

**Paola % Chiara****""97 Mentality"**

Visit [""97 Mentality"](http://MotoLyrics.com) on MotoLyrics.com

[Cappadonna]

Yo! It's the burial ground sound, Dunn!  
It's real out here  
Staten Island puttin chills in y'all niggaz  
Forever in it.. yo

My devastatin hot '97 Mentality  
Keep me on point for my four-digit salary  
Heavyweight lyric never lost one calorie  
I'm soon to be seen, on the TV screen  
Gambino Cappacino to the Afro Sheen  
Stay black, where I'm at, high road to rap council  
Splash love to Wu in a orderly tonsil  
Never limit to the diction, cause chaos to mix in  
Brutalize a sound check, ripple through the  
intermission  
Rap's under siege, held tight like a squeeze  
Forced in the world 'Donna nuclear freeze  
Through the damage to the wannabe Flipmode and Def  
Squad  
Ruckus a whirlpool in the rap entourage  
If you dare to test thirty-six, chambers of strangers  
My word of mouth it's all real wigs might peel  
Livin large and in charge branch out Bon Voyage  
Twenty-four diamond government named God  
Alias Daryl Hill bring thugs back to kill  
Circle around my son, Daryl Jr. never eatin large  
Auntie Dauntie sixteen holdin me down  
AIDS of rap music may be contagious to sound  
Verbal the slang pushed back to create pronoun  
Method forcin J-Love to Bring the Pain from  
underground  
Realizin food for thought is self-compromisin  
Shaolin cut the crack into a triple-O sizin  
Blue do what he do to keep that currency risin  
Hopin I catch a deal so we can catch a full wheel  
Instead of catchin bodies, niggaz not keepin it real  
Dirtball niggaz that steal cake from stores  
That's my type of niggaz I be wantin on my tours  
Can't help it, my styles stay fat like Roseanne  
Ruckus in the square I stay rough like the Clan

Panther on my arm, pen and pad in my hand  
Punk motherfuckers better beware of the Shaolin  
Defy interactive project Children of the Corn  
Gats and my man keep em bustin till he's gone  
Style so ancient it sparks just like the unicorn  
'Donna come through everyday my uniform  
changes and switches, I came to make ladies out of  
bitches  
Crackhead niggaz get stitches  
So what up with that kid, danger when I attack kid  
Watch how the slang hits you, just like the fat kid  
Form another pyramid, look how we slid  
All over Park Hill, Stapleton politic  
on a twenty dollar bill all in it together  
You can't fuck with the stormy weather, yaknahmean?

[Ghostface]

To the year Born God all the Gods strike hard  
Fast from the swine hold down your boulevard  
Father-U to C-Cypher, start the revolution  
Middle finger in the air, for slang prostitution  
(repeat 2X)

...

To the year Born God all the Gods strike hard  
Fast from the swine hold down your boulevard  
Father-U to C-Cypher, start the revolution  
Middle finger in the air, for slang prostitution

...

To the year Born God all the Gods strike hard  
Fast from the swine hold down your boulevard  
Father-U to C-Cypher, start the revolution  
Middle finger in the air, for slang prostitution

...

To the year, to the year Born God all the Gods strike  
hard  
Fast from the swine hold down your boulevard  
Father-U to C-Cypher, start the revolution  
Middle finger in the air, for slang prostitution

Visit [Paola % Chiara](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.