Everything I Love

changee

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 fiefa
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 juxt 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

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