

J. Quest

"To All My People"

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* soft spoken ad lib for 10 secs *

"To all my people I'm out" ---> Vin Rock

"To all my people I'm out"

[Intro/Chorus - both (x2)]

Yo who can still rock a park?

Get in that ass if you bark

It's Prince Poe, hop you weather the storm

And don't be afraid, ma let's enjoy the day

Yo I can help you throw your troubles away

[Rude One]

Yo I know Prince for a minute, don't get no realer than this

I got love, went through some shit but now the medicine's done

Concocted hot shit, straight off the block like rocks did

Melody, you corny MCs we make smedley's

With no corner degrees, y'all tryin to pass the gology

Check your history then I'm a Southside resident

Holdin quarter bricks yo back when Reagan was President

[Prince Poetry]

We be the rugged N-Y's, Medicinemen, intelligent

My two's spread nights with hustlers under streetlights

The beat strike vital hearts as I heat mics

Hot lava in the form of words

Got you lovin this natural high as I spit these 'erbs

Embrace, lace it with this impeccable taste

Got the club rockin, titties mad hard off the bass

Ya heard? A nigga gotta always make moves

And continue to shine like Armourall on the shoes, what? Huh

[Chorus - x2]

[Prince Poetry]

Yo, I'm on a mish' to get rid of dead weight, ready to bubble

Too much shit in this life to juggle, this for real struggle

I keep it movin with all three eyes open (Hah)
Lyrical content is potent, rather well spoken
I'm massin all my niggas to get it cos wit it
we all movin, without it we all lose, I'm about it
But we split it (50-50 nigga), if I bust shots to cover your
back
I give it up to see where some niggas' heads are at
Cos brothers do get grimy over nickels and dimes
And if you was my man you wouldn't be reachin for
mines
Damn, catch me on Liberty in the van
but one block over, on the corner devisin the plan
My niggas Rude and Nice be holdin me down (for real)
since a teen
Now we some veterans of this medicine, stackin the
green
From 7-1-8, to 7-0h-2, to 5-1-Oh
Poe'll make ya shake the stress so act like ya know huh,
what?

[Chorus - x2]

[Rude One]

Yo half my niggas been, sent to the essence, I make
the best of a
tight situation, organizin emancipation
To live life, rip mics, get nice without fights (Ugh)
Copyright my shit (ugh) and get paid in the spotlight

[Prince Poetry]

I'm still buckwild like a cock fight, take flight only to win
But if I fail all I know is I'm startin over again
Forty projects baby boy, still stickin and movin like Roy
Prince Poe lyrically bringin you joy
What? What? What?
C'mon

[Chorus - x2]

[Outro - Prince Poe]

C'mon, uh-huh-huh-huh
'98 or better baby, this is how we do it
Ugh, to all my peoples come on
It's all good, gotta few words to uplift the spirits, no
doubt
New York, outer city limits, it's all good baby boy
Don't hate girl, lemme holler atcha for a while
Uh-hah, ugh ugh, la-la-la, la-la-la, la
Yeah, believe me yo, get it twisted, get smacked
motherfucker
* laughter * But it's all love y'know! msayin?

Y'know I'm sayin I be the God, you be the thug
Uh-huh-hah-huh-hah-ah, one love y'all
It's all love, it's all love, cheers Nice it's all love
It's all love Big Riq it's all

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