

All Praises Due

Natas

"Ready nig?"

"Yeah"

(Mastamind)

Let me put you up on this, like I roll this

I'm more than just a microphonist

Let me the fuck alone trick

Get your mail on with out me, I'll get mine no doubt

And do the pussy all night freak, is this the game about

We own shit, and they done let me in to make mill

From coast to coast to rock the bill, do this shake the hills

Set up shop on ya block here I come

Make the business move smooth with the hum

Young nation leader, lead a pack a killas to enter

We sinners, we finna eat yo ass for dinner

(Mastamind's Chorus) (4x)

And all praises due to Gotham

I keep goin till the sun rise

Son of a gun Blaz4Me

(Esham)

Let me tell you a famous story about a nigga

You never heard about

Nigga disrespect and get your mouth blew out

Straight flew out the coop, check the scoop

Young boy on the microphone, yes incorporated

be -boy flowin nigga, check my file

Nigga got more rhymes than hairdressers got hairstyles

Old school, new school, legend in my own time

In fear of a black planet still on my mind

So why you diss a nigga for a outfit

I'm tryin' not to be a toilet in the world a shit

(Esham's Chorus) (4x)

And all praises due to Gotham

I keep goin till the midnight

Son of a gun, Blaz4Me

(TNT)

Keep my name out yo mouth, before my dick be in it

Didn't I tell you motherfuckers? I was in it to win it

Still cold as dry ice make these niggaz think twice

Droppin bombs on ya ass make you scream for your life

Let's get acquainted, let me kick the game for ya

Bang it, point blank, frame it in the picture fame for ya

Shit we do is real, fuck hoes pack steel

We all about our money rap on tracks for mills

And if you niggaz want to test us

You lucky charm ass niggaz fan out slugs, magically delicious

(TNT's Chorus) (4x)

And all praises due to Gotham

I keep goin like all day

Son of a gun, Blaz4Me

Yeah, blasphemy, would you blast for me?

Cause I would blast for me, you know what I mean?

Don't be