

## Over Wit

Young Scooter

[Verse 1 - Cam'ron:]

Scooter got that cocaine, I got the heroin  
Got the fiends runnin' miles like a marathon  
Come into my hood it's like Lebanon  
Gold diggers suck a dick, I ain't no leprechaun  
In the streets yea, in my beach chair  
Talk shit, throw him off the roof, yea it's leap year  
No I ain't no barber but I clip a nigga  
Put the money on yo head like you a stripper nigga  
Clips, triggers, it gets no bigger  
Pop pop pop, a ditch I'll dig ya  
Smack ya mother, hit ya sister, tell yea father come get it nigga  
I mack hard, I'm a crack god  
They don't shop wit Killa cause I got that black card

[Hook - Young Scooter:]

They say I know magic how I pull triggers  
Nobody shot wit Scooter cause he too slick  
Finesse finesse finesse, he known for hittin' licks  
He ain't got no plug that nigga lyin'

Money due wit you, boy you over wit  
Rapper runnin' outta words cause they over wit  
Ya plug gone, ya bitch gone, boy you over wit  
Don't get caught up on that phone cause you over wit

[Verse 2 - Young Scooter:]

Killa got that heroin, I move metric tons  
First I check ya resume, then come get you some  
No clean bricks, I'm wettin' all of them  
We call it remix, in the hood I'm from  
Money due wit you boy I can see it  
That dirty asshole made you believe him  
[?] till he went to sleep and ran off wit his pieces  
Took the money, and 70 pounds of sour diesel  
Now you over wit, can't even buy a brick  
No money, last week you had a half of him  
Wake up, ya bitch gone cause ya money gone  
Can't get a pack in, ya plug switched phones

[Hook - Young Scooter:]

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Nobody shot wit Scooter cause he too slick  
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Money due wit you boy you over wit  
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