

House Gang Animalz f/ Inspectah Deck

"All My Life"

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[Intro: Carlton Fisk]

Carlton Fisk, could you please come to the bubble?

Inmate Carlton Fisk, could you please come to the bubble?

Inmate 96-8-42-95, please come to the bubble?

(Aiyo, what up?) Yo, you on the bailout (Say word!?)

[Carlton Fisk]

I'm a fugitive, so I live my life on the run

Got Lebron's on, 4 or 5 clips in my gun

Police description, light skinned black male

For charges, so heinous, the D.A. request no bail

Shit, I'm out in the Coupe in Cali

Fake driver's license, Rode-o Drive you know how I do

Get 'em a shout out, baby girl, Animette with me to

And she not a chicken head, but Ani' known to cock a tool or two

In M.I.A., rock shades and a baldie

A.T.L., dreads under my fitted, long as hell

In New York, got a goatee and ice picked side burns

Iceberg sweats and some icy whites on

Don't sleep much, dream of all burnt mess halls

And P.L.O., never fell off, even though I was last seen

Up north, three balloons on your dance floor

Then I got deuces aboard, made my C.R.

I'm home now, the question, what type, the color car

Get the S.C., 4-30 Lex', on some light shit

Pray it's not you on my mind, when I write this

Techniques, murderous speech, my thoughts is deep

Three felonies, fuck, we kill the police

I'm from Staten, you know how I do

Gummy sole under suede shoes, 36 ways made to blaze you

Made to blaze you...

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

I've been a gangster (for all my life)

I've been a hustler (for all my life)

I've been a criminal (for all my life)

I've been hated on (for all my life)

I've been a fugitive (for all my life)

I've been doin' this (for all my life)
I've been locked up (for all my life)
I've been a problem (for all my life)

[Carlton Fisk]

Riker's Island in the '80's, Elmi' recession
Taught me how to move, and make anything out of a
weapon
Old timers watching mace injections, how to deal with
my problems
Using my mind, 'stead of using aggression
And this jewel is a learn hard lesson
How to move around places, every day and headed
hard as tested
And you never get to know what rest is
Everyday your family pray, that you make your
minimum sentence
Riker's Island, for the first time you get in the house
Hit the Beacon, you gonna know what jail is about
Plus, all the type of felons about
And the red I.D. card, on a nigga, mean, it's weapons
about
Miss Perez on your dick, you better cum in her mouth
It come in handy, when the E.R.U. searchin' your house
From Up North to down state, Riker's and Sing-Sing
Attica, Snake Pitch, Gods, Bloods and Kings
Even Crips try'nna do they thing, but it's fucked up how
The fake niggas try to break they grain
Nigga, it's Carlton Fisk, I've been there, done it and
seen it
And the few spots I've locked, I've put my work
indecent
And we House Gang, P.L.O. Style, avoid the precinct

[Chorus]

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