

Masters Of Illusion

"We All Over"

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[Keith] kept in time at jail, robbery for six years

[M.Man] you missed out on hella money, food, weed
and beer

[Keith] called home, stupid jacky never answer the
phone

[Keith] what you been doin'

[M.Man] trying to concentrate on come-ups

(Chorus)

[M.Man] we all over

[Keith] takin' over

[M.Man] mic controller

[Keith] high rollers

[M.Man] north, east, south, west coast

[Keith] throwin' bombs at you

(Repeat 3X)

[Motion Man]

I threw the gat in the bac of his 'ac

I wore gloves so my fingers wouldn't make contact

it's either that or do time for this ? snatch

f' that! partner take the rapper watch yo back

and he's back, who's that, cadillac all black yo that's
my folks

young motion getting out with his yolks

changing channels ? switching up to sopranos when
they see us

got'em caught up in a corner like fetus

pop the trunk get yo stuff out switch the cars and move
fast

make 'em walk the plank the pirate's out here holding
his shank

you don't understand the time that you're doing for me

just incase in clifton santiago out here for free

whoa don't tell your partner we got to get it together

no more domestic import people stuck out there in
customs

I don't trust a motha' bout as far as I can chuck 'em

his bodyguard looks familiar, I'm recognizing the scar

officers got us at gunpoint, they searchin' the car

two chinese men trying to launder 'bout 500 grand

they homosexuals, I leave the male pimp in the stand

united states government officials look for the man

santiago's got his pictures up in the post office

'cuz santiago is a ?

last seen selling hash north, east, south west coast

(Chorus 4X)

[Kool Keith]

I went to ralph's bought me chicken, my girl some
spam

drove in the block with a green fleetwood broham

gold dayton rims with the diamonds on the edge and
trims

trunk full of heroine checkin' out the merroine
two shotguns, grenades, rockets stashed under the
seat
l.a.p.d. took my license, but can't see me
tinted windows, big powder, here's for your nose
straight from miami, columbian, puerto rico
immigrant right hand man nicknamed chico
jamaican posse at the house drinkin' carlo's ?rossi?
carbine 41 shot banana clip machine gun
duffel bags, work my cuban west indian shirt
callin' the feds up with private numbers tryin' to
network
official numbers in the stash glove compartment
countin' bricks with incense in an empty apartment
up on the fourth floor with lactose mixin' raw
answer the door, stand behind it with a 44
some sucka named rell, kid rung the wrong bell
shut up iesha! this girl tryin to blow my spot
I gotta babysit I'm chillin' yo the block is hot
transfer my ammo, throw techs in a hefty bag
hit the street, I talk of sales when I meet
(Chorus 4X)

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