

The Longshots

"It's All Over"

Visit "[It's All Over](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Crayon]

So-so-so-so many hated we assimilated and
eradicated
Man I'm glad I made it
From being posted in position
We stood and listen
To mad rappers grown men cater to children
So-so-stop resisting we better not bitter got bigger
For block niggaz could see the bigger picture
My meta-meta-morphosis took over label and branch
offices torching it
With infinite lyrical original rhetoric intricate subject
and predicate
Handle the matter so delicate can I kick it
From projects to houses with picket fences uncensored
Can we name another rhymer who can get it poppin
proper
Without bullet wounds or diss record drama
But I'm a innovator ain't too many greater when pen
hits the paper
Point is taken through eardrum then cerebellum
Fillin your melon with words until you can't believe what
you heard
Brother you heard?
We longshots came up from the curb

[Rock Shabazz]

I disregard layman's terms
And create your favorite words
You Solomon niggaz can speak to the birds
In battles I'm King Herod, I'll serve a nigga
With words that's sicker than germs and Hitler
It burns, you learn I'm Ali with the pen (the greatest)
My verbal rope-a-dope'll choke the Pope
Rush the Vatican with Native American folks
Rock Lumumba, Rock Nkrumah, Rock Guevarra
Crayon's Castro
To the Chinese I'm Mao Tse-Tung
Rappers with red books inside their palms
Bite my style while I read the Qur'an

(HOOK)

[Rock Shabazz]

I'm the rap Holden Caulfield, on or off field I'm a soldier

In the trenches, in the benches in your projects

I'm a soldier

Shroud of Turin bandanas, banana-clip hammers

Rushin your place, I'll lace your Jesus piece's face

Ice grillin me, I'll set flames to your face

Die with your click on the way

I laugh

Sword of Damocles swings above

Heads of commercial thugs

Sands through the hourglass, showers blast

We bust dragons, kidnapping Bush

Throw him off a building, land in front of children

Every afternoon at three

I strangle white girls by MTV

Hanging with chickenheads and thieves like Ronald

McDonalds

Make Molotov cocktails with Armadale bottles and

Gucci cloth

After I rhyme, girls wipe they coochies off

[Crayon]

I'm the general

Godz pulling your rank

You just an insect under my tank

Wrote all my rhymes in poisonous ink

83 more in my memory bank

Look at you fake, fraudulent fucks

Claming you bust but really you run

Head severed from the lead out of my pump

Fellas feel froggy get ready to jump

Rhyme of the month took a matter of minutes

Formulate sentences to carry the rythmn

From circuits circulating, cowards perpetrating

I'm not spittin rhymes im regurgitating

(HOOK)

[Crayon]

Which way will you have it, pen or the cannon

We got the sickest tandem brewin (bruin)

Since Charles and Eddie O'Bannon ruined Kansas run

at the championship

Evangelists consider me Jesus of Nazareth

But that's a stretch I'm more like Moses

Rap explosive

Brief your soldiers it's all over

[Rock Shabazz]

I ran with housing crooks
Who each read a thousand books
A savage, hang with animals call me Christopher
Robbin
Stick 'em and rob 'em
Yes we a problem
Like Oedipus, niggaz is motherfuckas
Frauds and bustas, y'all some suckas begone
Justice pass the mic to Crayon

[Crayon]

This is hunger music Hallelujah we made it
While back on the block they all stuck to the pavement
Death and depression of many lessons
Blood of my brethren meeting up in heaven
I feel the end is nearer every second
Ignore the streets it's only me I'm repping
So i'm defined a Longshot
To survive with the odds that are pitting against us

[Rock Shabazz]

This world's coming to an end
I gotta repent for my sins
This earth is corrupt
The death, disease, the gangs, the guns
The crack, the coke the liquor the blunts
The misconceptions the lies
Excuses, the shootings the prostitution
The prisons the fame
Thugs, checks and slugs
Sex and War, gotta repent before

(HOOK)

Visit [The Longshots](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.