

# All Out

Mase

Yo, this go out to radio stations  
The disc jockeys, college radio  
Independent market  
And promotions street team  
Anybody who put a sticker up  
Anybody that passed the word bout harlem world  
Anybody that kept the buzz goin  
Everybody that starred in harlem world  
And myself m a \$ e, baby stase  
Loon, meeno, blinky blink  
Huddy combs, cardan  
All out

There's a lot of things that been on my mine  
Lately a lot a fakes been crossing the line  
Tryin to take the track we hit on  
Throw it down and spit on, flip it, rearrange  
Boy, you messin with danger  
Wit the anger I possess  
Got to get it off my chest  
Brutalize fake emcees to get off my stress  
Take a pellet to the face  
Then I throw on a vest  
Then I grab the gloves  
And take the bullet out his chest  
Must confess  
Stress factor still I have to  
Take it there beware, prepare for disaster  
Final chapter, y'all cowards  
We gon blast ya  
When and where but not why  
Y'all already know the answer  
Cancer and the herbs  
Transform to verbs  
Nouns rip like rounds  
Clowns get bust down  
For now y'all cowards got to play the background  
I'm the warning of this rap game it's time for lock down

God bless you  
The cops came to your rescue  
I bet you, if it was ma\$e he would of threat you  
I knew you wasn't shit before I met you  
And just because you can't walk it  
Don't mean you cant talk it  
My cats got mels to hit, shells to spit  
They low in the volvo while the l's get lit  
I'm from harlem world  
You don't know the hell I'm wit  
So y'all chics can't tell me shit  
Come on now, everyone clear the way  
Under cars better stay  
Shots will ricochet  
Stay alive another day  
It's no lame in my staff  
We don't aim for cats  
So if I smack you who gon back you

You ain't see nothin  
My home made me somethin  
Stase gt glamour misses down south gettin riches  
And that's word to jehovah witness  
Any man cross this fam get beat up wit the quickness

Yo, let me tell you somethin', I'm ahead of my time  
Ain't no damn pellets, this is lead in my rhyme  
When I spit this stuff you know  
Get a pen and pad dido  
This one stop at 62, I'm a spit through ten mo  
It kinda like the window, back of the volvo limo  
Cuda, don't tell me nothin if ain't about my ammo  
All I did was 2 clue's that was just a demo  
Went from harlem to holly  
World to the wood  
People gon hate regardless I feel so good  
For my ac legend  
Now I'm a legend sit on my hood  
They say b you doin your thing I say playa I should  
I play hard like the notorious rapper  
Slash b.i.g. slash christopher  
King of new york the emperor  
Slash head fake slash in the paint horse you  
Slash perimeter slash air jordan cross you  
Slash murphy slash four turn delirious  
Slash cardan slash take my stuff seriously  
What?

I'm getting bigger dough spotin minks and figaro's  
All my misses know huddy comb the jigalo  
I can get a ho play a game like piccolo  
I done did it yo than any cat didn't ya know?  
So what you wanna do my whole team comin thru  
Runnin thru any crew I gave money to  
But really though  
Y'all cats that know don't really know  
Harlem world gon be the clique that spit that willy flow  
All them rings and things you sing about bring em out  
I did things that your team won't dream about  
Scheme about but don't really know a thing about  
But for the dough I blow any spot you slingin out

You wanna go to war, what you cock sucker  
I pulled out now I got to bust ya  
And your men from your block told me not to trust ya  
I did movies, to groupies, to blockbusters  
For all you girls out there I'm not ya lover  
You look good that's why I got to touch ya  
After that I won't even stop to hug ya  
Honey got pissed off and got her brother  
But word to mother, I break that cat into  
Cause people don't know all the things I been thru  
Still a fugitive like chris and kim woo  
Yep the cops disrespect me  
But if you want me come and get me  
Turn myself in nah you got to catch me  
Do I got a gun you betta check me  
Cause I ain't goin in alive you got to wet me

Yo, ya eyes been revealin ya past  
Sad but you feelin my wrath  
You mad 'cause I'm dealin wit cash

And a don p cylinder glass  
Try to harm me, I'm killin your ass  
Straight up and down for another half mill in a stash  
I'm appearful willin to blast  
I'm still in the bath  
Loungin chillin wit ass  
They done found you killed in the trash  
Case is close I'm orderin a case of mo  
At the shark bar wit haitian hoes

Aight hud, aight hud

Y'all case is closed layin the cut like band-aids  
Air runnin out ya mouth while you and ya man slayed

Yo, mase hop out the blue lex wit about two teks  
Spit fourteen got about two left  
If one vest is thin you rock two vest  
Triple platinum and only in the u.s  
I'm from harlem world slash all out dot com  
My con if you could pop cris then why pop don  
Any cat actin ra-ra bet he dacon  
Wanna see a hundred gran  
You look at my arm  
You think I wanna take this to far in my rugar  
Put a hollow bullet to far  
Have cats at ya wake scream bout how they knew ya  
And ya body in a salt lake out in utah  
So you are feel good, leave the country  
And I know where you are  
Spain baggage claim and you yellin bon swa  
You think I'm comfy  
Think murder one go humphrey  
Think I'm seven five make to hundred gran monthly  
Wanna lump me  
Walk in clubs they bump me  
Wanna tell they dumb chickens how they jump me  
They can't wait to see the paramedics come to pump me  
Why they ot, I'm mostly out the country  
All out