

## Cappadonna f/ 3rd Diglah, Lounge Lo "Da Vorzon"

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[Cappadonna] I came up from a tough time, now I'm finally back I got love in my heart and I changed my rap I don't worry about dudes talk behind my back Because I'm good with the music and I love the track It's me, it's big Don and I'm so full of life Still praying for the day that God give me a mic I pray each and every day and I pray at night I got music in my soul and I love to write While brothers kick dirt on name, just for spite I do what God tell me to do, shine my light Ya'll suffer for mad years, been beat wit many stripes I know what the ghetto like, tears cover my face to the sample of the pain I inherited the streets like crack cocaine All the while, yo I kept surviving it, money Stand away from the knucklehead niggas and dummies And still mama love me back And I ain't perfect, but I was blessed wit a good heart I know how to work it, face it Most of ya'll gon' die over money While I'm laid back chilling, where it's nice and sunny Now check it, I ain't the type to hang with the crowd You might see me at the spot where the music is loud Classic R&B, a little jazz, spoken word Posted on the sideline wit a crazy bird Trying to take my mind off of the herb I sip fine wine, when I was young, I used to do mad crime Now daddy's all grown up, yo, and time is precious I reflect back on my seeds and all of my records Feed my family with this shit, they gotta respect it You gotta love me or leave me alone, there's no half stepping I grew up and I found out, the mind is a powerful weapon, and love is the message So ya'll can stop fronting on me, you too far in the game For ya'll to keep stunting on me, Cappadonna the first fruit Straight outta God mansion, never stuck in '86, I deal wit enhancement Brothers make music and they steal my advancements Cock suckers sit in a circle, watch me rap Ya'll niggas don't owe me shit, but I'mma pay ya'll back [Chorus 2X: 3rd Diglah] To all my real niggas, this is real hip hop And my niggas locked up, that sell that crack Get ya mind right, get this track To all my niggas that bust they gat, nigga, brat-brat-brat [Lounge Lo] I said the last time I stepped in the booth, I had the deuce wit me Told niggas, send the shit down, because he shoots wit me

I'm in the building where them niggas, they pump hard  
And give money, if cops come, yeah, and they run hard  
Right where the stash at, yeah, I'mma blast back I'm so  
old school, dope bomb in my ass crack I left the past  
and the present, I'm past that I told you my publishing  
is sitting on ASCAP Fuck you, boy, take a walk and go  
ask Cap And I be lingering, just where the cars be And  
doing my numbers at a show where the stars be  
Representing my hood, the good boogah get burnt out  
And bitches called Sugar get turned out Bring your  
hammer, the finger blam like Yosemite Sam And if I  
can't get you, my Stone'll give me your man [Chorus  
2X]

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