

## Kastelruther Spatzen

### "All Out On My Own"

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[Shyheim]

Yo, what the deal?  
Criminals, what up?  
We're not born we're created  
From the streets  
And this goes out to all my thugs, criminals, ballers,  
hustlers  
Big up to self, Big up to self  
Get y'all weight up  
No diggity, No doubt  
G.P. Wu, Yo drop my shit right now

I gotta get my weight up  
Fuck eight balls I'm flippin kilos  
Did dirt so now I lay low from street foes  
Broke niggas and bitches wanna take what I got  
Tell the jakes about my spots  
They mad cuz I make a lot  
From Monday through Sunday I see about a million  
Run with thugs that's down for killin, civilians  
I'm thug related, pack nuff heat, they call me fire  
Niggas fear my verbal technique cuz I'm Kaiser  
So say I represent the ghetto worldwide  
Bust techs, puff lye  
From A to Z's Doe or Die  
Fuck around and get lifted off this Earth  
Take my word for what it's worth  
I put that on the turf

Chorus: [Shyheim] (Squig) {2X}

I'm all out on my own, I'm goin out son  
I'm all out on my own, I'm goin out (dun)  
I'm all out on my own, I'm goin out  
(Like Patty LaBelle said I'm out on my own)

[Shyheim]

I'm all out on my own like Al Capone  
Cuz niggas want my dome, so I pack a 4 lb. chrome  
Stash it near my nuts in the front  
But keep it in arm distance cuz I'm gonna have to bust

The first victim that comes too close to me and shit  
My clips packed up thick legit and viced  
To go to war at any given time  
I gotta protect me and mine  
Before the damn flat line  
I'm still young but I'm growin up mad fast  
Treated like trash and dumped out on my ass  
No one understands me but me  
Nobody cares about how I feel but me  
So what I gotta do is do for me  
I wonder how that be goin all out for me  
I got mad problems but I try to deal wit em  
I wish that I could fight em  
And shoot the fear one wit em  
But the devil keeps on hawkin me  
My soul he wantin G  
But that shit I can't see

Chorus {2X}

[Shyheim]

I had many dreams of being a star in the NBA  
But they got thrown away when I saw them slingin yay  
I put the ball down, picked the ounce up, then I read up  
Now I'm 200 G's up and on my uptown  
To meet up with these big druglords from Cuba  
I don't trust em like a chickenhead so I'm bring the  
luger  
And my 19-9-6 shot beamer  
Flying on the West Side highway, that's when I seen her  
Van full of jiggy  
Oh now they wanna get me  
At full pushin 80 max while I'm hittin the buck 50  
Niggas know Dig me blazin the la-la  
The weed keep me zoned word to Taiwana  
K-basa baby, you know who loves you girl  
Young wild thugs we rule the world

Chorus {2X}

[Shyheim] (Squig)

Yea, Uh, I'd like to give a mad big up  
(No doubt, represent)  
Respect to the 2 Cent click  
B-I, my man Ty motha fuckin D  
(What up Ski?)  
One time, Squig, word up, Vin-cent  
Redman, Rubba-Rubba-Rubbabandz  
Hah hah, and it, and it don't stop

