

## **KRS One F/ Puff Daddy**

### **"Everyman 4 Himself"**

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Born alone die alone guess whos on the microphone

\*Project Nigga\*

Deep voice put your boots on

Come take a walk down the alley with the gat

enter my cypher where everythings black

the rap makes me act the beast I attack

from every angle I bring pain sharp as the blade

on Excalibur quiet as a silencer I challenge ya

Meet me at sundown or after school bring your tools

ain't no fuckin rules dont snooze on loose

still on the hip 30 shots to put you in your place

dont chase dreams chase paper

you on your own

never fuck around with the next mans caper

I hate ya fakers with the passion

I'm crashin your party

Dark Mask forever fuckin up everybody

I be the nigga on the corner rollin dice

drinkin 'til I drop duckin from my cop

got me on the run like a slave thru the fields

no protection no cover no shields

I feels like a soldier stuck behind enemy lines

in the world of man evil 'cause man ain't kind

everybodys trife in their own way

gun play the back

ready to react 'n clap

the weak dont stand a chance

dont even clance or look

the wig is where you get your life took

I read the book of survival libe to become homicidal

get the wealth every man for himself

chorus: run get the loot grab the ball

shoot sink the last cop get increased the bankroll

gotta put the ball in the hole

every man for himself first one get the gold (nigga)

run get the loot grab the ball

shoot sink the last cop get increased the bankroll

gotta put the ball in the mutthafucking hole

every man for himself first one get the gold

My mentality is somewhere between armageddon and  
apocalypse  
no matter how hot it gets  
You cant trap me  
fuck Gulliane and Potacki  
the death penalty dont scare me  
I went from homeless junkie to a drunken-monkey-  
makin-money-gettin-funky

I dont know fear I pour beer on the curb Puff herb  
drink liquor to get my swerve  
fuck what you heard 'n what you said  
the lead will put end to those who pretend to be my  
friend  
I get loose like leeth everyday a new beef  
dont say peace unless you mean it  
your shit is dirty clean it  
before I decorate yo' face with cuts and scars  
what remains gets blown to Mars and the Stars  
we are the ill 'n the physical steady hittin you  
after brew I aint kiddin you I aint bullshittin' you  
bisquit, see the bisquit before it's spit  
2 to the head, 2 to the chest, 1 to the hip, backflip Oh  
Shit!  
can't afford to catch another body hit the Mimini with  
the .22  
and be outti 5000 I'm housin like Projects  
I mean experiments home of the witch chicks  
buy the lex buy the benx now you got more friends  
sex 'n chicken head henz  
My ends run long like Don Silver  
try to taxin' be floatin' in the river  
donate your liver  
look over your shoulder  
watch your back get the wealth  
everyman for his mutthafuckin' self

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