

# Camel Crush

## Meyhem Lauren & DJ Muggs

[Intro]

What up my G? You know I woke up graciously this morning, you know what I'm saying, anxious. Like about 4 o'clock in the morning and shit, sparked the L. You know started thinking and reminiscing and shit. Started looking at shit, you know what I'm saying. It's kind of funny how these niggas wanna sugar coat violence, nigga. You can't sugar coat violence, nigga. How the fuck you gonna sugar coat murder and mayhem, nigga?

[Verse: Meyhem Lauren]

Play the block when it's dumb cold  
You never seen me rocking slum gold  
Fuck around, I'll make your son fold  
My story's untold nigga, I'm a G though  
My wisdom effective, my vision I'm a see dough  
Glide like a figure skater when I get the data  
I'm busy getting paper, catch you niggas later  
We ain't grow the same so we grew apart  
My niggas getting money so my crew is smart  
Uh, street scholars seek dollars  
Custom made shirts, I pop unique collars  
It's still Queens for the victory  
Complexion hickory, flexing making history  
Moving unpredictably, I live under the radar  
Maneuver invisibly when hopping out the grey car  
Unless I'm tryna bag a mami  
And swerve in the punani when it's creamy like Chobani  
Fly before rap so rap could never gas me  
Smooth when I hop out that whip I speak raspy  
Fast be the way that I live, uh  
Cash [?] your wig  
That's how it go down so I don't really trust these streets  
It's fucked up because I lust these streets  
Up for weeks trying to get it  
That's how them Queens niggas get it  
Super Avengers, Mets symbols on their fitted  
I need an intern to bag 100 thousand fifties  
My future's looking prosperous, it could arouse the gypsies  
Bat cave president, never hesitant

Floating moving potent while you stepping on the sediment

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>