

# We Got This

Cappadonna

Yo, hold up, yo you know what..  
S.I., Staten Island, niggaz, yo, yo

Ain't no more talkin' money or fame  
I'm stalkin' this game, and when I'm done  
I'm stickin' the fork in this game and run clutchin' my gun  
Name P.I., place S.I., N.Y.C  
Caramel papi chulo, mammies vena que  
Let's see if you could stop me  
I beat it like a one man posse, I leave it wet and sloppy  
I'm cocky, at times laid back, like to keep my fade back  
A lot of niggaz about to get paid back (HOOOOO!)  
Because a lot cats that don't like me  
I guess they thought I took it lighty  
But I rhyme and make you niggaz wanna fight me  
I'll melt a nigga like a icey, and wipe 'em up with a towel  
Still on the prowl, how bout? It's Staten Isle, I'm foul  
The same time I got respect for what's real  
Who said Staten Island niggaz ain't real?  
You dead wrong, and took you tied up with a red thong  
For goin' against The Struggle  
We squeeze on the team, crash your huddle

Well I'm known in the hood like Castellano  
You could see me in the fiddy, puffin' H. Armano  
Doin' eighty on the Belt', follow signs to Verrazano  
I keep two guns in my hood like paisano  
My style iller than ill, I'm sick like Alzheimer's  
A bugged cat, ready to bring back old drama  
If it wasn't for the Slash, what could I tell mamma  
God damn, it's bad blood between brick and the mud (HOOOOO!)  
Brick and the thugs, shittin' on love  
Turned over on the newest, start spittin' the snub  
My flow is nice and I ain't worried about them hoes at night  
For my wife and seeds, gotta get this dough shit right  
I'm analyzin', a look how the pro's get ripe  
And number 16, yeah, I want it showin' the lights  
I rep the hood, gotta respect the good  
Even the ones that left the hood, bitch!

Car hard suits, Timb boots and millimeters  
(We got this, we got this)  
Hoes and fancy cars and smokin' reefers  
Cellies and beepers (we got this)  
Hoodies and sneakers (we got this)

Yo, it's the smoked out white boy back on the block  
With the thirty eight snubbed nosed, tucked in his sock  
From the H-Block, Huegonaut, part of the rock  
Shaolin, Staten Isle, and I love hip hop  
And when it comes to the kid, man, shit ain't easy  
I Lounge with the Cappa D. and L.O. Beezy (I see you!)  
You sees me? Yeah, yo, believes me  
The Code:Red for life click, racoons need me  
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh, I got this  
Rock this, radio drop this  
The Code:Red's for real, yo, you can't stop this

None of ya'll muthafuckas out there could block this  
Jumped in the whips, all dipped down low  
Ready for a trip, to where, I don't know  
No matter where we go, you can't stop the flow  
The heat's on, gun's drawn, what's up, yo?

Aiyo, my spit never tasted good, I'm sour  
I spit for the money and I spit for power  
Then I lean on ya'll like the Eiffel Tower  
And to my Staten Isle niggaz, that's my heart  
I might leave for a minute, but could never depart  
Yeah, I'm married to this bitch and I'm still fuckin'  
I'm in the hood where the guns is nothin'  
And niggaz don't say shit, like E.F. Hutton  
Paranoid like Bush, press the button  
Don't make me grab the boomers and get disgustin'  
Poppy Wardrobe King, Code:Red Production  
Pillage for life niggaz, the hoes that's crushin'  
To all my niggaz that went out bustin'  
Grindin', the black Timbs on, wild out, hustlin'  
(We got this, we got this)