

The Grits (feat. 8-Off)

Cappadonna

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This album right here
This is the Yin and the Yang
So you gonna hear a lot of different things on it
You gonna hear a lot of profanity
You might hear a lot of um...
A lot of love
A lot of hate
You know what I'm saying?
Cus it's like come on I got enemies
I got frienemies
And those that pretend to be'sHOMOCIDE HILLS!
That's the grits
THE GRITS!
The barracks baby word up
Verrazano bridge
Yo yo
I give a speech like Martin Luther King
Let freedom ring
Forget a bow ring
It's a black thing
Holding me locked up
With brothers be getting oxed up
Taking life for granted
Most of us abandon
How I know you not a cruel
Beef in the home
Africans
With jet black Americans
Dominicans war with the Puerto Ricans
Deep in the street
Thugs carrying heat
The rest of the projects surrounded with gates
Middle class families are moving upstate
While the younger generation selling cake
Trying to immitate mixtapes
It's all final
Big locks on the Verrazano
Get fined BB conduct
On some King Tut
Poverty struck
I seen the right to enter Uhaah took

My cup runneth over
Stressed out whenever I'm sober
This cold world got my girl scan
Fight on the sand
I'm allergic to ham
Weak minds all aboard
I see devils in the eyes of camcord'
And my reward is to let y'all know
I'm going out like PLO
Whenever I go uhh
THE GRITS!
THE GRITS! I start the slaughtering
Make all eyes start watering
I know an 800 number you can get your coffin
Start ordering
The metamorphosis of my skill is sure to bring overcome any king
Faking ain't counterfeit
Money in the bing
I do a sting with two 9's under my sling
Anybody you bring
Still won't do a god damn thing
You nothing but a...
Onion in the rain
I floss rhymes
I loss rhymes
I got it like that
Y'all bitch niggas I toss times
I got rhymes that'll still rock you
Cats that'll spot you
Told you I chill
Lay off a shit
I still shot you
The only thing I'm unable to do
Is do what I got to
Look in hospital
Brooklyn apostle
Lyrical gospel
Still fortunate to scorch your shit
Paying for the cost of it
Your whole style remains wack
I know It's awful kid THE GRITS!
THE GRITS!
THE GRITS!
THE GRITS! I play the back like back in the days
Give thanks and praise
Watch the frisk raise
Reunite
Take birth trees to upright
I forget a fake MC's

My songs the Bible
Survival in the man
The lost lands
No radio play
The Pillage is banned
Like a foreigner don't understand
Y'all some flan cats eat pig
Reneg real shit from digs
Hit you off with the packages
And facts on tracks
Y'all talk but that's put that back
We dealing in the orphanage
Way surpass your image
I'm a chemist
A dual dentist
Treat my heritage like friendship
I be exit
I rock a gold necklace
And restless
It's always hectic
Staten Island shit
Bad habit shit
Made me twist it
One twenty disctrict shit
Pillage be the senate
Throw darts like Masons
Garment Rennaissance
Patrionts
Hold the blood like tampons
Baby conduct
Put your fist up
No more struggles
100 dollars for the hen' dog
200 for the bubbles
Less troubles
Pill-Age
Plus some can turn rappers of off the stage
This beef will never we engage
Buck buck buck buck buck THE GRITS!
THE GRITS!
THE GRITS!
THE GRITS!
THE GRITS! If you fucked my little ho
Yo, let me know that then (Exactly)
Let me know cus I definately let niggas know
When I was banging they ho up
I was like yeah yeah
You thought she was in love with you and I tried to tell you that
She wasn't in love with you and I blazed her

Then I called you
The next day and let you know
And you gonna be like
'Yo, let me get my bracelet back'

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>