

Rhymefest

"All I Do"

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Mr. Blue Collar, yeah, you know what?
It's time for me to give a testament to where I came
from
The streets of Chicago, Southside
Yeah, Mr. Blue Collar, I gotta do it like this

You can take the boy outta slum, can't take slum outta
son
I should be lynched, I'm so high strung
At 15 my mother tried to have me aborted
You gotta kill us both doc, I'm not the only one

It's a package deal, comin' up like a pack of rats
Fightin' over scraps, the streets is ill
Take a trip to the city of wind, the city of sin
My block'll have you born again

But it ain't like church, life hurts
Drug raids, she stuffin' rocks down her baby's diapers
It go the other way too when your mother's on hype
And you gotta serve her blow 'fore you go to school

So I spit like a fool to the chorus
Military jail time all they got for us
I seen how they deal every Hoover and Jeff Ford
Lock up all our leaders, let the ghetto eat us

I'm the ghetto Regis, in Chevy Caprices
And niggaz that front can get blown to little pieces
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know why?
'Cause it's

All I do, workin' hard for scratch
Talk shit get your jaw deattached
All I do, though I'm still in the streets a bit
A brother ain't fin' to take no shit

All I do, lil' buddy, this could get ugly
Trust me, 'cause this is
All I do, before I explode, I give you my ode
In the summer, rain, fall or cold

Spittin' bars is felt to carve wealth
And stay hungry to the death, I will starve myself
To keep what I got and have what I want
And stay real them my niggaz knowin' half of 'em don't
got

The gift to ball, a rhymers fit
Thought we still want the finest shit, all I do
Is take whitey's bread, keep a nice spread
Hit the club and try to leave without bustin' no heads

I don't care about a deal, I've been poor all my life
Cocksucker I ain't afraid of how the shit feel
Sit still, soak the moment in
You got somethin' bad to say, nigga hold it in

You afraid to die? You ain't a soldier then
Chi-Town stand up, we supposed to win
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know why?
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This for my people locked up for pushin' diesel
Deliver us from this evil God, all I do
Or gettin' home from the gig and got a gang full of
kids
You feel the stress like, all I do

Setbacks, yeah you gotta expect that
Get back and grind nigga, all I do
Now you can let yourself breathe
Throw yo' hands in the air and release say, all I do

Mr. Blue Collar

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