  
Criticize the shit I write but it's never too soft  
Snatch channels like I'm Disney half grizzlie unexplain  
When niggas see me they duck hoppin' I pass quickly  
Someone to laugh wit me get acquainted  
They know exactly when a niggas famous or livin' dangerous  
The kid got a glow like I just came home  
Try to dull me niggas that owe be hiding from me  
Changin' their names, screenin' their calls  
The dream cast in the crib never leavin' at all  
Playin' NBA 2K for two days straight  
Fifty dollars a game let me polish my gain  
Withdrawin' at the bank never deposit a thing  
Yo, I gotta make a dollar wit slang  
Yo, back in the day we was slave whips and chains  
It's tradition all I got whips and chains  
All I did flip some cane  
Now a nigga sick of the range only a new six could fix the pain  
Look at all these goose bumps round my wrist and veins  
Milton Bradley wanna get my game  
5-0 wanna frisk my frame, I don't deal wit cheap blow  
When I shoot no block sort of like a free throw  
Can't miss and one of you bitches burn me and I can't piss  
Got me itchin' like it's dandrif  
You gone see the back of cam hand quick you dam bitch  
I'm a stomp you stab you look at you you dam bitch  
Ya love I would dumb back out  
Everybody like killa when you come back out  
Listen I like rap  
Routine had to stop met a new connect got it 18 a whop  
Cops on payroll every block got blow  
We fight every night reunite then pop Mo  
That's how it is when you deal wit me  
And I don't feel TV only real TV  
Real money real gats real cats real girls  
MTV I'll show you the real world  
Cats run up on you splatter your white eyes  
That's only to make Saturday night live  
Lookin' for a casket got the right size  
Wanna bake a cake I got the right pies  
Crashed up the four now the right five  
Lookin' for beef you found the right guys  
Old folk say, "Cam stop your route  
Why you gotta get the guns just box it out"  
Listen that there is trife only fightin' is the doctor  
That's for your life  
As for your wife took her out just to tour town  
Bench press for what lift four pounds  
Tear up your car all four doors down  
Cats wanna box well heres four more rounds  
Yo, keep talkin' 'bout convertibles and your ice  
I'ma smack you yap you and murder you  
Keep talkin' 'bout your dawgs is this

And you leavin' out the part that your dawgs is bitch  
Let's get straight to the point, ain't a nigga better than me  
I'm aggravated and I'm fed to the T  
If I gotta do joints and I'm sittin' for five  
When you remeniss about me say the nigga was live  
I got twelve arm robberies pendin'  
A dope charge, a gun charge hard to see holiday bendin'  
Wit a brand new case twenty niggas, the ride  
A spot OT and some brand new base  
Why say names you could get who ever you know  
I got the gun cocked ready to blow  
Don't compare his rhymes to mines  
Mines is real and his is just words and lines  
Now I'ma give it to you straight 'cause I don't cop no pleas  
Sheek Lush, a nigga who got lots of cheese  
Wit enough coke to stand on and slide like ski's  
And you could see your whole body on my HR vreethe  
How you wanna do this shit like the quick and the dead  
So I could cock back empty out the back of your head  
Do a drive-by go head I'm quick wit the heater  
I shoot threw you your car and threw the parkin' meter  
Look it ain't much to talk about, f\*\*k you  
f\*\*k where you from, you better wear your gun  
Won't shoot nothin', but you will appear in court  
I put your brains everywhere so you could share your thoughts  
Few hot shells outta the chrome will leave you there  
Wit a funny smell like gun powder colon  
Listen everything's about the kiss the new dope out  
Sky blue CL 6 wit the new poke outs  
Tired of the speculation faggit everything is real here  
Ya ain't gonna get wreck on jason  
Hold down the fort could never be bought  
So I don't flip when the crackers wave checks in my facin'  
Rather start gunnin' 'cause soon as you start chasin' the money  
That's when the money start runnin'  
I drive by in a car service hope out wit mad nigga  
Pull my phone out like ya nervous  
Like ya don't know the kid stay hittin' benches wit kay's of the cane  
Leave strays sittin' inches away from your brain  
In them gray kitted bonzes I sway threw the lanes  
Now the nay's just sit and flinches when they see the chain  
Ya might not never come out my verses get heard  
I'm a hustler I don't sleep from the first to the third  
Take the [Incomprehensible] to Cali but the shots go quickly  
Put red spots on your neck and they not no hickeys  
The truck still got those Micky's and don't even pass it my way  
If it's not no sticky  
No matter where I'm at I pop regardless  
'Cause I get knocked I cut a check ya gone drop the charges  
Put three holes in head make 'em look like bowlin' balls  
Come threw in spring wit nikes that don't get sold till fall  
So I could hardly care 'cause the only way I see time behind bars  
If it's a Cartier, nigga nigga nigga