

D.I.T.C. "All Love"

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featuring Fat Joe Lord Finesse Big L A.G.

[Fat Joe]

Welcome to the world of Joe flooded with thugs and
hoes
Real niggas drug dealers with villas in the show
??? parked in twenty car garages
Living the largest with ??? garbage
Shit I get down for mine
Terror Squad run things in any town you can find
New York New York big city of dreams
Where there's nothing but for car bitches and ???
Say for cash fat pieces of hash
Never giving a fuck, get your shit laced up
The corrupt crutas wake me up to new crimes
On news prime: gangster rapper goes nuts and won't
sign
Joey Crack's the rock, known for packing Macs and
glocks
Stay away from Little Pub cause his stacks is hot
Shot, in the middle of the street
Pretty boys don't sleep cause beauty is only skin deep

[Lord Finesse]

While you playing games, we claimin fame slaying
dames
The aim is to make Mo' Money like Damon Wayans
You know our names, we don't play jokes
You niggas ain't feeling us? You ain't supposed to,
that's for gay folks
You stay broke, we stay holding and stay rolling
Rap a token, exploding, my game's golden
Pockets swollen, we make the freaks stare
Roll with some chocolate grimey niggas, but ain't
nothing sweet here
Keep clear, outta here so keep stepping
Make hit records off of loops that's six seconds
No question the cash tipper, the ass whipper
Need a chick I can hang with, fuck you broads that
wear glass slippers
Bigger, city slicker, you cats follow me?
Finesse is among the stars like astrology

Greater knowledge, G, shit's wild, I flip styles
On the mile, let me pass it off like Crystal

[Fat Joe]

Yo it's all love, thug niggas and all of the above
Drug dealers, killer, niggas at the Player's Club
Young ladies, sisters, rump shaking bitches
Niggas on the Island rock 150 stitches (Repeat 2x)

[Big L]

Yo my cash flow don't get low, this jet increase
And whoever tries to take mine will rest in peace
Keep a stone look, peace to every known crook
Not those who go to jail and can't hold they own and
come home shook
So hold on and prepare to get rolled on
My crew robs every fag that walks through the
Boneyard
Cats who act rah rah will catch a jim star
So those who fake the funk don't get far, pah
Me and my clan parlay sipping Grand Marlet
At a party at the bar is where we stand all day
In '97 I'm bubbling, no more stuggling
If I fall, it's back to selling drugs again and busting
slugs in men
No doubt, you know what I'm about
The last slouch that walked through my block didn't
make it out
Because I stuck that nigga, then I bucked that nigga
(I felt sorry for that nigga) I give a fuck, that nigga

[A.G.]

We be the bomb, baby, indeed I smoke weed
Been ripping shit since the late 80's, so what you need?
I was here before, that's why I rise and stand tall
And send y'all back to the wall like I'm Darryl Straw
The truth is, don't give a damn if you're ruthless
Make it happen, I look at platinum niggas like "Who's
this?"
Word the the bloody city, Babylon will
Die in inequities, project overkill
Be in the future shining, gold with diamonds
The nigga been used to climbing, my whole life
Straight more, if it ain't rough, it ain't right
We bring the heat, all you do is bark, we bite
I'm authentic, and once I send it, it's unretrievalbe
Like nuclear missles, I meant it, now it's time to lace
this
Off to the faceless
Niggas get brushed up and ??? and face it

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