

# Everything I Love

## Tom Warrington

The world at my sneakers  
Gold pieces molded with Jesus features  
Give streets the fever  
From the way I spit the Ether  
Came on the scene at 19, a gritty fief  
For money, power, respect, get it by any means  
A New Yorker, slick talker, walk like a brick flipper  
Decimal doctor, multiply to get richer  
I'm a entrepreneur, I'm the heart of the city  
I'm a part of the sewers, I'm the honorable Diddy  
I taste the dirt in my sweat, that's from the Harlem struggle  
All in my swagger, that's the reason why I got my hustle  
I got the highest stature, Miami diamond flasher  
I got you caught in the most flyest and stylish rapture  
My signature next to Christopher Wallace, get it honest  
My first album through to him, that was my biggest project  
Now I'm the illest known to walk like the illest soldier  
And when I smoke, only roll up with the illest doja  
You sit and mail it over my venom, a killer cobra  
It's Harlem, U.S.A., I diddy bop and shop with Oprah  
Nigga, what?  
From my voice I'm killin' 'em  
I shed my blood  
About everything I love  
Am still a eye blacker, open handed, face the palm smacker  
Goods strapper, cat stacker, good wood packer  
Tear up the Dom P wrappers faster  
Platinum Patron splasher, fuck Cris, spit atcha  
I call it rich ignorant laughter  
Black American Express card all gray now  
It's scratched up from constant usage  
Girl kidnapper, pop tags off tags  
Poppa makin' monster music  
And still I Cosa Nostra  
Big roaster, skin cola  
Girl, when I send for ya, bring friends, wontcha?  
I'm from the '80s, N.Y.C., 5 percent of culture  
Breeze through with that old school blue [Incomprehensible]  
Wrist glowin', ho-in', fly off in a Boeing

Slide off with your ho and spend six figures on her  
My persona, Sean John, unforgivable cologne  
Coppin' the biggest diamonds, makes me sorta bi-polar  
Ferrari to Phantom, vehicles for high rollers  
The studded chain around my neck, it makes the night colder  
Nigga, what?  
From my voice I'm killin' 'em  
I shed my blood  
About everything I love  
The Queens Crypt keeper, Mets hat rocker  
Pretty bitch slobber, Ex-robber, heister, my own life biographer  
Pants saggin', Bentley whippin', Summer Jam stopper  
Tim Chuck wearin', Cranapple vodka, then I spray choppers  
A doctor in the jungles of Haiti made me  
Draped in paisley bandannas, suits with Adam Stacey  
Cigar like Dick Tracy, it's dark, I get spacey  
Alcohol and laced weed, that was part of my '80s  
The Cartier conciergeries be near me  
Canary yellow cuts in my pinky yearly  
Liz Taylor tried to juxtapose me  
'Coz I keep it green like the other side of Bill Bixby  
When he gets mean  
Think fast before I blast hoes Like Grassino  
Went from scraggly old clothes  
To the illest fashion and realest rappin'  
Pablo back on the scene, won't roll back up with green  
Strictly paper cruisin' through the strip in Vegas  
Two of New York's biggest, niggaz, y'all used to hate us  
But now you love us, Nas and Diddy, power hustlers  
Nigga, what?  
From my voice I'm killin' 'em  
I shed my blood  
About everything I love  
It's on everything I love, man  
It's on everything I love  
It's on everything I love, man

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>