

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 battled 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