All We Got Is Us

Capone-n-noreaga

Elpee, ya hot with this one dog
Show these niggas what I'm like
Show these niggas I don't like
Show these niggas what I'm like
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Yo, yo, yo, yo
I'm like Rich Porter, the epitome of Alpo
AZ and Nicky Barnes, I rock sticky thumbs
I chopped it and I cooked till my hands got numb
Shotguns malt-liquor and ones
I used to pay homage and wanted to play to be a fat cat
Someone like Castro, mad cash flow
Me and 'Pone like the best in the business
Niggas show love, hoes show interest
My gun game got my pops to blame
I used to hop over fences and buck in the rain
And I'm not that nigga that'll fuck ya dame
I'm true to my niggas, hop out the car
Hand on my mac, cock back, ready to clap
Up in Iraq, see my niggas hustlin' crack
The same scheme from Queens when you livin' your dreams
You gotta sell things if you're looking for fiends
I got love for niggas
Niggas always snaky
I got love for hoes
Hoes always snaky
I got love for cliqua
Clique always snaky
All we got is us
All we got is us
I know crips, yo crips even be in Iraq
I know young bloods and niggas like O.G. Mack
I dropped out in seventh grade and I knew I'd be straight

I went O.T. and then I copped bricks for eight
I cut black bitches off for at least three weeks
I had Spanish hoes spittin' nuts on the seats
I see Jesus in my kids but it's silly to me
How I see Him in them, don't see Him in me
I blanks out, my nigga knight just hit the bricks
I'm not a rapper, I sell a lot of crack but spit
Niggas that I'm cool with, I only keep a nigga hot
Say I'm on some new shit, then I cock the pop
The other side of the game doin' fifty y'all
I survived behind the wall and the feds for y'all
Similar to, "Hurricane" harassed half my life
I got a right to flash my ice, crash the Vipe
I got love for niggas
Niggas always snaky
I got love for hoes
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When everything goes sour, I got my dog
I squeezed off, went through the pound and locked my doors
I'm not scared of your guns, I got shot before
Niggas' jewels got little rocks like Arkansas
I'm the prophet of B.I.G., but never the next
I'm the first in every verse spit shit get worse
You can hate me or wish I'd lie in a hearse
Respect my game, who the best? Select my name
I salute niggas in jail, I'm big as Latrell
On the street, you need heat? Ask Dominican Will
My cliqua's off the meter, we come gunnin' bullets
Whistle past your ear like police in London
We the best that ever did it, the rest never lived it
Gettin' bucked at a bing-time, stressed on a visit
I'm Y2K in a flesh, the future at it's best
Nevertheless I pop metal to death
I got love for niggas
Niggas always snaky
I got love for hoes
Hoes always snaky
I got love for cliqua
Clique always snaky
All we got is us
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Yeah, dedicated to Rich Porter little brother
Who died in the struggle and never got recognized for it
Dedicated to niggas like Phat Cap and Perry Mason
You know
You know how them niggas do, Tash and corn bread supreme
You know, E Money-Bags, Cameron Y
Niggas that were gettin' money, that I was growin' up tryin' to be like
Ya smell me? Word up to all them gangster niggas
All them gangster niggas, man
All them gang bangin' niggas in L.A
All them niggas in Little Rock, Arkansas
Bang, bang, nigga, it's nothin'
I see y'all niggas, I feel your struggle
I went through it the same way
I'm still goin' through it the same way, I'm just a rapper now
People think I'm legit, but I do my shit
I still gotta hustle, I still gotta have bricks, but you know
Let's feed the kids, man, yeah, let's feed the kids, man
Let's do this shit for the kids, man
I got a call right now
I'm a answer my call, but I'm a just say it like this
I do this for the gangstas, man, for the gangstas, man

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