

If It's Alright With You

Cappadonna

Featuring U God]

Yeah ninety six Park Hill style
Burial ground sound in it forever Dunn
Politic

Verse One: Cappadonna/Cappachino

Here we come right through your eardrum Dunn
Cherry head catch feel the draft of the aks
You catch one trying to pretend you could win
Headlock show the block kid counterattack
Don of mine stay connect 4th Disciple trife
Ain't nuthin ice cream, kid you get blown like steam
Park Hill Projects, the black Idi Amin
Ninety-six era, not the crossover lever
chain swinger talk swing, probably wardrobe king
So what now? Industry kids'll lock it down
Only two loyal, dustin that find you there for
You wanted to enter thirty-six in the soil
My technique is speak have you knocked out weak
Forever in it, my slang dick goes so deep
Thirsty for hip-hop, Staten Isle niggaz can't stop
Runnin wild like a child till we reach the top
Stapleton, New Bright, and West Brighton the harbor
Connect, me for vet, Don King and a tech
Thug cats'll get done up on black man's sun up
Cap the imperial, bring out new material
You hold me down, analyze all cherry-head
Wu is in town, catch the hand-off
Prepare for my dancehall standoff
Mercy when I come blow your mic-hand off, sorry I touched him
Here they come again through customs
Mad ways to dead the wax one way to bust him

Chorus:

If it's alright with you it's alright with me
We can take this rap game to a higher degree
We can do this Spike Lee or how you want it to be
Check it, Golden Arms plus new Cappadon

Verse Two: U-God, AKA Golden Arms

These ninety-nine powerful circling swords
Impact from all the heat dug deep and locked on
Chip off the bone, hard face and hard fists
Chop off your option, have you felt a neck twist
Cassette disc and wrist, meltdown your pistol mist
Burnt to a crisp, bombarded my pistol grip
Tongue gripped the nigga, raw tone the jawbone
Leaning Tower Pisa sounds of the Mars zone
Chef dropped that bomb, the takeout will still linger
Twenty crazy christians, to lock in hole and heat up
Who the finger rap singer with hip layers of phlegm
Caused by blunt smoke, heart disease plays the friend
I ran out emotion, my rap style's devotion
I got hosts for you Soviet peoples across the ocean
My path releases, volcanic acids
Engage in the page activity is autographics
Fraction of my busting microphones start to lust and
words plays over power practice might bust em
The black male persuasion known to hunt you for sane
The Big Apple verbal concert, for the occasion

The vital snap, now insert my Spinal Tap
I got forty more swipes to pipe, thirty slapped
The power from the cram broke the bottom of the pan
With Earth Wind and Fire, ice water dead grams
American hustler up and coming with a vengeance
Makes no magnet charge, plug vivid my extension
one lesson motivation for my pistol profestation
Slang person nailed now we move on a motation
Location, point-blank, on point be the vessel
Politic the defecit measure, point the decibel
We're credible, renaissance, eatin off the barrel
Advanced chemo, Die Hard to my demo
Chorus