

Inva Mulla Tchako

"For All My Peoples"

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Verse 1:

As I represent for my hip hop nation
Brothers bracin' for a taste of the bass and
Real niggas kick the real feel I guess
This is the way that niggas do it from around my rest
So here I go check 1-2 with the crew
Hittin' you brother from another Planet but I'm Digable
Never play the fool you do if you assume
That I couldn't make a record checkin' wrock on the
boom
Even form my first I was diverse with the verse
Use to hope fro the best and if worse came to worse
I just marinate my spiral notebook with rhymes with
possitive mind
Waitin' for my time to shine
I seen a million video's I heard a million wack albums
That still couldn't even go gold if you comiled 'em
I bet your bottom dollar or your last four quarter if ya
wanna
I'm strickly blowin' niggas out the water

Hook:

Now all my peoples are you in here? HELL YEAH
All my peoples are you in here? HELL YEAH
All my peoples are you in here? HELL YEAH
If so let me know you get doe is you with me?
All my peoples are you in here? HELL YEAH
All my peoples are you in here? HELL YEAH
To all peoples are you in here? YEAH
We got the funk in the trunk we not drunk but we tipsy

Verse 2:

Yeah niggas talking loud but ain't sayin' nothin'
Puffing and puffing enough enough with your bluff
(what?)
Screwin' up your grill I guess you feel real tough
What make a rapper hardcore is when his rhymes be
rough
So I can still keep on I drop a bomb like Sadamm
Hussein keep a half a paragraph on your brain, uh
That's what makes the Clean Cut hot like a diamond

Brothers isn't tryin' to be vibin' while I be rhymin'
This is for my peoples from around the way
Maintain your game like everyday
Never half step and get it all I say
If a nigga violated then he gots to pay
I see 'em hawkin' stalkin' when I'm walkin'
King of New York and I let my style do my talking
When I delete the weak they meet defeat when I speak
Cause I'm so heavy I leave my footprints in concrete

Hook

Scratching "That's how it is"

Verse 3:

I stick the style I make you wanna studder
Hummina hummina all day never Parkay keep it butter
bra
Brother broham you know who I am
God damn don't you ever try to sham on your fam
Cause everywhere we go you know my crew roll deep
Stayin' alive we survive on the Bedstuy streets
True believer you can either catch a fever
Or go out in a blaze with your hands on your heater
(whoa)
Teacher teacher this is how I reach ya reach ya
It's the Clean Cut on the feature
Now what ya seen will make you fiend
The kid with the clean cut laid back demeanor
Shootin' my words like sperm they jangle jingle
Dad I need a bag I had to bust nut on the single (aaah)
I'm comin' out the east the biters need to cease
Two is on each I'm out y'all peace

Hook

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