

# Down and Out

## Cam'ron

Killa! Baby!  
Kanye this that 1970s Heron flow huh?  
Yeah let's speed it up Ayo street mergers I legislated  
The nerve I never hated  
On murders pre-meditated  
Absurd! I hesitated  
Observe: cock and spray  
Hit you from a block away  
Drinking sake 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 jooks you woulda thought I was from Brooklyn  
It gets boring just looking  
Did 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  
My man Santana  
Guns everywhere, like the car came with hammers  
They trying to say he (down, down)  
I hear niggas saying he (down, but not out)  
But our flow is the truest  
The games in the nooses  
Our girls is the models  
They coochies the juiciest Yeah, they say he (down, down)  
Yeah, they say he (down, but not out)  
Cause I'm back on my grind  
Money back on my mind  
Ye' and Killa Cam', the world is mine  
I treat bitches straight up, like Simon Says  
Open vagina: put ya legs behind ya head  
Cop me Air Ones, hon, lime and red  
You got pets? Me too: mine are dead  
Fox, minks, gators that's necessary  
Accessories, my closet's a "Pet Sematary"  
I get approached by animal activists  
I live in a zoo  
I run scandals with savages

All my niggas get together to gather loot  
Bodyguard for what? Dog, I'd rather shoot  
I go to war, old Timbs, battered boots  
Hand grenade, goggles and a parachute  
Ya'll don't even know the name of my flip  
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 CrisAyo 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-toed Mauri, three quarters, sky blue  
Look at mami: eyes blue, 5'2"  
I approached her "Hi boo, how you?  
Pony skin Louis? Oh, you fly too  
You a stewardess? Good ma, I fly too"  
Now a nigga got baking to bake  
Harlem Shake? Nah, I'm in Harlem shaking awake  
Shaking to bake, shaking the Jakes  
Kill you, shoot the funeral up and Harlem Shake at your wake  
Just 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" 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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