

S.D.E. (feat. Cam'ron)

Dave East

[Hook: Dave East]

I'm feeling like I ain't took a nap in weeks
I'm up, couple thousand tucked, right in back the jeep
I'm stuck, diamonds in the cut make an actress speak
Sports, drugs, and entertainment, think I'm Master P
Sports, drugs, and entertainment, think I'm Killa Cam
20 grams, spin it like a ceiling fan
Pan, pan, old Harlem niggas pitching grams
Kill the streets then hit the beach, go get a tan
On the sixth floor, right in the 'jects, writing my best
Wishing I was on my fifth tour, got some work I can click off
Learned how to stack good
I just want that Beamer same color as a Backwood (dark brown)
Still empty, I'm that hood
Used to do the chicken spot, now it's Benihana lunch
Rolled with some older niggas that'll tie your mama up
Oyster perpetual for the Rollie, kept it diamond cut
Bottom nigga climbing up off sour, you can find me stuck
Bark shot, bring me right back, niggas'll line you up
Pull up in some shit you never seen so I ain't gotta rush
Zoom by, kush on my left, pills on my right
Kept the white right in the middle like moon pies, I'm too high
They think they riding till they goons die
My youngn' ask you what your shoe size
Then probably let a few fly
I'm in Miami with a Mu-ma
Tryna win the Grammy off of Grandz & Buda
I want the moolah, ha
I'm feeling like I ain't took a nap in weeks
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Sports, drugs, and entertainment, think I'm Killa Cam
20 grams, spin it like a ceiling fan
Pan, pan, old Harlem niggas pitching grams
Kill the streets then hit the beach, go get a tan
Not again, look he dropping the drop again
I can go Margielas, Jordans, Timberlands, Moccasin
Your raggedy guns, don't even acknowledge 'em
Them old Eagles, nigga fuck is you Donovan?
My connect, I swear remain anonymous
And that's on everything, never name my accomplices

In all honesty (honestness)
They the real reason for all my accomplishments
See that car ain't from rap, heron sponsored it
Look we could bond a bit
Can't tell you everything though, believe it's mobster shit
Gats busting, that's nothing, bag up something
Niggas ran off with work, that lead to casket stuffing
Murder 1, homicide, it's that disgusting
Pulled the hammer on me, I said "fag you bluffing"
From Lennox Ave to Killa 1st
I get skrilla, yeah Killa I'm still in first
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I'm stuck, diamonds in the cut make an actress speak
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Sports, drugs, and entertainment, think I'm Killa Cam
20 grams, spin it like a ceiling fan
Pan, pan, old Harlem niggas pitching grams
Kill the streets then hit the beach, go get a tan
Get a tan
Do Miami nigga
Bahamas, Cuba, Antigua, Venezuela
We outta here
Beach Life my nigga

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>