

## Why They

Cam'ron

See you lucky man... you lucky to be around me nigga  
You better take on the oxygen you suckin all the h2o nigga  
My new name is mother fuckin velcro the way niggaz stick to me no homo

Harlem 100 million dollars lovely dame and big  
Shots to like wayne and big  
No need explain yah dig  
Somone come claim this kid  
He a fraud, the city morg, gone claim his wig  
Wanna be famous? well the game is rigged this is harlem  
Were we scramble crack, beef come handle that  
Melt them down to candle wax, pump water we camel backs  
Not camel toes, sandal cat can't do jack  
Place a order well cancel that jaffe set it  
Any problems baby, come to harlem baby  
We drive several coupes, gray orange cherry coupes  
Girls ball like cheryl swoopes, dudes hustle on every stoop  
Your jewelry truley, beef and brocs mah are very cute  
I'm like a can of cambells bitch yeah I'm very soup  
Look the kid done rose, to sleepin with roaches  
In my nostril pick my nose, damn mice bit my toes  
We slingin get yah ratchet bang it don't forget yah clothes  
Lived in 56 and 46 live my crows  
My grandmaother fought they grandmother mrs rose  
Uncle came down gat explode, that case disclose  
Cause we'll damage yah ameatuer don't play with pros  
They compose, nice girls thay get turned to naked hoes  
They wanna get the boy, hand cuff wrist the boy  
Cause I'm the cookie monster yep chips ahoy!  
Ahoy from over seas they ship the toys

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Why they fuckin with me why they fuckin with me huh  
Why they fuckin with me why they fuckin with me man  
Why they fuckin with me why they fuckin with me huh

See my mind designa dump, pump when I find the pump  
I'm a lift him ten feet she said he ain't tryna duck  
Do like my hair cut, line em up I lay em down  
Sign em up, I swear to god garbage bags in line and drunk  
I keep loaded guns, for every five bricks  
My connect throw me one, you don't know me son  
Like I love rhymin, I'm just a thug shinin  
And leave the club blinded, by the damn blood diamond

I hug the block, it hug me back  
Yeah it trust I'm grindin, I told my watch  
Now look at my watch love my timin  
Name stop, drop it, dog you not poppin  
When I'm a stop frontin, when yah mom stop coppin  
Shit you not rockin, stop watchin, glock cocked  
Dots shots in, call em re-run he pop lockin  
When I stop his heart with some head shots  
Better yet he barney rubble, he in bed rock  
Yeah you know we dead, when the grass is green  
And the suits is black, and the roses red  
That's the kiss of death baby boy go to bed

And I don't kiss mah I kno yah head so go ahead  
I start wildin on you, I tell you it won't be polite,  
You mad I'm stylin on you, duck down, weave the right  
Pull the gat out two shots, peace goodnight

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