

# All That (ft. 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  
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  
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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Heatin' it up steadily, so heavenly  
Straight up and down, streets bouncin' off the melody  
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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