

## Cappadonna "Pump Your Fist"

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Uhh, yeah, what, uhh, yeah  
Darts of armored warfare, Deep the rhyme Caprice  
Deep in levels, alibi havin' rebel could play  
This competition for pounds in the state of permission  
Conversation 'bout this kid Killa Bamz

You want defense, man to man  
Location Shaolin New York  
It ain't nuthin' to talk or walk  
Get dark son, economic times to fault  
Style is mangohead stagnated from soft

What the fuck you thought, we was given support?  
Live from Beatdown, Shaolin success, bypass the rest  
Move sixty deep, Dutch with the charm  
One hundred, twenty arms, designed to unleash  
bombs  
Holdin' dart guns in palms

One hundred divine cyphers, Killa Bamz  
I pack the dart gun hate to see  
Another death in the fam, uhh, yeah, what

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Y'all confused and amusing, transfusion I'm bruising  
Meth-Tical illusions, salutin' my blade  
Tongue blade of fury, nurse the wound leary weary  
Teary fear me, clearly, the pearl drop

Time stop, holdin' shop, shockwave be brave  
Ghetto came style is maim out to lunch  
Out to crunch munch rhyme foods, my life reflect the  
jewel

My life control the cruise, ten deadly touches too

Grip the Dutches move, swing rough to cut ya  
Is the one to seek philosophy in crutches  
You disbelieve, in the T  
Truth equal king Islam truth heard alive, Tekitha  
Bust the cypher on the Gods, bust the cypher on the  
Gods

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Vanglorious darts, brown skinned with the pen  
Pioneer shift from the beginning to the end  
Whatever I do, y'all imitate try to come close  
But can't come straight, I branch out

Terrorize scenes, split tracks, split hats  
Bare facts, guns, crazy funds, a thousand sons  
That'll rain on your gang, you're too plain  
My dope is uncut, high level high like a plane

Bigger bite bigger mic underground  
Beneath these streets, W T C, leaky leak  
Time meet, Chi meet, ain't nuttin' sweet  
Pakistan, Iran clan is like Christ

Word to Poltergeist, smash every tape  
Deep thoughter, out of order, off  
Seven thirty, bugged like psycho from the Bronx  
Wild like fat pen child to be the rap Lawrence Martin

Eyes like lills, mescaline pills  
Three bills worth of darts, pump the heart  
Bottom of the chart, slug art closin you in once again  
It's the all time great, demonstrate, vocabulary  
execution

Executive approachin', Tang a demonstration  
Pillage incorporated, first place  
A Thai clean like a plant, eight time writer champ  
Lamp on the beatbreak, camp on verses

Cheat on producers, men go working

Rhymes make a mill-in, born Park Hill'n  
Internal lyrics, expose the profane  
Vote for Cappadonna and your whole life'll change

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