

Cappadonna "The Grits"

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This album right here
This is the Yin and the Yang
So you gonna hear a lot of different things on it
You gonna hear a lot of profanity
You might hear a lot of um
A lot of love, a lot of hate
You know what I'm saying?
'Cus it's like come on I got enemies
I got frienemies
And those that pretend to be's

Homicide Hills
That's the grits
The Grits
The barracks baby word up
Verrazano bridge, yo yo

I give a speech like Martin Luther King
Let freedom ring, forget a bow ring, it's a black thing
Holding me locked up with brothers be getting oxed up
Taking life for granted most of us abandon
How I know you not a cruel
Beef in the home, Africans with jet black Americans
Dominicans war with the Puerto Ricans
Deep in the street thugs carrying heat
The rest of the projects surrounded with gates

Middle class families are moving upstate
While the younger generation selling cake
Trying to immitate mixtapes
It's all final, big locks on the Verrazano
Get fined BB conduct on some King Tut
Poverty struck, I seen the right to enter Uhaah took
My cup runneth over, stressed out whenever I'm sober
This cold world got my girl scan

Fight on the sand, I'm allergic to ham
Weak minds all aboard
I see devils in the eyes of camcord'
And my reward is to let y'all know
I'm going out like P.L.O. whenever I go uhh

The Grits
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I start the slaughtering, make all eyes start watering
I know an 800 number you can get your coffin, start
ordering
The metamorphosis of my skill is sure to bring
overcome any king
Faking ain't counterfeit, money in the bing
I do a sting with two 9's under my sling
Anybody you bring, still won't do a god damn thing
You nothing but a onion in the rain

I floss rhymes, I loss rhymes, I got it like that
Y'all bitch niggas I toss times
I got rhymes that'll still rock you, cats that'll spot you
Told you I chill, lay off a shit, I still shot you
The only thing I'm unable to do is do what I got to
Look in hospital, Brooklyn apostle, lyrical gospel
Still fortunate to scorch your shit, paying for the cost of
it
Your whole style remains wack, I know it's awful kid

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Yo, I play the back like back in the days
Give thanks and praise, watch the frisk raise, reunite
Take birth trees to upright, I forget a fake MC's
My song's the Bible, survival in the man, the lost lands
No radio play, the Pillage is banned
Like a foreigner don't understand
Y'all some flan cats eat pig, reneg real shit from digs
Hit you off with the packages and facts on tracks

Y'all talk but that's put that back
We dealing in the orphanage, way surpass your image
I'm a chemist, a dual dentist, treat my heritage like
friendship
I be exit, I rock a gold necklace and restless, it's always
hectic
Staten Island shit, bad habit shit
Made me twist it, one twenty disctrict shit
Pillage be the senate, throw darts like Masons
Garment Renaissance, patrionts, hold the blood like
tampons

Baby conduct, put your fist up, no more struggles
100 dollars for the hen' dog, 200 for the bubbles

Less troubles, Pill-Age
Plus some can turn rappers of off the stage
This beef will never we engage
Buck buck buck buck buck

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{If you fucked my little ho, yo, let me know that then
Let me know 'coz I definately let, I definately let niggas
know
When I was banging they ho up
I was like, yeah, yeah, you thought she was in love with
you
And I tried to tell you that she wasn't in love with you
and I blazed her
Then I, then I called you the next day and let you know
And you gonna be like, "Yo, let me get my bracelet
back" }

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