

Leave Me Alone, Pt. 2

Cam'ron

Bitch, uh killa, uh dipset bitch
The Union, uh huh, Harlem, killa

I be like move, get out the way
'Cuz I move bricks, get out the yay
And it's two clips, I get out the play
For a few chips, I get out an' spray

It's more than shrimps, it's whores and pimps
The difference in our crimes, your's attempts
Attempt burglary, attempt theft, you just begun
I'm Grand Theft Auto, rackets here, larceny, conspiracy murder one

Electric chair, I don't deserve the fun
But I get the dough, shit, I might splurger one
Now I know a lotta styles, some see
But listen, stop it child, it's a done D

I come to ya block, stop and style, one V
Gators straight from Crocodile Dundee
No rubber sold, hardwood bastard
Fitted, legitted, hardwood classic

Killa, uh, uh, that shit you talk don't move me nadda
The dudes with the Q's be proper
Uzi pop your news and choppers
It's truly lava, who knew we prosper

The game's a bitch, who we gotta
The shoes, Louie products, groupie blah blah
Santana, Zeek the koofie popper
We the movie Shottas

But it's really rude boys and rosters
With a trailer load of girls, excuse me Shabba
I wish my homie could watch me
Live happy days like Tony and Chachi

I stay lonely and cocky
Dice rollin' and rollin' 'em
Cars, the repo are towin' 'em
Acts black, we totally total 'em

Even blood, he totally totaled it
Plus his life, he totally totaled it
But any girl I get, I totally open 'em
Brain in they legs, coke and the dope in 'em

Killa, talkin' tough? Yo, smokin' dust, woah
Fuck with us? No, no, no
Get ya head bust, get ya head bust
Fuck around dawg, get ya head bust

He talkin' fly, yo, I wonder why, woah
Fuck with us? No, no, no
Get ya head bust, get ya head bust
Fuck around dawg, get ya head bust

Yo, uh, leave me alone
Let me just live my life, killa

I spend days on Kawasakis, nights with Lewinskies
But I'm the like the Ice Man, Michael Kiplenski
I style on New York, pile up my fork
Dips, consulted by the son of Malachi York

Doggie, 'cuz I push weight, plus I push tapes
God damn, I'm starvin' and I just ate
I wouldn't say I'm meano with Tha Carter
I'm more like the plant in Little Shop Of Horrors

But I don't say, "Feed Me Seymour"
I say, "Feed me dame, feed me Leeyor"
Epic, they used to feed me detours
Roc-A-Fella, they feed me C-4

The way I blow up, the VS just soars
You GS3? I'm GS4
You in a Lexus, I'm Gulf Stream four
Up in the sky on the Gulf Stream tour

You want beef? We'll start a Gulf Stream war
Lay ya ass down on God's green floor
We playin' golf in the Gulf of New Mexico
Tha cost to be the boss, you gotta respect it, ho

My gas game you gotta respect it thooough
I swear to god you think I'm workin' for 'Texaco'
And ya section know when any day Techs could blow
Hit 'em from head to toe, when I come deck ya hoe

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