

## **Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul**

### **"It's All Gravity"**

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(talking)

What it do, what that is pimp  
What you say, talk to me I talk back  
Oooh, I heard that, oooh

[E-40]

Skinny bank, that bank, foreign cars, candy paint  
Jelly jars, battle scars, rap stars, pin and ranks  
Drinkin drank, hit the dank, getting stank, for my skank  
Stick and move, show improve, ghetto jew, think I ain't  
Have the grip, pockets fit, dirty stained mattress man  
Chopping up llelo, top of the dirty ass piece and  
mattress man  
Put a razor blade in a safety pain in my hand  
Flipping incarceration, penitentiary chances man  
Half a grand I spend a day, check your feet, half a pow  
wow  
Off some weed, love the pow wow, when I keep, keep  
my style now  
Watch me speed, trust the cuff they love that  
Rubies spent off, walk with a limp walk ?

(Chorus)

Say you wanna be a rap star, drive a real nice car  
Without true game you can't get far, but it's all gravity  
Struggling, gritting grinding mayn, it's all gravity  
It's all gravity, I'm so deep off in this game  
It's all gravity, struggling, gritting grinding mayn  
It's all gravity, I'm so deep off in this game

[E-40]

Just something that was happening now, like goomer  
pile  
I predict in about a month, ya'll gone love this huh  
Make a gangsta wanna funk, all in your trunk  
Got him hollering yeah that shit there ain't no punk  
Fully recouped, money chunky like the soup  
Back in the days I use to rock a troop jacket  
Me and everybody in my cabinet, we was shining  
If you had the Troop jacket you was timing  
So who the playa, even if I'm in a pinto

Show some respect little niggas see I'm respectable  
My hoochie is a general, a silent soldier, no faking  
Quick to set an example put down a demonstration  
Wake you up to a rude awakening and no escaping and  
Once I give you the phone I put a shake on in  
See I done did it, and lived it, and done it, hit the block  
Choke a motherfucker out for trying to short stop

(Chorus)

[E-40]

Make no mistake about it, I'm smoking hell-a-tweed  
That ain't organic, nigga that's designer weed  
No it ain't, yeah it is, no it ain't  
No it ain't, yeah it is, no it ain't, yeah it is  
Scream, holla, scream and shout it, I love my folks to  
death  
Way too many kids in the kitchen but I'm the iron chef  
Too many chiefs, but not enough indians  
See everybody needs to play they position  
I'm pitching, leader of the squad, be on the look-out for  
my  
Brand new clothing line, my brand new clothing line is  
called Shob  
Rossi wine, Carlos Rossi wine is what I drink  
Not all the time but most of the time it helps a playa  
think  
Look in my eyes, look in my eyes they the same color  
as garlic butter  
Look at my guys, look at my guys, they off that  
Goldschlager  
It's a daily routine, I mean, I mean we do this here  
So savagely pimperoni it's all gravity

(Chorus - 2x)

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