

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

357

Par Cam'ron

Album : Harlem Kingpin

What up on my Harlem niggas

My BK niggas

Back uptown baby

Lennox Ave.

My Oyas on Broadway all day

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Aye yo you love the way I rep black

Step the f back

'Fore I bring out the guns

And chest check

Respect that

Any girl I met that

Hit that

Love the way I spit that

I don't kit kat

Push your wig back

Get you shit snatched

Get your ribs cracked

Got a friend

Have me kick that

Get that

Sit back

School shit skip that

Learn how to flip pack

For the big stacks

And the big act

Now I got the big gats

Click, clack, uhh

Since day one been in a ditch

Came with a snitch

Now I'm in the pen in the mix

Friends sending me flicks

Girls sending me kicks

Been in some shit

Had to tap a chin with a fist

When the?

Begin with a stich

End in a kiss

So yo so I blend in the mix

Now a day don't go by I ain't been in a chick

8½ on the dope ask Dominican Rich

Winning and rich

Eating on cinnamon grits

Grinning and shit

How a nigga spin in 6

See they all see the 12

But you see me in it

TVs in it

BBs kinted

Ask who it is

You see me tinted

I did drive-bys

Now I take you on top of a high rise

See if you can sky dive

I'll bring it to you at your local gymnasium

How 'bout the Palladium

Fuck it Yankees Stadium uhh

Play people, jumped up and sprayed people

I got dudes that'll jigg you with a AIDS needle

You not a threat

You want it you got it bet

I'll leave your momma and your poppa wet

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Nigga wait now I'm set

I'll go another route

Kidnap your family make you brother eat your mother out

After I done dug her out

Needles to drug her out

Pillows to smother out

You don't give a fuck about, I'm what a thug about

I'm through wit' it

Your crew ain't even true wit' it

I see your man he's like umm nothing to do with it

I know you pack like that

But Cam why you act like that

SHUT UP nigga clack clack clack

Pat pat pat

Rat tat tat

Put fear 'fore envy

Nigga I'm not in fear of any

I'll leave a nigga black and blue

Like a pair of Pennys

While me and Betha

Throw fiestas

By alma queta

Chicqueta

Monero

Nieta

Don't ever fuck around with the Don's cheddar

See Jimmy Jones frontin' in the Jon Cletta

Or the black boots

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Jumpin out to act cool

Cars never lease 'em

Girls? 'em

My man and his wifey want me down with the threesome

Niggas tease 'em

Bitches please 'em

When I'm out of town yo my pants got a crease in 'em

All calls valid

Never hard mallet

Dallas

Been up in you favorite star's stlyus

Coward

Bite on my hoes like Marv Albert

But you should thank Un though

Coulda made you run though

Been at your front door

Gun hold for fun though

Guy- Yo, yo, yo, yo (Cam- What's up?) what the fuck is wrong with you

Cam- Fuck that it's not a game

Guy- Yo, you ain't gotta be rythmin for niggas like that

Cam- Man fuck them niggas B

Guy- Yo, you know what you do

Cam- What?

Guy- Tell these niggas the real deal

Cam- Aight check it

Aiyyo I'm?, cook up the crack

Everytime you look up a gat

Got you shook up attack huh

Look in the back, nah

The guns I had put in the back

I want the hook up in check

On this work of the rap

Now I'm not saying what I like

Or what I dislike

But get the fuck out my face til' your shit's right

See baby boy I carry guns, you know the big type

The kind that might give you a 10 year fear of life

And I was just like y'all flippin' hundred pack

But nowadays I'm a owner and you're a runningback

You got to understand baby I'm done with the crack

I get pure white coke from Columbian cats

Or the cocaine plan

Leave your whole brain dead

Light this herb

Don't mean to disturb

Never been to Sesame Street but I flip a big bird

And I know stealers and they not from Pittsburgh

No kids rapping or ostriches

Just kidnapings and hostages

So, y'all better obey

We shoot pro way

Mess with us no way

Now go 'head go play