

# Makaveli

## "All Out"

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we goin all out (all out)  
we goin all out (aiiiight)  
we goin all out, watch ya ma'fuckin mouth niggas  
thats right, fuck them fag niggas pa, do it, do it, do it

Come hell or high water,  
Down to slow our approaches,  
Just another lost soul,  
Stuck callin Jehova,  
Outlaw till its over,  
Brandish my strap,  
Back like a cobra,  
I stay drunk, cause I'm a mad man  
Whenever sober,  
On a one man mission,  
My ambition's to hold up the rap game,  
While I pluck holes in niggas like donuts,  
And still, down to die for all my souljas,  
Like hillbillies, they dont fear me,  
So refuse, bringin war to tha city,  
With each breath, it's death before dishonor,  
Never let you swallow me, no apologies, your honor,  
A general in war, I'm the first to bomb,  
With a squad of trusted killers, quick to move shit,  
Heavily armed,  
I'm similar to Sadam, sometimes I question Hussein  
Like friends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game  
I hit the scene like sandstorms, then transform, watch  
me  
I take tha figga of dirty niggas, who all got me  
While bitches is wonderin who shot me  
no love, keep a grudge, shootin slugs like Muammar  
Quadaffi  
Murder my friends, build a new posse  
we takin shots on paparazzi, "gonna fly now", nigga  
like rocky  
you got alot of nerve to play me,  
Another gay rapper, bussin caps in Jay-Z(buck, buck,  
buck, buck, buck)  
And still avoid capture,  
While y'all cought caught up in the rapture,  
Still afta me, I'm in Jamaica sippin Daqueries,

No doubt,  
We're used ta have nuthin, then grabbin sumthin and bustin,  
wanted to be the thug- nigga, that my old man wasn't,  
Out came a total fear of catchin cases, litigation,  
niggaz playa hatin, got me crooked in all 50 states,  
I'm screamin DEATH ROW, throw 'em a westside, aint no thang,  
we was raised off drive by's, brought up to bang,  
We claim mob, M.O.B., if you be specific,  
we control all cash, from Atlantic-Pacific,  
And get this, i'm hard to kill, when I peel wit this live spot,  
Father, how the hell did i survive these 5 shots,  
live it up, or give it up, and like demons  
Late night, hear em screamin  
We goin all out!

#### Chorus

we goin all out, bomb first till they fall out  
Take them the war route, witout a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ryde if its on  
Each nigga handle ya own, bring it on strong  
If you got bills ta pay, nigga go all out  
bustas playin wit yo peeps, betta go all out  
Try'na see tha next day, nigga go all out  
Obstacles in ya way, u betta go all out

I'm on my land sled, walkin through tha belly of tha beats  
Feelin, like I'm all out, drunk as can be  
its plain ta see, that we mobb niggas hidin in bushes  
Claimin that they ryde rough, but they soft as they cushion  
They softer than bitches in the worst way, drownin in blood  
Outlaws, my blood bruthas, I'd die fo these thugs  
Say hi to this slug, it's a shame how some niggas on the westcoast  
Was rydin wit Pac, but when he died, they went pop  
I'm on the Jers to the fullest, like sum westcoast love  
But afta Pac stopped rappin, it aint no westcoast thug  
just westcoast wut? to my real niggas stuck in da street game  
Cause rappers like Jay Z, be pumpin Kool-Aid through they veins  
Is it tru wut Im sayin?  
Slap your soft ass to da floor  
And watch my fo fo, put peek holes through ur door  
I ryde or dye, but dese otha fag niggaz be bitin dis  
It's all from my heart when I was writin dis

All out  
Chorus  
Now, we all ride, and down to die who wit' us  
Speak up, or get treated like you comin' to kill us  
Ain't nothin but squealers, in this rap game, swearin'  
they rough  
Tattooed up, and now them niggaz swearin' they Pac  
Stop that, and whatch ya back, we ain't forgot 'bout cha  
These glocks hot, and when shot, it'll bring the bitch up  
out cha  
It's me, Kastro with the goattee  
Walkin' like a OG, cause all these fag muthafuckas owe  
me  
I pray to the thug lord, like that muthafuckas holy  
Frontline soulja, till the heavens call me  
I go all out, and if you real, you real  
Feel what I'm talkin' bout, cause this game is ill  
I live it, forbidden fruit, shoot, 'till they feel it  
Livin' proof, Pac breed niggaz, they can't deal wit'  
Holla back, right back, and watch ya mouth  
Or get blood in it, WHAT, we goin' all out  
Nigga

[chorus] EDI

We goin' all out, bomb first till they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
Each nigga handle ya own, bring it on strong  
If you got bills to pay, nigga go all out  
Bustas playin with ya peeps, betta go all out  
Try'na see the next day, nigga go all out  
Obstacles in ya way, you better go all out

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fool, you better go all out  
keep goin' all out  
all my niggaz goin' all out  
without a muthafuckin' doubt

[EDI talking]

ey, you niggaz just gon think that you gon be uhh,  
talkin and slippin

on all of these muthafuckin' records, and we ain't gon  
say shit, now it's 1999  
it's a different grind, no disrespect to the Don

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