

Capone-N-Noreaga**"The Grits"**

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Feat. 8-Off the Assassin
Intro: Cappadonna
This album right here
This is the Yin and the Yang
So you gonna hear a lot of different things on it
You gonna hear a lot of profanity
You might hear a lot of um...
A lot of love
A lot of hate
You know what I'm saying?
Cus it's like come on I got enemies
I got frienemies
And those that pretend to be's
HOMOCIDE HILLS!
That's the grits
THE GRITS!
The barracks baby word up
Verrazano bridge
Yo yo
[Verse 1: Cappadonna]
I give a speech like Martin Luther King
Let freedom ring
Forget a bow ring
It's a black thing
Holding me locked up
With brothers be getting oxed up
Taking life for granted
Most of us abandon
How I know you not a cruel
Beef in the home
Africans
With jet black Americans
Dominicans war with the Puerto Ricans
Deep in the street
Thugs carrying heat
The rest of the projects surrounded with gates
Middle class families are moving upstate
While the younger generation selling cake
Trying to immitate mixtapes
It's all final
Big locks on the Verrazano

Get fined BB conduct
On some King Tut
Poverty struck
I seen the right to enter Uhaah took
My cup runneth over
Stressed out whenever I'm sober
This cold world got my girl scan
Fight on the sand
I'm allergic to ham
Weak minds all aboard
I see devils in the eyes of camcord'
And my reward is to let y'all know
I'm going out like PLO
Whenever I go uhh
THE GRITS!
THE GRITS!
[Verse 2: 8-Off]
I start the slaughtering
Make all eyes start watering
I know an 800 number you can get your coffin
Start ordering
Th

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