

All That (feat. Krumbsnatcha & Hannibal Stax)

Afu-Ra

You know I'm like a hop, skip and jump from slappin' you senseless
Perverted monk on this mic, you feel the sentence
Hot vernacular scorch just like incense
I'm intense, shit vibin' like a sixth sense
Lyrics mutilated like X-men
Shower ya, devour ya, technique algebra
Smoothness, movements, halloed in the matrix
Fist held high, I raise it up to the ancients
Insightfully clear to you, how a master do
Roll with the high and mighty flow tai chi
Quench ya thirst, but first my journal high seas
Lyrical, mathematical, razzle and dazzle you
East New York, street talk, step with a better game
Hydrate rhymes like I was Gatorade
Rockin' a name, tappin' your brain
With the sugar Shane Mosley doin' it like it's supposed to be
They think they all that, steppin' on them like they
were doormats
We bounce back and slap you with the raw tracks
Heatin' it up steadily, so heavenly
Straight up and down, streets bouncin' off the melody
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Avoid the devil's army, they want to harm me
Salute to the Gulliani, crack babies, and zombies
Parkin' lots and drug spots, in the pots are coke rocks
A million in the building, buildings protected by more blocks
Young childs, ghost smiles, money clips colored
vials
Stash fifty, in the world of bird city the warranters
Send the foreigners the coroners
A mess no vest multiplied wounds on chest
Invest in free markets, cream cheese and pockets
Three keys to a promise, stash keys in compartments
Desert eagle my targets, hit ya lease I spark ti
We get the drop on ya spot, make it hot and unlock it
Firearms make fireworks, I wonder where lies lurk
We bloodied up your shirt, all you saw was the fire spark
I'm one of too many, who get amped off Henny
Puttin' cowards in cemeteries, kill willies for pennies
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Sex, butchery meat rack material, superior
Crank that shit amplify the whole scenario
Off the level live or in stereo
Young hustle to stay ahead of step
From where your best bet is to rep yours, repetitiously
'cause this veteran will thrash to wreck yours, repetitiously
If ever you get at me on some bullshit, flash quick
Exactly who the fuck I got pull with
Autographed it for big number one with a bullet
Expressin' black glove love hood it down, how I put it down
This style ain't never been shit to me, why would it now?
I come forth with gun smoke, no petty read ya bound by honor
That I mark you in the hunt for a dollar
Alive on the strength of power you
Divine karma, Allah's armor see you keep fraudulatin'
I'll sick my wolves in your basement, with loaded shell casings
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Songwriters

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