

Cappadonna

"Savage Life"

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[Sample] Niggas are lovers, Are lovers, Are lovers
Niggas loved to hear Malcolm X But they didn't love
Malcolm Niggas love everything but themselves But I'm
a lover too, Yep, I'm a lover too I love niggas, I love
niggas, I love niggas Because niggas are me, And I
should only love that which is me I love to see niggas
go through changes Love to see niggas act Love to see
niggas make them plays and shoot the shit But there is
one thing about niggas I do not love Niggas are scared
of loving themselves [Intro: Cappadonna] Let's go,
Yeah, That's what I'm talking about Everybody put your
blunt in the air like this Yeah, Uhh huh, Uhh huh, Yeah
New York in the building Throw it up for all my dogs in
there Murderland in the building, Let's go, Come on
[Cappadonna] I emerge from the womb then I snatch
the globe Throw darts for a living, Never sold my soul
These rhymes that I'm making is the top of the line I
seek knowledge, Study the ways of mankind I scope
clubs out see what a savage's like Then I come back,
I'm living in a savage life To animals my words be the
words of Christ The unordinary life, Sensational with it
In the hood with yall for real you know how I did it Drop
bread on your bird head, Illegal wips Eat four legged
beast, Take illegal trips And I can't quit now son you
must be silly I aint stunt'n on hoes but they wet my willy
Yeah, Creep with me my nigga Tie your joint on, For
real conceal your face an all that [Chorus 2X:
Cappadonna] You wanna see what a savage like But
we're living in a savage life They just wanna stomp
your life Niggas wanna stomp your eyes [Cappadonna]
Yo, I live a life on the street like stray dogs and mutts
Nigga's face filled up with stitches and cuts But I love
my hood though even the crack head's fiend We doing
a bid here, My projects is mean Black Buddha shop or a
big fat Doreen Twenty-six mob'n, Black fist tossing the
green Heard my nigga L came deep in the feds Keep
the Mazda tight, Hold your heads Solomon Childs my
dun-breed, Love spread through my hood-ohh Twelve
for the pound kid, Three for the id-ohl Pop the trunk of
the Pinto, He been slow Came back with the hid-i-dro
Snatch pocket books, Hustle for dough Big Don from

Dirty Island Scrape you off the ground something
violent Don't even dream of Don being in the
mainstream Go savage in the hood for CREAM [Chorus]
[Cappadonna] We got the hustle game on lock, Let's
go get dough In the ghetto it's mad blow and crime
going on We don't mow lawns, Might take it nice Where
I come from be the slums of Shaolin Mothers are
crying, Young brothers dying Some of yall people
relying on religion I'm in the hood like a pigeon, Christ
has risen I sold drugs for a living, I was locked down
for Thanksgiving Times are still hard, Dogs in the
junkyard Alcoholics, Butchers, Crack heads, Fuck TNT,
Fuck the feds I'd rather die with my gat, Fucking a bitch
and getting high Far all the times that I couldn't cry All I
wanted was a picture of me lounging in the Vibe Two
cribs, Two chicks, Big brick on my side A nigga get
savage when he gotta survive [Chorus]

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