

Cappadonna "Broken Glass"

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[Intro: Cappadonna]

Shake 'em... post up.. (move... yeah)

Hold that nigga..

[Cappadonna]

It's like a snake bites the flesh, I damage and leave the
poison

Ruckus in the Square, it's me who brought the noise in

The vocab killa, usin' my words like matches

Settin' fire to the jam like Backdraft & Hellfire

Latches, start to unlock when I rock

You with the ready rock, hip hop feels the block

You can't stop, bouncin' and movin'

Cuz I walk these dogs like I'm righteous

Buildin' in the cypher with twelve Gods

People from all over flood the street like cars

To hear the drama, who's that spectacular rhymer?

It's me: C-A-P-P-A, D, double E

Cappadon' brings the shit from cross the sea

With the laid back style that pump inside the Porsche

If this was the Olympics, I be holdin' the torch

With the phat golden 'dallion hangin' down from my
neck

We the slang prostitution get the dookie respect

[Interlude: Cappadonna]

Yeah, talkin' bout, get that money up

Birth of Don'... what up Rae? What up Ghost?

Look at this..

[Cappadonna]

I'm a lyrical arson, my technique is awesome

Verbal murderer darts and subtle the beat
metamorphis

Step into my office, I torch this, for chips I cost this

More hits, no water hits, unrecord this

I swing a sword quick, original Don' for hire

I attack microphones and set 'em on fire

Welcome to my environment of I'll vocal attire

Pass the wire, it's the twelve o'clock rock

That makes the hip hop beats, dart armanilla

Straight Killa Hilla, ol' school joints and Miller

Baggy jeans, the gun-gums vest in the dumb-dumbs
Come on my team pick corns and we rump-a-pump-
pump
Coins, and we dumb-dumbs be Donna Goines and my
niggas
No feds, easy on the pictures (come on now)
Watch everything and search those bitches

[Outro: Cappadonna]

See you, word up
We don't get no prop-love
Rump-a-pump-pump-pump
Come on, can I say it?
Pass the tape, get the fuck up
What, what, Homicide, S.I
What, baby? The hustle... come on
Surrender! Move, haha, grab 'em, what's really good?
You fuckin' faggots!
I tried to tell ya niggas, we won't be opressed no more..
We ain't takin' it, nigga, this shit is real!
This album right here is called "The Struggle"
Don't forget! It's my fuckin' word..
2003, slash, Code:Red, nigga! *three gun shots*

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