

2 Minutos

"All Out"

Visit "[All Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(fuck them niggaz dissin me?)
jay-z...come out to play...
Hey yo assassin...gimme one of them tracks I can just
ride on motherfuckers
with...
mobb deep...
niggaz talkin bout we can't rap? Niggaz must nota'
never heard no motherfuckin
track offa death row nigga...
DEATH ROW...WESTSIDE...
Let's get it on...daylight or fuckin nightbreak...
MOB...
Go into these niggaz...to the motherfuckin death...
Come hell or high water
Down to slaughter opposes
Just another lost soul stuck callin Jehova
Outlaw til it's over
Brandish my strap.. black like a cobra
I stay drunk.. cause I'm a MADMAN.. whenever sober
On a one man mission
My ambitions to hold up the rap game
While I pluck holes in niggaz like donuts
And still, down to die for all my souljas..
Like hillbillies, they don't feel me, so we FEUD.. bringin
war to the city
With each breath... death before dishonor
Never let you swallow me, no apologies.. your honor
A general in war, I'm the first to bomb
With a squad of trusted killers quick to move shit..
heavily armed
I'm similar to Sadaam... sometimes I question "who's
sane"
Like fiends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game!
I hit the scene like sandstorm..
then transform.. WATCH ME!
I take the figure of thirty niggas who all got me
While bitches wonderin who shot me
No love.. keep a grudge.. shootin slugs like my
Muammar Quadaffi
Murder my friends, built a new posse
We takin shots at paparazzi

Gonna fly now.. nigga like Rocky
You got a lotta nerve to play me
Another gay rapper..
Bustin caps at Jay-Z.. and still avoid capture
While y'all caught up in the rapture
Still after me I'm in Jamaica sippin' daqueries..
No doubt
We used to havin nothin
Then grabbin somethin and bustin
Wanted to be the thug nigga.. that my old man wasn't
I came to a fear of catchin cases
Litigation.. niggaz playahatin'.. got me crooked in all
fifty states
I'm screamin DEATH ROW.. throwin westside.. ain't no
thing
We was raised off drive-by's.. brought up to bang
We claim mob.. MOB.. if you be specific
We control.. ALL cash from the Atlantic, Pacific
And get this.. I'm hard to kill
While I build with this live spot
Father.. how the hell did I SURVIVE.. these five shots?!
Live it up or give it up
And like DEMONS.. late night.. hear 'em screamin..
WE GOIN ALL OUT!...
With money clutchin, bail, come muder man, po's
rushin
Cap tilted to the side, on the lean out the ride bustin'
Outlaws enforce the secrets of war, but won't abuse it
Burnt, bury my burners with my dead buddies when I
use it
Give a fuck about later.. shots warm through the
equator
Death to you traitors, shots bitin' through your bones
like alligator
Payin my dues.. lookin for miscellaneous infamous
crews
Old ladies sing the blues.. leave them smokin from they
shoes...
Now with my every wakin' moment
I'm on a quest to be better, yeah
Position myself to prosper state, prepared for whatever
But at times, I slip slightly, shit I ain't afraid to admit it
To gone, off that novacaine, like in too hard to live it
And I'm just a smidgeon past my teenage years.. into
adulthood
Now I ride with G's finally, knowin myself good
And it felt good, when I was young but playtime's over
EDI here take this gun nigga...it's over...
I piss cold blood, shit hot liquor out my liver
Smoke like a tail pipe, and write when I'm bitter
All my life I been considered a downright, dirty nigga

From when daddy knocked mama's twat popped the
last drop from the litter
Tell me give the world hell
But in hell I give 'em mo'
And I bail outta jail
Screamin fuck the Po' Po'
When I run to take that enough, from a simple fuck
to multi-million dollar luck
Plus I think it's time to grab all pistols.. wave them shits
in the air
Celebrate Outlaw livin nigga, I wouldn't be here
To you death is losin, and to me this shit's a family
reunion
And to hell wit a peace treaty, never call it, cause it
wouldn't feed me
My wallet.. be as empty as the day I got started
Twelve shots in my pocket, left my niggaz departed
It's a shame that these snake vultures niggaz
coldhearted
In a dirty world where only God know yo death and can
call it..
We thugged out, low cut, Outlawz rush and royal flush
Bomb first kickin dust.. out in Cali, but I ain't in it so
much
make 'em pay state to state, NJ to CA
Them cowards felt the weight, and turned feminen like
Michel'le
Niggaz change they whole style when the outlawz
comin
A million miles and thuggin
Young Noble..I keep 'em buzzin
While the rapture.. capture this fuckin style that I
master
Bringin terminal disaster.. HIT YOU UP when I pass
nigga...
US, THE FIRST TO BUST, WHO DO WE TRUST? OUT FOR
MOBB DEEP AND JAY-Z, DEAD IN
THE DUST,
I TOLD YOU PUNKS THAT I WAS AFTER BIGGIE...YOU
GOT INVOLVED, NOW WE BOUT TO
BUST ON ALL Y'ALL... GOIN ALL OUT...
US, THE FIRST TO BUST, WHO DO WE TRUST? OUT FOR
MOBB DEEP AND JAY-Z, DEAD IN
THE DUST,
I TOLD YOU PUNKS THAT I WAS AFTER BIGGIE...YOU
GOT INVOLVED, NOW WE BOUT TO
BUST ON ALL Y'ALL... GOIN ALL OUT...
US, THE FIRST TO BUST, WHO DO WE TRUST? OUT FOR
MOBB DEEP AND JAY-Z, DEAD IN
THE DUST,
I TOLD YOU PUNKS THAT I WAS AFTER PIGGIE...YOU

GOT INVOLVED, NOW WE BOUT TO
BUST ON ALL Y'ALL...WESTSIDE....GOIN ALL OUT...
Jay-Z....haha boy you at yo funeral...punk motherfucker
WESTSIDE...OUTLAW...DEATHROW...MAKAVELI THA
DON...OUTLAWZ THE CRIMINAL
DESPERADO'S...WESTSIDE THUG LIVIN...
DIE, DIE SLOW,
(think my memory ain't bad you about the buisness...)
DIE, DIE SLOW,
(BANG, you dead)
DIE, DIE SLOW,
(haha mobb deep, you lil young ass juvenile
delinquent...)
DIE, DIE SLOW,
(BANG BANG, you dead)
DIE, DIE SLOW,
(biggie...BANG, you dead)
DIE, DIE SLOW,
(puffy...BANG, you dead)
DIE, DIE, DIE SLOW,
(you robbed the game, no need to explain, get outta
here)
DIE, DIE, DIE SLOW,
DIE, DIE, DIE SLOW,
mmh, DIE, DIE SLOW,
MY LABEL, THE NOTORIOUS, UNTOUCHABLE, DEATH
ROW...

Visit [2 Minutos](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.