

# All Gold Everything

Killer Mike

Hey, Adam's here a game spitter  
That's right!  
West Side, broke hoe, push her appetite, blind nigga  
Do it for the money and the fame, nigga  
Just know the devil one and the same, nigga!  
Work the bruise game, nigga  
You ain't for me and then you're probably a lame nigga  
And your ears, what your ears, no shame, nigga  
Got away, game change nigga  
You ain't got it and you better win the chain, nigga  
And we want it, all gone, everything, nigga!  
I'm from West Side Atlanta when niggas handle their  
But I bust a nigga's watermelon, but the cribs is bananas!  
You blame my city is too  
You baby niggas is cute  
You think you go through ..and the niggas want you  
The nigga with me  
The nigga shooting and looping  
I know you hurt, so I am indifferent  
But bitch, this your  
And this is snow in the block  
Disagreeing or what?  
..if I like your bitch,  
I might take your, girl  
..I catch me a lame  
I laid a motherf\*\*ker down, all that time  
This is out for the break game, catch me a white man  
Now I got a new hoe, my white hand!  
..a heart's game and get now!  
What? No matter f\*\*king body was down!  
I should go to velvet room and brought me an athlete  
I'll make a rapper one like a God damn track me!  
Now the bitch you may not  
You f\*\*k me with some really  
Now the bitch you may not  
You're f\*\*king with some really  
So if you're smoking and talking and chocking gas with us  
We're sipping in the club and you're talking with us!  
Then you and you f\*\*k it, and you f\*\*k it with us  
And you're f\*\*king with us, you're f\*\*king hard, f\*\*k up!

Yeah, one time for my nigga  
No time for these bitch!  
High beats got the Fred new balance,  
But they keep niggas dressing like sissies, like sissies!  
Bitch off her man  
Leave that convert Polo two!  
I don't give a f\*\*k about no Loubotin shoe,  
But I got twenty thousands on me, on me!  
Red bottom say bitch, I don't even know what that is  
But my other pocket I can buy work for bitch bitch yeah  
Slum nigga appeal, yeah  
..who ain't real, yeah  
Run downtown with a pocket full of money  
And a nigga ain't even have a deal, yeah  
Run through Atlanta with a pocket full of money  
And the pitty don't need me to deal!

Yeah, snowing in the block, yeah!  
Snowing in the block, yeah  
We'll call through, I'll be tourist, mother f\*\*ker  
Yeah, snowing in the block, yeah!  
Snowing in the block, yeah  
Snowing in the block, yeah  
Have I laid down any pussy rapping,  
Trying to play around he talk, damn right  
Snowing in the block, yeah  
Snowing in the block, yeah  
West side niggas come through this mother f\*\*king show  
The whole damn city wants to f\*\*k, what's up, what's up?  
Snowing in the block, yeah  
Snowing in the block, yeah  
You don't want own none of the Westside street  
Y'all pussy know what's up!