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# Cappadonna "Tar Pit"

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[Hook: Method Man (George Clinton)]

Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (Eastside,

Westside)

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Westside)

Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

# [U-God]

Blood money mercenaries, think you can muscle Wu? It's a foot race, who can out-hustle who? Hip hop junkie flunky, monkey see, monkey do Great minds connect like mobster rings Sit back, let me do my, Sinatra thing I'm in the Hip Hop Hall of Fame, on the wall is the plaques

Old ball and chain, I named her Madam X She love big cannons, sex unprotected

You better respect it, kid, we 'bout to set trip

You get ya neck ripped, eyeballs are scoping

I don't sell crack, I sell dopium

Catch him at the podium, nah, he moving too fast

Professor X, behind the bulletproof glass

You need a Wu pass, a bag of that high

Easy with the flicks, baby, I'm camera shy

[Hook: Method Man (George Clinton)] Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

### [Cappadonna]

We might have to 8 Diagram one of y'all MC's We grind everyday and we hustle for cheese Got our face on the front of CD's, we off the hook W.T.C. y'all soft and shook Y'all not built like the Cuban Linx Clan that get CREAM And back heads down every time we sing Give us a hundred grand for a show, let us rock For more money, more chicks, more private stock

# [Streetlife]

They call me Streetlife, slap the taste

Out ya mug, know ya place, you ain't thug, fix ya face Throw a slug, catch a case

Meanwhile, beat trial, back on that cash cow

Getting CREAM, however, a street brother know how

Point blank, I'm pulling rank, calling shot, I got bank

Pass the rock, my hand's hot, hit 'em with the showshotter

Peace to my ala mater, Wu-Tang block scholars Never settle for less, promoters pay us top dollar

[Hook: Method Man (George Clinton)]

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Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

### [Outro: George Clinton]

The Clan'll talk, Calabama niggaz all'll quit

Talking that short dick shit, we was s'posed to be cool

Only the clue's on the other end of the stick

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Over-crowded police blood bamboo bimbo

Chickenhead skeezer crackrock hoodrat

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Barney here is down to a feeding dreadlock

Armpit like two Buckwheat's in a headlock

Macy Gray's hair between your leg lock

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Ya mother's so cross-eyed, when she cry tears roll down her back

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

[coughs] This shit is strong, god damn, what you got in there?

Over-crowded police blood bamboo bimbo

Chickenhead skeezer crackhead hoodrat Somebody let the monkeys out the cage Ya mother's so cross-eyed, when she cry tears roll down her back

Calabama niggaz all'll quit

Talking that short dick shit

Speak up, no loud speaker but I'm speaking loud

Venacular ass kicking, truth got there in crowd

Shit, they call me the lethal lip

The linguistic, full metal jacket of venacular ballistic

Shooting out at the mouth without Chap or Blistec

Here's a mothafucka, I didn't flunk diaper rash

I'm verbally toxic, metal-piercing, forked, hollow point tongue

Dum dum, pow, shot from gattling gums

Hooked on phonics, packing a vicious vocabulary

Malicious, with malice and mayhem

Fuck a dictionary, give me the mic and I'll slay

Them and literally poetic symptoms

Pissing me the fuck off, missing me with that shit

I stick a venacular foot so far up in ya ass

You won't be able to pass verbal gas

So far in ya ass that one of my knees will rise so far above ya head

And you drown of a poetic ass kicking

Leaving lyrical lacerations on your lungs, from a verbal hangnail

That hung on my big toe, as I flow upward

Kicking yo on ya eardrum, you wanna hear some?

Tap dance on ya tonsils, leaving kiwi shoe polish on ya breath

Cavity in ya best rhyme, and I'm the access on the rest

Call me the proverbial verbal menacing dentist

With the drill, I got lyrical skills

I could perform oral root canals

It's unwise to fuck with me

Kick ya wisdom teeth down ya throat

Leaving you to choke

On where it hurts, unspoken vocals

Tying down ya vocal cord and windpipe tight

With toe jamming and ya mothafucking hemmoroids

Fuck the dumb shit...

Visit <u>Cappadonna</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.