

The Grits (feat. 8-Off)

Cappadonna

This album right here
This is the Yin and the Yang
So you gonna hear a lot of different things on it
You gonna hear a lot of profanity
You might hear a lot of um
A lot of love, a lot of hate
You know what I'm saying?
'Cus it's like come on I got enemies
I got frienemies
And those that pretend to be'sHomicide Hills
That's the grits
The Grits
The barracks baby word up
Verrazano bridge, yo yoI give a speech like Martin Luther King
Let freedom ring, forget a bow ring, it's a black thing
Holding me locked up with brothers be getting oxed up
Taking life for granted most of us abandon
How I know you not a cruel
Beef in the home, Africans with jet black Americans
Dominicans war with the Puerto Ricans
Deep in the street thugs carrying heat
The rest of the projects surrounded with gatesMiddle class families are moving upstate
While the younger generation selling cake
Trying to immitate mixtapes
It's all final, big locks on the Verrazano
Get fined BB conduct on some King Tut
Poverty struck, I seen the right to enter Uhaah took
My cup runneth over, stressed out whenever I'm sober
This cold world got my girl scanFight on the sand, I'm allergic to ham
Weak minds all aboard
I see devils in the eyes of camcord'
And my reward is to let y'all know
I'm going out like P.L.O. whenever I go uhhThe Grits
The GritsI start the slaughtering, make all eyes start watering
I know an 800 number you can get your coffin, start ordering
The metamorphosis of my skill is sure to bring overcome any king
Faking ain't counterfeit, money in the bing
I do a sting with two 9's under my sling
Anybody you bring, still won't do a god damn thing

You nothing but a onion in the rain I floss rhymes, I loss rhymes, I got it like that
 Y'all bitch niggas I toss times
 I got rhymes that'll still rock you, cats that'll spot you
 Told you I chill, lay off a shit, I still shot you
 The only thing I'm unable to do is do what I got to
 Look in hospital, Brooklyn apostle, lyrical gospel
 Still fortunate to scorch your shit, paying for the cost of it
 Your whole style remains wack, I know it's awful kid The Grits
 The Grits
 The Grits
 The Grits Yo, I play the back like back in the days
 Give thanks and praise, watch the frisk raise, reunite
 Take birth trees to upright, I forget a fake MC's
 My song's the Bible, survival in the man, the lost lands
 No radio play, the Pillage is banned
 Like a foreigner don't understand
 Y'all some flan cats eat pig, reneg real shit from digs
 Hit you off with the packages and facts on tracks Y'all talk but that's put that back
 We dealing in the orphanage, way surpass your image
 I'm a chemist, a dual dentist, treat my heritage like friendship
 I be exit, I rock a gold necklace and restless, it's always hectic
 Staten Island shit, bad habit shit
 Made me twist it, one twenty district shit
 Pillage be the senate, throw darts like Masons
 Garment Renaissance, patrons, hold the blood like tampons Baby conduct, put your fist up, no more struggles
 100 dollars for the hen' dog, 200 for the bubbles
 Less troubles, Pill-Age
 Plus some can turn rappers off the stage
 This beef will never we engage
 Buck buck buck buck buck The Grits
 The Grits
 The Grits
 The Grits
 The Grits {If you fucked my little ho, yo, let me know that then
 Let me know 'coz I definitely let, I definitely let niggas know
 When I was banging they ho up
 I was like, yeah, yeah, you thought she was in love with you
 And I tried to tell you that she wasn't in love with you and I blazed her
 Then I, then I called you the next day and let you know
 And you gonna be like, "Yo, let me get my bracelet back"}

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