

**Rhymefest f/ Ghostface Killah****"All That I've Got"**

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[Rhymefest]

Somebody up and said "'Fest if I was you, I'd be more bitter"

I looked and said, "If I thought like you, I'd be more nigga"

More hater, more angry black man on an elevator  
More cryin, less paper, that's when they come and take ya

Put you under the radar, push your record to later  
Say "It could've been greater", now you a fuckin waiter  
- wait up!

This is hustle time, revolution muscle mind  
Over matter but matter of fact, who can fuck with mine?  
I was spitting these bars before I had a dime  
Phoney broads sayin they love me, deals that were signed

Comin home, shorties getting killed all the time  
On the block over a crumb of a crumb - in their prime  
I'm - prime time, life, crime  
Sex, drugs, the Lord of War, slugs, nines  
Diamond mines, blood lines  
Niggas say they got no love but we love dimes

[Ghostface Killah]

Dwellin in the past, flashbacks when I was young  
Whoever thought I'd have a baby girl and three sons?  
I'm going through this difficult stage, I find it hard to believe

Why my old earth had so many seeds  
But she's an old woman, and due to me I respect that  
I saw life for what it's really worth and took a step back  
Family ain't family no more  
We used to play ball, eggs after school, eat grits cause we was poor

Grab the pliers for the channel, fix the hanger on the TV

Rockin each other's pants to school wasn't easy  
We survived winters, snotty nose with no coast  
We kept it real but the older brothers still had jokes  
Sadly, daddy left me at the age of six  
I didn't know nothin but mommy neatly packed his shit

She cried, and grandma held the family down  
I guess mommy wasn't strong enough, she just went  
down  
Check it, fifteen of us in a three-bedroom apartment  
Roaches everywhere, cousins and aunts was there  
Four on the bed, two at the foot, two at the head  
I didn't like to sleep with John-John, he peed the bed  
Seven o'clock, pluckin roaches out the cereal box  
We shared the same spoon watchin Saturday cartoons  
Sugar water was our thing, every male was no frill  
In the summer, free lunch held us down like steel  
And there were days I had to go to Tech's house with a  
note  
Statin "Gloria can I borrow some food? I'm dead broke"  
So embarrassin, I couldn't stand to knock on they door  
My friends might be laughin, I spent stamps at stores  
"Mommy, where's the toilet paper?" Usually newspaper  
"Look, Ms. Rose gave us a couch" She's the neighbour  
Things was deep, my whole youth was sharper than  
cleats  
Two brothers with muscular dystrophy, it killed me  
But I remember this, moms would lick her finger tips  
To wipe the coal out my eye before school with her spit  
Casework, I had her runnin back to face the face  
I caught a case, housin tried to throw us out of our  
place  
Sometimes I look up at the stars and analyse the sky  
And ask myself, "Was I meant to be here?... Why?"

[Rhymefest]  
Huh, I hear ya Ghost, it's hard growin up black  
But look to God and say...

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