

# He Tried to Play Me (feat. Hell Rell)

## Cam'ron

He tried to play me, shit got all crazy  
And things just wasn't the same  
So I ran up on him, then pulled my Mac out  
And I blew out his brainsY'all wanted violence, we move in silence  
Silencer silence the guns  
I was the wildest, that was childish  
Now I stack my ones  
Shinay was in love with her school, Rich wasn't liking his school  
Shinay caught two in the ribs  
He was a hustler, she's a customer  
Now he's off doing a bid  
T got shot with a shotgun on his block  
I wish it was all pretend  
Nana getting high, hard enough getting by  
When is it all gonna end?  
Me I'm still holding on, the team still rollin' strong  
The Ave. is down the street (down the street)  
But I'm a street target, call me the meat market  
I stay around some beef  
The block's still pumpin', isn't it something?  
Needles, knives, and nines  
There's no tomorrow, food getting borrowed  
What kind of life is mine? (Life is mine)  
He tried to play me, shit got all crazy  
And things just wasn't the same  
So I ran up on him, then pulled my Mac out  
And I blew out his brainsThey call me "Patty Cake Patty Cake The Bakers Man", I bubble  
bread (bread)  
Beef don't stop, who's this years knuckle head? (knuckle head)  
We done scrapped and scuffled until our knuckles bled (bled)  
Shot out in front of police, yelled "Fuck a fed"! (fuck the feds)  
I patrol on d low, popo know my steelo  
Who seen Killa cop? Niggas rolling C-Lo  
Pump the peddle bike, nice chain, light chain  
Fiends sniffin' white caine, needle, 40 and night train (that's Harlem)  
Just a hype lame, you don't love 'em like Dame (why?)  
Three years ago I would of robbed his dice game (true)  
Life's changed my snipe game's the right mayne (what's the difference?)  
Only difference is I'll push you to that right lane (whip in traffic)  
Gotta laugh yall that's just blue lightning (the Lambo)  
Or that white thing, you on the internet pricing (pricing?)  
I don't window shop, not, me and Jim go cop

Hop through the window, I- god damn them Bimbo's hot (hot)  
Hot Dukes of Hazzard, they wanna do the limbo, lock  
Never had a Pinto OHC, first car a Benzo drop (Mercedes)  
"Benz and Bops", put between my hot wallet  
And my toaster, I really had a hot pocket  
And I'm saying this real clear, y'all can't chill here  
I know real thugs in wheelchairs, yeah yeah banged up and they still there  
Party pop more bottles than a nigga on two feet and some real gear  
It's real here, real near, you feel fear, a meals real  
They don't cry, if they do cry, homeboy it's a steel tear  
Animals; Lions, Whales, Seals, Bears  
Y'all fruits; cherries, grapes, stale pears  
That's why niggas fuck with me  
And them ladies loving me, they all put they trust in me  
Cause I flip that killa man  
That's why niggas fuck with me  
And them ladies loving me, they all put they trust in me  
And my name is Killa CamHe tried to play me, shit got all crazy  
And things just wasn't the same  
So I ran up on him, then pulled my Mac out  
And I blew out his brains

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>