

Ivan Ives f/ Cappadonna

"Honor"

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[Ivan Ives]

The white Russian, ain't a bitch drink
Tight percussion, plus I make these kids think
Distinct, the style is flawless
Heat, street, whatever you wanna call it
I spend most of my time in sorrow
So me and Fresh put out tracks like there's no
tomorrow
'Cuz if there isn't, there isn't, through my songs I'm
living
Etched in time stay alive through my vision
Can the style advance past the man?
Can the man advance past the style with a plan?
God damnit, throw cards like Gambit
Never settle for standard, not a punk like Rancid
I don't dream about diamonds on my neck
It's more important to me to have your respect
I need your word that you'll carry on my text
And then be like, "Aight Ives, whats next?"

[Ivan Ives]

Another day another dollar
This is it
If you fighting for your honor
Stick with it
Ivan Ives and Cappadonna
Rip that shit
If we didn't you'd be livid

[Cappadonna]

Pants hangin, eyes red as apples
I'm on the block with a Snapple
Hustle all night, eat white castle
My album is past due, life got me stressed
I love my seeds to death, emcee til my last breath
Surviving the struggle never going under
I know hunger, that's how I sound when I spit
Lost everything, been through all types of shit
My riffs touch it, I ain't never gonna quit
I'm in this for life, rap off any beat
Ask anybody, Don is still street

Fancy garments, hot beats,
And y'all go hard for God, even when I don't speak
Nigga I'm still plottin, somethin to get gotten
So much pain that my heart feels rotten
Between court cases, and niggas cock blockin,
Guns poppin in the hood where I live, something gotta
give

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[Ivan Ives]
Mind skilled, I rock the beat tight
Rhymes so ill, make you want to re-write
See life, back and be life
Rap's Holy Trinity, give me three mics
(Beautiful Bastard)

I exist in the pixels
Iron fist comes down on the pitbull
Dog, your thinking's too wishful
That's how y'all get caught up in crystal

I'm on fire like Richard Pryor
Other emcees old milk, about to expire
Killing the suburbs like Michael Myers
Do so many shows I recycle flyers

Aww, look at what y'all kids thought up
A generic underground rap product
If you sevensed out, that's just hard luck
Take a note from Ives and Cappadonna

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