

Cappadonna "If It's Alright With You (Feat. U-God)"

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Featuring U God]

Yeah ninety six Park Hill style

Burial ground sound in it forever Dunn

Politic

Verse One: Cappadonna/Cappachino

Here we come right through your eardrum Dunn

Cherry head catch feel the draft of the aks

You catch one trying to pretend you could win

Headlock show the block kid counterattack

Don of mine stay connect 4th Disciple trife

Ain't nuthin ice cream, kid you get blown like steam

Park Hill Projects, the black Idi Amin

Ninety-six era, not the crossover lever

chain swinger talk swing, probably wardrobe king

So what now? Industry kids'll lock it down

Only two loyal, dustin that find you there for

You wanted to enter thirty-six in the soil

My technique is speak have you knocked out weak

Forever in it, my slang dick goes so deep

Thirsty for hip-hop, Staten Isle niggaz can't stop

Runnin wild like a child till we reach the top

Stapleton, New Bright, and West Brighton the harbor

Connect, me for vet, Don King and a tech

Thug cats'll get done up on black man's sun up

Cap the imperial, bring out new material

You hold me down, analyze all cherry-head

Wu is in town, catch the hand-off

Prepare for my dancehall standoff

Mercy when I come blow your mic-hand off, sorry I
touched him

Here they come again through customs

Mad ways to dead the wax one way to bust him

Chorus:

If it's alright with you it's alright with me

We can take this rap game to a higher degree

We can do this Spike Lee or how you want it to be

Check it, Golden Arms plus new Cappadon

Verse Two: U-God, AKA Golden Arms

These ninety-nine powerful circling swords

Impact from all the heat dug deep and locked on

Chip off the bone, hard face and hard fists

Chop off your option, have you felt a neck twist

Cassette disc and wrist, meltdown your pistol mist
Burnt to a crisp, bombarded my pistol grip
Tongue gripped the nigga, raw tone the jawbone
Leaning Tower Pisa sounds of the Mars zone
Chef dropped that bomb, the takeout will still linger
Twenty crazy christians, to lock in hole and heat up
Who the finger rap singer with hip layers of phlegm
Caused by blunt smoke, heart disease plays the friend
I ran out emotion, my rap style's devotion
I got hosts for you Soviet peoples across the ocean
My path releases, volcanic acids
Engage in the page activity is autographics
Fraction of my busting microphones start to lust and
words plays over power practice might bust em
The black male persuasion known to hunt you for sane
The Big Apple verbal concert, for the occasion
The vital snap, now insert my Spinal Tap
I got forty more swipes to pipe, thirty slapped
The power from the cram broke the bottom of the pan
With Earth Wind and Fire, ice water dead grams
American hustler up and coming with a vengeance
Makes no magnet charge, plug vivid my extension
one lesson motivation for my pistol profestation
Slang person nailed now we move on a motation
Location, point-blank, on point be the vessel
Politic the defecit measure, point the decibel
We're credible, renaissance, eatin off the barrel
Advanced chemo, Die Hard to my demo
Chorus

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