

One Inch Punch

"All Out"

Visit "[All Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mase]

Yo, this go out to radio stations
The disc jockeys, college radio
Independent market
And promotions street team
Anybody who put a sticker up
Anybody that passed the word bout Harlem World
Anybody that kept the buzz goin
Everybody that starred in Harlem World
And myself M A \$ E, Baby Stase
Loon, Meeno, Blinky Blink
Huddy Combs, Cardan
All Out

[Meeno]

There's a lot of things that been on my mine
Lately a lot a fakes been crossing the line
Tryin to take the track we hit on
Throw it down and spit on, flip it, rearrange
Boy, you messin with danger
Wit the anger I possess
Got to get it off my chest
Brutalize fake emcees to get off my stress
Take a pellet to the face
Then I throw on a vest
Then I grab the gloves
And take the bullet out his chest
Must confess
Stress factor still I have to
Take it there beware, prepare for disaster
Final chapter, y'all cowards
We gon blast ya
When and where but not why
Y'all already know the answer
Cancer and the Herbs
Transform to verbs
Nouns rip like rounds
Clowns get bust down
For now y'all cowards got to play the background
I'm the warning of this rap game its time for lock down

[Baby Stase]

God Bless you

The cops came to your rescue

I bet you, if it was Ma\$e he would of threat you

I knew you wasn't shit before I met you

And just because you can't walk it

Don't mean you cant talk it

My cats got mels to hit, shells to spit

They low in the Volvo while the L's get lit

I'm from Harlem World

You don't know the hell I'm wit

So y'all chics can't tell me shit

Come on now, everyone clear the way

Under cars better stay

Shots will ricochet

Stay alive another day

It's no lame in my staff

We don't aim for cats

So if I smack you who gon back you

You ain't see nothin

My home made me somethin

Stase gt glamour misses down south gettin riches

And that's word to Jehovah witness

Any man cross this fam get beat up wit the quickness

[Cardan]

Yo, let me tell you somethin', I'm ahead of my time

Ain't no damn pellets, this is lead in my rhyme

When I spit this stuff you know

Get a pen and pad dido

This one stop at 62, I'm a spit through ten mo

It kinda like the window, back of the Volvo limo

Cuda, don't tell me nothin if ain't about my ammo

All I did was 2 Clue's that was just a demo

Went from Harlem to Holly

World to the Wood

People gon hate regardless I feel so good

For my AC legend

Now I'm a legend sit on my hood

They say B you doin your thing I say playa I should

I play hard like the Notorious rapper

Slash B.I.G. slash Christopher

King of New York the Emperor

Slash head fake slash in the paint horse you

Slash perimeter slash Air Jordan cross you

Slash Murphy slash four turn delirious

Slash Cardan slash take my stuff seriously

what?

[Huddy Combs]

I'm getting bigger dough spotin minks and figaro's

All my misses know Huddy Comb the jigalo
I can get a ho play a game like Piccolo
I done did it yo than any cat didn't ya know?
So what you wanna do my whole team comin thru
Runnin thru any crew I gave money to
But really though
Y'all cats that know don't really know
Harlem World gon be the clique that spit that willy flow
All them rings and things you sing about bring em out
I did things that your team won't dream about
Scheme about but don't really know a thing about
But for the dough I blow any spot you slingin out

[Blinky Blink]

You wanna go to war, what you cock sucker
I pulled out now I got to bust ya
And your men from your block told me not to trust ya
I did movies, to groupies, to blockbusters
For all you girls out there I'm not ya lover
You look good that's why I got to touch ya
After that I won't even stop to hug ya
Honey got pissed off and got her brother
But word to mother, I break that cat into
Cause people don't know all the things I been thru
Still a fugitive like Chris and Kim woo
Yep the cops disrespect me
But if you want me come and get me
Turn myself in nah you got to catch me
Do I got a gun you betta check me
Cause I ain't goin in alive you got to wet me

[Loon]

Yo, ya eyes been revealin ya past
Sad but you feelin my wrath
You mad cuz I'm dealin wit cash
And a Don P cylinder glass
Try to harm me, I'm killin your ass
Straight up and down for another half mill in a stash
I'm appearful willin to blast
I'm still in the bath
Loungin chillin wit ass
They done found you killed in the trash
Case is close I'm orderin a case of mo
At the shark bar wit Haitian hoes

[Mase]

Aight Hud, aight Hud

[Loon]

Y'all case is closed layin the cut like band-aids
Air runnin out ya mouth while you and ya man slayed

[Mase]

Yo, Mase hop out the blue Lex wit about two teks
Spit fourteen got about two left
If one vest is thin you rock two vest
Triple platinum and only in the U.S
I'm from Harlem World slash All Out dot com
My con if you could pop Cris then why pop Don
Any cat actin ra-ra bet he dacon
Wanna see a hundred gran
You look at my arm
You think I wanna take this to far in my rugar
Put a hollow bullet to far
Have cats at ya wake scream bout how they knew ya
And ya body in a salt lake out in Utah
So you are feel good, leave the country
And I know where you are
Spain baggage claim and you yellin bon swa
You think I'm comfy
Think murder one go humphrey
Think I'm seven five make to hundred gran monthly
Wanna lump me
Walk in clubs they bump me
Wanna tell they dumb chickens how they jump me
They can't wait to see the paramedics come to pump
me
Why they OT, I'm mostly out the country

ALL OUT

Visit [One Inch Punch](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.