

Down and Out

Cam'ron

Uh Killa

Baby

Kanye this that 1970s heroin flow huh

Yeah let's speed it up (Ya'll hear people talking bout who high who not)

Uh I'm back in (Man they don't know we fixing to kill the game this year)

(Killa, Ye, come on)

Uh uh aiyyo street mergers I legislated

The nerve I never hated

On murders premeditated

Absurd I hesitated

Observe cock and spray

Hit you from a block away

Drinking Saki on a Suzuki we in Osaka Bay

Playing soccer stupid stay in a sucker's place

Pluck ya ace take ya girl fuck her face

She dealing with Killa so you love her taste

She swallowing Killa cause she love the taste

I got brought up with crooking

Kitchen orders that I'm cooking

But got caught up with the chicks who really thought I wasn't from Brooklyn

It gets boring just looking

I feel like Bill Cosby pouring in the pudding

Now the dashboard is wooden from a hard tangled grammar

Interior inferior star-spangled banner

Car game bananas

Ma man and Tana

Guns everywhere like the car came with hammers

He's back

They trying to say he (down, down)

I hear niggaz saying he (down and out)

But our flow's the truest (oh)

The game's in a nuisance (no no)

Our girls is the models (oh)

They coochies the juiciest (ooooh)

Yeah they say he (down, down)

Yeah they say he (down and out)

Cause I'm back on my grind (oh)

Money back on my mind (no no)

Ye and Killa Cam (oh)

The world is mine (ooooh)

I keep bitches straight up like +Simon Says+

Open vagina put ya legs behind ya head

Cop me Air 1s hon lime and red

You got pets me too mines are dead

Doggy (on fire) fox minks gators that's necessary

Accessories my closet's pet cemetery

I get approached by animal activists

I live in a zoo I run scandals with savages

All my niggaz get together to gather loot

Bodyguard for what dog I'd rather shoot

I go to war old timbs batted boots

Hand grenade goggles and a parachute

Ya'll don't even know the name of my flick

It was +Touch Me, Tease Me+ when +Case+ was the shit

You don't know bout the cases I get
Court case, briefcase, suitcase, cases of Cris
Ow

Yo aiyyo you dealing with some sure shit
My bitches pure thick
Play razor tag slice ya face you're it
It's I who come by drive thru
Gator told Maury three quarters sky blue
Look at mami eyes blue five two
I approached her "hi boo, how you?"
Tony skin Louis oh you fly too
You a stewardess good ma I fly too
Now a nigga got bacon to bake
Harlem shake naw I'm in Harlem shaking a way
Shaking to bake, shaking the Jakes
Kill you shoot the funeral up and Harlem Shake at your wake
Kiss ya picture though you still taped in a lake
I'm laughing you couldn't wait to escape
For anyone who owed the dough I had to load the fo
I hoped a nigga heard when I said I told you so
Uh Killa

Mine
Killa you already know Harlem
Whole Midwest, Detroit, Nap town, St. Louis
Chicago of course
Westside holla at me
Southside wild hundreds
You know what it is Ohio
Columbus holla at ya boy
You know what else I do
Dayton, Youngstown, Cleveland, Cincinnati