

# Cam'ron, Adrenaline

(feat. Psycho Drama, Twista)

[Cam'ron]

Killa, Psycho Drama, Twista, Chi-Town to Harlem what's really good?

[Psycho Drama and Twista]

Part 2, What happens, when you combine the darkness, with the light?

[Psycho Drama]

Yeah, I am more than compelled and honored to expel  
This hell that's inside of my shell for fuckas who want it  
Violence, yeah that bullshit right up my alley, chasing you right up the alley  
With a gun fixin' to kill you cuz I feel you was the one fuckin' with my family  
I roll wit a gang of go-getters, and them ghouls and them gorillas  
Who be quick to put the glock or the gauge to the gut of one of your niggas and pull it  
The trigga aimed, deliver you niggas these rigorous bullets  
It's so vivid and to see you livin' in vengance and see the trouble you're put in  
Fuckin' wit niggas you shouldn't, these menaces and villians and hoodliums  
That'll give you the business and in an instant be diminishin' whoopin'  
Cuz it ain't no type of jokin' or jivin' comin' off of this  
You done sommersaulted and dived in a coffin of shit  
So if you ever get the notion to just motion forward and get on some ho shit  
You niggas remember that I got that potion  
To bore your brain in a bag and give you a new perspective on who the realest y'all  
You just can't kill one you stupid bitch, you got to kill us all

[Twista]

What can I say to make you see how the fuck I feel, to make me wanna run up in ya home  
Shoot you in the dome, if you bustin' my body up wit the chrome, I stilla be in the zone like  
Capone  
Better leave me alone, cuz I represent the city known for killin' motherfuckas  
Makin' plenty money and layin' mack down  
Cam buckin' Twista spittin' gritty competition what a pity  
You ain't fuckin' wit it then put ya stash down  
Come at the family you touched uh, I'll shoot up ya V-12 even if you wit ya female uh  
You was talkin' shit nigga wassup, fuckin' up ya Sprewell's and ya new interior detail  
And a nigga standin' too tall to fall, comin' so I hope y'all can crawl  
Bloody up the vest all the wall, sacrifice my body screamin' Kamakaze, I can take all of y'all

[Cam'ron]

Y'all niggas play around, guns I wave around  
Nigga better stay down, lay down, weigh pounds  
Put 'em on the Greyhound, ride it up to K-Town  
The boy get nasty, Tolor force me, blast me  
Sawed-off and I'm happy, or where the crack be  
Put it right all for Polaski  
Cross street, don't need to be said  
Code red already got beef with the feds  
Put three in ya head, from the street full of lead  
Fuck knee-deep you'll be six feet when ya dead  
Street sweeper when I creep creep, nigga fled  
When ya sleep sleep, nigga dead  
Why you on the back block, fightin' in the crack spot  
Jackpot, ask not ??

[Chorus x2]

(It's your adrenaline rushhhh)  
Like when the motherfucka have to go and pick up the pump

To make his opposition chest kick up and jump  
When you lit up the gun, to make ya body get up and uhh  
(It's your adrenaline rushhhh)  
Like when the motherfucka have to go and pick up the pump  
To make the trigga pick up and dump  
So turn the bass kick up the bump, and let the rhythm hit off the trunk

[Cam'ron]

Ya bitch is a ho, she chill at the Rucker, you really a sucka  
Big Will tryin' to grill her and cuff her  
And Killa done fucked her, in love wit the chick, the slut was a fish  
Threw her bait, reeled her in and gutted the bitch  
And now she, up in Pokip's dick, huggin' the strip slick  
5th tucked in her hip, she will mug you for kicks  
And word to, motha I'm rich, hit ya motha with bricks  
Cocoa why don't ya build buildings with concussion the bitch

[Twista]

Come and feel wit the balla who's the nicest and causin' the crisis  
Got the ammo and agility that says rewind means growin' before  
And this livin' and pause and this likeness  
I can spit it for some who for nigga represent the call of the righteous  
Or gang bang to the rhythm when I spit it  
I'ma kill 'em wit the technical precision that'll be fuckin' up all the devices  
Get sick wit it like I'm lit off the wet, if it's beef, get the shit off ya chest  
Don't take off ya vest, all my niggas make you jump off the set  
And always get the prints of the tech, straight off the deck  
Mobbin' up and makin' niggas duck, knowin' I'll still open up the trunk  
Guns nigga we get 'em and bust, murderin' the enemy is the ultimate adrenaline rush

[Chorus x2]