

Beloved

"Fo' All Y'All"

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{All y'all haters..}
[WC] Yeah.. what's crackin ni'a?
[WC] What's crackin ni'a?
{All y'all haters..}
[WC] Dub C.. connected with my homeboy Cavi'
{All y'all haters gon' talk to this..}
[WC] Y'all know what time it is
[WC] Straight out the womb homey
{All y'all haters..}
[WC] I got a question; and it goes like this

[WC]
The question at hand - is how should I bang these,
slang these
Get 'em all to pullin out them hankies (uh-huh)
Flip a cup to this, click it, load it up and bust to this
Kick up dust to this, bust a U lay chalk to this to walk to
this
Stick you, hit you with one whistle {*whistling*} (ONE!)
It's that rag hot twist doe (uh-huh) anti-disco (uh-huh)
Long time, long see
But we gon' put this rider car back together
but gangsta's how it's gon' be (ni'a!)
Stand up, nigga throw yo' hands up
Wipe it off, crack it open loc' and turn the can up
It's that G from the heart known for creepin in the dark
And like Cyrus fool, I'm callin a meetin in the park
(ni'a!)
In Broughams and khakis, hoppin out the two-
thousand-and-two Caddy
Loc' it's Dub C and Cavi
Cast it up, nigga smoke to this, gangstas dog and loc'
to this
Real niggaz roll to this

[Chorus: *sung*]
All y'all haters gon' talk to this
And all real gangstas gon' walk to this
Cause all true players gon' mack to this
Bump a rack to this, you know clap to this
Cause some of y'all niggaz can't play the game

Cause some of y'all niggaz can't do the thang
Cause half of y'all niggaz is scared of fame
We chase the dreams and fulfill the game

[Caviar]

Catch me in this MC or catch me in a double-R
G'd up and star (who is you?) Caviar
Cold ass nigga when it comes to my chippers
I'm nutty as a Snicker when it comes to legal tender
Currency collector, bring it back now selector
Catch a lick slippin and I'm quick to intercept her
Cash like a pass, mash to keep it comin
Mr. Keep-A-Fat-Knot, I'm always up to somethin
To get another tizzack, I bet the new Ilizzac
be on chrome feet, TV's with beat
Matchin (?) do's with the PS2's
Smokin Kervorkian, sippin VS2
(Fo' sha') Big dollars, Impalas
Caviar got that bombay holla (oooh-oooh!)
Haters hate to this, and lowriders scrape to this
And all my real riders bounce rock skate to this

[Chorus]

[WC]

Ghetto glamour, rolled up with my thumb on my
hammer (klik clak)
Lookin like I'm dealin with mo' snow than Santa
Chronic in my lungs nigga, ice on my neck
Twenty-two's on my truck, niggaz after my deck (bump
bump)
Dank I need it to mash but it's time to ride
And for my niggaz incarcerated I grind and push this
line (ni'a)
Sip malt liquor twist braids straight bankin
G'd up and fo' all y'all I'ma stay swangin

[Caviar]

Oh yeah, you know we stay on that gangsta page
Golf hats, Romeos, twelve gauge and braids
O.T. trips, cutties with Euro clips
Keep 'em smokin Gladys Knight with the E on the Pip
Dip with new fits and whips so we can twist
like Daytons, got my revenue stop hatin
In the paint Cavi' go hard on y'all
Boss ballin y'all, this fo' all y'all ni'a

[Chorus]

{All y'all haters..}

[WC] What's crackin? Dub C and Cavi

{All y'all haters..}
[WC] Fort Knox, bandanna swangin collab'
[WC] Y'all know what time it is
{All y'all haters gon' talk to this..}
[WC] Heh heh, yeah, Exit Wounds, Exit Wounds
{All y'all haters..}
[WC] Puttin in work, Fort Knox
{All y'all haters..}
[WC] Real shit, can't fuck with it
{All y'all haters..}
[WC] Stuck with it.. nigga, what's crackin?
{All y'all haters gon' talk to this..}
[WC] Yeah..
{All y'all haters..}
[WC] Y'know!

"Definition, villain!" -> MC Ren {*scratched*}

{*ad lib singing and scratching "Gangsta Gangsta" to
fade*}

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