

# #FuckYourBitch

Cam Meekins

Lamp City in this mothaf\*\*ka yo  
I told them I would kill it they try to put a hit out  
Bitch I'm young livin, old folks get out  
I'm somewhere in the izzair up in the smoke clizzoud  
I get high so much that all my pickups are a fizz out  
I'm homeless I got this sittin' on some profits  
I'm chillin' on the beach with Martha Stuart and some sock tips  
You last year like crocks I'm this year like this year  
My future's lookin' bright so I say it's lookin crispy clear  
I'm so sweet like Crispy Creme five or six up in the beam  
Drivin' down on 95 bitch I'm headed to the bean  
I got what you hatin' on dog I'm what you tryin' to be  
So keep going like free throwin cause I'm all up behind the three  
I'm with your girl, up in your bed, all those lines are kind of dead  
But it's true, I'm actually f\*\*kin her, forget all of those lines I said  
I'm known to be your king, I was born to be a Czar  
All these people lookin at me like I'm born to mow their lawn  
But f\*\*k that, I'm outty, I'm outty like an outty, I'm outty like an inny  
Man I'm outty out in Maui, with some girly on my nuts  
Like I'm a rap star or somethin and they trying to take me home  
But I'm just trying make some muffins cause I'm high as f\*\*k  
Bong the ripper, you the loser, I'm the winner  
And my girly got that ass but it's thicker than a snicker  
My lights blind yo wife change, in my bed, life change  
We f\*\*ked all the football stands call that shit a night game  
I'm smokin' on that light green it burns down till it's white  
That good stuff can do that, dog look it up 'cause I'm right  
my dick #f\*\*k yo bitch  
Got that colon power money, semicolon I'm rich bitch  
Period I'm kick flipping shoe laces my man's trippin'  
I'm fallin' over all drizzy drunk Mike Jones, still tippin'  
I got these kids at my show smokin' weed up in the crowds  
Security can't kick 'em out, we burn this mother f\*\*ker down  
We lampin' 'till she turn me off, get it lamps, turn it off  
I treat my girl like luxury, call that chick a foreign car  
I'm sicker then a common cold, sicker then being kinda old  
And f\*\*k these little bitches you got one flow, they kinda blow  
I got that, I don't need a hook, like hand fish, don't need a hook  
English class, I'm in this bitch, best believe I don't read a book  
I keep my joint stuffed like you never check the mail

That last line was braille so stay out of my business  
This ain't show and tell  
Bitch! Lamp City.

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