Pump Your Fist

Cappadonna

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Uhh, yeah, what, uhh, yeah
Darts of armored warfare, Deep the rhyme Caprice
Deep in levels, alibi havin' rebel could play
This competition for pounds in the state of permission
Conversation 'bout this kid Killa BamzYou want defense, man to man
Location Shaolin New York
It ain't nuthin' to talk or walk
Get dark son, economic times to fault
Style is mangohead stagnated from softWhat the fuck you thought, we was given support?
Live from Beatdown, Shaolin success, bypass the rest
Move sixty deep, Dutch with the charm
One hundred, twenty arms, designed to unleash bombs
Holdin' dart guns in palmsOne hundred divine cyphers, Killa Bamz
I pack the dart gun hate to see
Another death in the fam, uhh, yeah, whatPump up your fist
Pump up your fist
Pump up your fist
If you love this shitPump up your fist
Pump up your fist
Pump up your fist
If you love this shitY'all confused and amusing, transfusion I'm bruising
Meth-Tical illusions, salutin' my blade
Tongue blade of fury, nurse the wound leary weary
Teary fear me, clearly, the pearl dropTime stop, holdin' shop, shockwave be brave
Ghetto came style is maim out to lunch
Out to crunch munch rhyme foods, my life reflect the jewel
My life control the cruise, ten deadly touches tooGrip the Dutches move, swing rough to cut ya
Is the one to seek philosophy in crutches
You disbelieve, in the T
Truth equal king Islam truth heard alive, Tekitha
Bust the cypher on the Gods, bust the cypher on the GodsPump up your fist
Pump up your fist

Pump up your fist
If you love this shitPump up your fist
Pump up your fist
Pump up your fist
If you love this shitVanglorious darts, brown skinned with the pen
Pioneer shift from the beginning to the end
Whatever I do, y'all imitate try to come close
But can't come straight, I branch outTerrorize scenes, split tracks, split hats
Bare facts, guns, crazy funds, a thousand sons
That'll rain on your gang, you're too plain
My dope is uncut, high level high like a planeBigger bite bigger mic underground
Beneath these streets, W T C, leaky leak
Time meet, Chi meet, ain't nuttin' sweet
Pakistan, Iran clan is like ChristWord to Poltergeist, smash every tape
Deep thoughter, out of order, off
Seven thirty, bugged like psycho from the Bronx
Wild like fat pen child to be the rap Lawrence MartinEyes like lills, mescaline pills
Three bills worth of darts, pump the heart
Bottom of the chart, slug art closin you in once again
It's the all time great, demonstrate, vocabulary executionExecutive approachin', Tang a demonstration
Pillage incorporated, first place
A Thai clean like a plant, eight time writer champ
Lamp on the beatbreak, camp on versesCheat on producers, men go working
Rhymes make a mill-in, born Park Hill'n
Internal lyrics, expose the profane
Vote for Cappadonna and your whole life'll changePump up your fist
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Pump up your fist
If you love this shitPump up your fist
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If you love this shitPump up your fist
Pump up your fist
Pump up your fist
If you love this shit

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