Cappadonna
"What's Really Up?"

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[Intro: Cappadonna] Yeah, Boss rap stupid I'm telling you right now Staten Island man Don't front on me, Yo [Cappadonna] I grew up in Staten Island where the doors be locked Crack dealers be at the building, The floors be hot Yo Dreds be in the spot selling bags of meth On a good day, You might see my homeboy Chef Joelle, He turned rat now he's scared to death Little kids still running round, Way after the dark At the PF-57 near Policeman Park In the back they found a new born stuffed in a bag In the hood brothers die young it makes me sad Ayo, I dropped out of school a high school Dad Streets be eating up my brain like weed and hash Taking trips up town hopping out of the cabs Ridden calves from the Africans, Crashing em up Putting dime into dollar bills smashing em up Instead of passing our grade, We's passing the Dutch Getting shipped away daily in them slavery trucks [Hook: Cappadonna] Ayo what's really up, Ayo what's really up Ayo what's really up, Ayo what's really up [Cappadonna] In the hood it's only tough love and real tough thugs Ayo I was the type of dude that didn't stay in the house I was the type to while out and bring a tre in the house And Momma Love used to tell me not to be like that But I'll be gone for a week like I'll be right back Staten Island, Yo, We can't stop the hustle Ayo these thugs used to work for this kid named Muscle Watch out for ply yeah, Cause that kid might bust you Even though we hang tight yo we really don't trust you Got brothers that'll shake your hand and then they'll cut you But if your blood like me then the litter can't touch you And it's the hood that got the world going insane Even the suburbs, They know about the crack cocaine It's the hood that drove brothers like Shorty insane Ayo what's really up, Brother can't even maintain [Hook]

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