

# Cam'ron, Dip Set Forever

Let's do it!

Santana, Jim Jones, Killa, Freekey

How long we gon' have this shit on lock, man?

Yes sir, you gave me the right track Kanye

Listen - I been coppin them pieces

Maybe that's part of the reason

I feel like a boxer: bobbin and weavin

But I'm gettin head

She's bobbin and weavin (yes sir)

I'm grabbin her neck to stop her from breathin

I'm wild out until I part with my breathin

Until I'm sparked out and leakin

Part of the cement

I need something pure, like from the Garden of Eden (why?)

Wouldn't mind making her part of my achievements (what happened)

Cause when music discourage my pride (who was there?)

Zeke the only one with courage to ride

The ride's so dirty inside

Seems like we were playin in mud

Hazin' it up, grams gave us the snub (she was buggin)

Who ill?

A check for two mill

And a cheap case, defaced, blue still, true stills

I got stories that my soul can sing

Flip water like Poland Spring

And I'ma hold them things

Look - talk to 'em

Look - my fella said you been coppin' a lot

Latest caper? Propellers on top of the drop

But fuck it, who ever thought I would rock at the Roc? (Killa!)

Top a top on top of the top

But yo - nothing definite

I chop up the rocks

And I stop up the drop

+Blocka Blocka+ the block

Hello mate, yellow tape, helicopter your spot

What you wanted is not what you got

And I pop up them cops

Cause dogg, it ain't about Cam (It ain't about me)

I got a son homeboy, it's about Cam (For that?)

It's about being +Bout It+

If you're not, you're ass backwards

My mathematics cause cash matters (That's important)

Little niggaz need to sit up and read

If the town's too hot, get up and leave

Niggaz always got a trick up their sleeve (always)

Nigga like me - I always got a brick up my sleeve

And that's forever

Shit, I was two blocks from coppin dust

I used to hop the bus

Now look dogg, ain't nobody hot as us

Girls, they gotta rush

Shit, they gotta blush

Wanna go in the mall just to shop with us

To how they piss and bitch how they ran a mile

Fuck Killa Cam, they in love with Cameron Giles

Damn, I gotta smile

Hundred grand, I demand it

Cot damnit the boy the boy done done it child

And that's forever man

[Cam'ron speaking over fading beat]

You hear it, uh huh

We here, I love y'all man

It's nothing boy

Dash, Hoffa, Young Guru  
What's really good?  
Holla at your boy  
I might have this shit on lock man  
Kanye, Harlem, Chicago, Columbus, Holla  
Chicago, you have your own Kanye West on the track  
Harlem, you know who the fuck I am - Killa!  
We just want you's to know Diplomats is here  
We ain't going nowhere  
Holla at the boy boy, let's ride out man