

Cappadonna "Blood Brothers"

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F/ Lounge Mode

* Cappa repeats "Blood Brothers" throughout the song

[Chorus X4: Cappadonna (Lounge Mode)]
Blood Brothers (SUUUUUUU!!!!!!)

[Cappadonna]

All y'all hatin' ass MC's Run 4 Cover
Long live Cappadon' that's word to mother
I'm a Staten Island slike nigga straight from the gutters
And every time you see me, I always got the butters
And the fat chick on the low, ready to flow
I carry guns, cracks, ounces of blow
Travel across the globe, show after show
We fuckin' ho's all night, that's the goal
And there's a bunch of y'all niggaz that's feelin' the O.
But do I give a shit about y'all? I don't think so
I clap one of y'all niggaz and leave you flat
And the rest of y'all bitch ass niggaz'll fall back
It's the C-to the A-P in ya mouth
Cold stab y'all niggaz, what the fuck y'all talkin' about?

[Chorus X4]

[Interlude: Cappadonna]

Homicide Hills, Staten Island
That's what it is

[Lounge Mode]

Aiyo Cap what you speak about? Niggaz still frontin'
Like we ain't got shit to make a cat start runnin'
What? We blood for life, we thug for life
Y'all remember in the crib when we bugged at night?
Mama Love always screamed on us
And sometimes, not all the time, Daddy dropped
CREAM on us
Motherfuckers wan' get it gully back to back
Take it back to eighty-six when we wrapped up crack
And we ride together, rhyme together
Eat together, talk shit and sleep together
In the Hood we pack eat together

What you think? Y'all niggaz keep frontin' I'ma bleed ya
leather
L-O be blunt, speak twice, speak it up
How you feel about fam dogs sneakin' up?

[Chorus X4]

[Cappadonna]

What's wrong with y'all? I'ma sing a song for y'all
Pop off 'til I get along with y'all
I'ma stay strong with y'all
Knucklehead niggaz, Shaolin volume two
Stuck the stacked knives, bigger than pistol
Pop the pistol at the police that's disturbin' the peace
Hard times on the block, guns and hair grease
I'm just tryin' to eat, nigga, and stack cheddar
I don't think I'm better, I'm just a true blue nigga
But the hood is redder
Kid the way I do things is my only vendetta
Original Don Don, and jelly green Nike's on kid the
green leather
I ain't sweatin' shit for bringin' fam dogs together
And my big dick go right in ya heffer

[Chorus X4]

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