

## Rare Earth

### "All Or Nuthin"

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[Twista]

All or nuthin, stall the bluffin, won't let the po-po arrest me

Try to hit the deck to bless me

But I'm still broke so I ride like Frank & Jessie

But they can't catch me, breakin niggas off like a sawed-off

Comin for the fedder man, my millimeter bringin better things

When I pull, like a better bang, so if I have to, I'ma let it rang

Gotta handle my functions, but an outcome, I have a somethin

Instead of nuthin, haters hold me down

And servin thru a stick up or somethin

Now I gotta pick up the pump and let it ride

All or nuthin, step aside, or you can hit the paper big time

You gon murder like strick nine, wit a grip nine, sever bitch time

'cause I gotta mine, and it's on

[Ras Kass]

Why you cummin up short like a million midgets masturbatin

Mascaradin as the most murderous madman militia my nigga Twista told me

Monopolize, strategize, maximize, make money to win

Wit career sinners intake us, sinners

Turn ya hopeless into magenta, quick essential inventor

Please, we seizin bees, VL's and GD's

Got OG's, OZ's, keys for these millionaire momi's

Release your shells, my nigga

Knew the job was dangerous, when I took it, why's a player

Dark tides, or say on how to walk crooked, look it

Gotta sophisticated home

I'm assassin bitches that give my shotgun barrel blow jobs

So when the four stickin out like a sore toe thong

It's no prob, vocally for sure squad, thorough man

[Chorus 2X]

Gotta up that cash, gotta up that dough  
Stacks that you can't flow  
Kick in the door, we on the floor, come up off a G and 2  
hundred mo'  
Gotta up that cash, gotta up that dough  
Shit, all or nuthin, no bluffin, If I have to, I'm bustin

[Twista]

Nigga worthless to bones, like nickels to quarters  
Fallers to shot callers, all of gotta get the paper some  
how  
For the school of the gun style, see me til the cops call  
us  
Hell brought us, to a situation where we gotta driveby  
Let the bullets from my nine fly, to murder who you was  
deprived by  
But I admit sometimes if it wasn't for crime I  
Try to be, bokin, rollers, while the start keep it low goin,  
homeless  
So I'm hookin up wit Ras Kass, on some shit we can  
stack cash  
But if I have to pull back a rag fast, on that ass nigga

[Ras Kass]

He set the streets full wit jackals, racists, crackers and  
cannibals  
So it's understandable, why I'm half man, half animal  
Ridin thru in the hood on my elephant like Hannibal  
See I used to have dreams of fuckin an R&B bitch  
And I used to dreams of beein 21 and rich  
Not a twice that bad though, now I'm tryin to be rich by  
age 25  
See Shallah survive that new world they pay yo  
But you don't hear me

[Chorus 2X]

[Ras Kass]

Home boy, my games tight  
I could talk the Virgin Mary outta panties the same  
night  
From a cocoon on the dark side of the moon  
The illest niggas existin, I know who you are  
Fubar, fucked up beyond all recognition  
In the middle of the ghetto I'm buildin a casino  
Like Bugsy Siegel employ niggas and latinos,  
Shootout wit the ATF in Beemers, for free, see bone,  
see dough

Nigga I'm like Steve and Digo, except I pack sevente  
cinqo  
Rowdy, Los Angelino, you got knocked the fuck out like  
Deebo

[Chorus 2X]

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