

Everything Is Everything

Cappadonna

All in the club like what? Rugged dressed up
Hair messed up gold on my neck
Don't sweat y'all show respect Poppa on the set
Death threat I come a long stretch you can bet
Love is love for real for real
Feel what you feel Park Hill 1 0 3 0 4
Rock caps til you can't take no more it's war
Prepare for darts martial arts
Let me shine keep me and mine Son of Song
Took too long, back throwin' darts, without remorse
Dart holocaust, slang boss
Remain top hip-hop, drop you to your knees for these
Big CD's, you heard it through the grapevine
Killer Beez

Everything is everything, reality
I keep my mind on everything, cause everything
Ain't always everything, and everything
That you see ain't reality, they just illusions

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Face to face I break bread every time
In the world I hold mine, play it
Now check it, see if you can comprehend
These crossover rappers that lost they origin
Run from the Wu this time it's more trouble
I'm comin' for the wreck so y'all could never bubble
Never concerned about rabbits, after my cabbage
Cherryheads, and parrots
Won't live in the barracks, we Don Hoe
Buckwild with the flow, how we do
Timbo's and full boot, vocabulary pitfall
Fuck all, more clothes than the mall
Let's brawl
Wu-Tang broke radio laws, the opposite of mines
Is yours, from sea shores to bankrupt
I conduct, erupt like Holyfield
Third seal, third chamber's from the hood
Branch out, and everytime you see Don
I'm up to no good, motherfucker
Splash that

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I'm all alone, I feel trouble in the street

City heats, ghetto beefs, trick or treat
Call Chief, mad beef with MC's
Entity, Killer Beez one machine
Intervene, on scene self esteem
We gleam at night, it seems like
We too hype, hop y'all like checkers
Projectors, we break laws, get yours
We break jaws reunite, we upright
It's alright, out of sight, out of mind
I take time I develop, heads swell up
Shut the hell up, add on, you been warned
Mics get torn in half, I drop math
Don't laugh, a bloodbath with this here
Rap Shakespeare, beware, Donna-might
Brown skin with the satellite, I represent
Buckwild and Street Life like two cent
For real, for real
Love is love, for real, for real
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The other killers, have already shown up
Now it'll be your turn, to die too
We're ready anytime!