All Or Nothin

Athena Cage

(Lord Infamous)
Gotta have a big back
Bank account not pitty amounts
Bud by the pound
Smoke a mothafuckin' ounce
A mean ass crib
All digital studio
And some down ass hoes for the road
I want it all or nothin'
I want it all or nothin'
They bitches with a punch bowl of weed
I call it bud in bed
On the spread
Plenty cash
Dumpin' blunt ashes on they ass
A bed with hydrolix
Liqour cause I'm alcoholic
No college for my knowlege
Cause I knew how to make profits
Don't like expensive clothes
Just the gangsta aparrel
Grab my route foul
As I walk down the threshold
Black as a shadow
Smoke loc vehicle
Hit Triple 6 up on my motorola portable
Keepin' it key low pro flow
In the studio
Part time jiggalo
Rock a show to make some dough
Lord Infamous
Mafios a gangsta pimp playa
Got on my brand new scarecrow underwear
600 acre marajuana field in my backyard
Smokin banana leaves on my lawn chair
Playa cause a room
Full of mothafuckin' bombs and artillery
All fuckin' century I need
Chorus

Plenty money and dope
Alot of fine hoes
A fresh car and crib
That's how I like to live
I want it all or nothin'
(Juicy "J")
Back in the days I was broke
No joke
Fucked up in town
No g's no hope
A nigga used to hike home from school
On the bike trail
Wishin' one day this rap shit'll probably make me bail
Lil' ??? was the niggas I used to hang with
Andre and Big Trese
North Memphis bound bitch

Hangin' on Evergreen corners
Holdin' my fuckin' nuts
Watchin' freaks walk by
Sayin dirty bitch wassup
But they wasn't goin'
Cause they want a nigga sellin' yam
A mean four way
With the grain wood his ass in
95.0 chevy thang with the vogues
But I used to catch the bus
and lounge and the china store
I just couldn't wait
Tryin' to rap to get my final break
Juicy "J" AKA The Juice I want it on my tape
Sell and make money
So the niggas in my hood'll know
Any one wanna ride I'll be singin' this chorus
Chorus
(DJ Paul)
In the 9-5
I decided fuck this underground tape shit
Stack some cheese
So quit puts on my disses
Tryin' to break bitch
Kinda quick kinda fast
To a bigger studio
Bullshit producers tryin' to fuck me up my asshole
Tradin' ass niggas sayin' they do

Just enough for me
If you ain't for real
Then keep it to yourself
Cause see I ain't got time
plus aint in a mood for playin no fuckin games
you cross me somethin and I dont get it
I gotta lay it down
But I ain't and I'm not nigga
I gotta make more than I did in the 9
For whatever it takes it wont be easy
Cause in they never why
In dough it better stay like this
Or get greater
Cause if a nigga fuck me now
I promise he pay for it later
That's why I beat you to my game
And I learned the business
Cause you will straight be missin'
Without a witness
I want a pound of weed
And a candy face in the den
A bank account readin' a mill
And a 95 Benz
Chorus

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