

# All Out

## Anna Lunoe

We goin' all out  
(Aite)  
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Watch ya motherfuckin' mouth niggaz  
(That's right, fuck these fag niggaz)  
Do it, do it, do it  
Come Hell or high water, down to slaughter opposers  
Just another lost soul, stuck, callin' Jehovah  
Outlaw 'til it's over, brand as my strap  
Back like a cobra, I stay drunk 'cause I'm a mad man  
Whenever sober, on a one man mission  
My ambition to hold up the rap game  
While I pluck holes in niggaz like donuts  
And still down to die for all my souljas  
Like hillbillies, they don't fear me  
So refuse bringin' war to the city  
With each breath, death before dishonor  
Never let you swallow me, no apologies, your honor  
A general in war, I'm the first to bomb  
With a squad of trusted killers, quick to move shit heavily armed  
I'm similar to Saddam, sometimes I question Hussein  
Like fiends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game  
I hit the scene like sandstorms, then transform, watch me  
I take the figure of dirty niggaz, who all got me  
While bitches wonderin' who shot me  
No love, keep a grudge, shootin' sluggs like Muammar Quadaffi  
Murder my friends, build a new posse  
We takin' shots at paparazzi, go and fly now, nigga like Rocky  
You got a lot of nerve to play me  
Another gay rapper, bustin' caps to Jay Z  
(Buck buck buck buck buck buck)  
And still avoid capture, while y'all caught up in the rapture  
Still after me, I'm in Jamacia sippin' daquiris, no doubt  
We used to havin' nothin', then grabbin' somethin' and bustin'  
Wanted to be the thug nigga, that my old man wasn't  
I came to a field, catchin' cases, litigation  
Niggaz playa hatin', got me crooked in all fifty states

I'm screamin' death row, throw my Westside, ain't no thang  
We was raised off drive-by's, brought up to bang  
We claim mob, M O B if you be specific  
We control all cash from Atlantic Pacific  
And get this, I'm hard to kill  
When I peel with this live spot

Father, how the Hell did I survive, these five shots?  
Live it up, of give it up, and my demons  
Late night, hear them screamin'  
We goin' all out

We goin' all out, bomb first till they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
Each nigga handle ya own, bring it on strong  
If you got bills to pay, nigga go all out  
Bustas playin' with ya peeps, betta go all out  
Try'na see the next day, nigga go all out  
Obstacles in ya way, you better go all out

I'm on my land sled, walkin' through the belly of the beats  
Feelin' like I'm all out, drunk as can be, it's plain' to see  
That we mobb niggaz hidin' in bushes claimin' that they ride rough  
But they soft as they cushion, they softer than bitches  
In the worst way, drownin' in blood, outlawz my blood brothers  
I'd die for these thuggs, say hi to this slug  
It's a shame how some niggaz on the west coast  
Was ridin' with Pac, but when he died, they went pop  
I'm on the Jers to the fullest, like some west coast love  
But after Pac stopped rappin', it ain't no west coast thug  
Just westcoast what? To my real niggaz stuck in the street game  
'Cause rappers like Jay Z be pumpin' Kool-Aid through they vein's  
Is it true what I'm sayin'? Slap your soft ass to the floor  
And watch my fo-fo put peek holes through your door  
I ride or die, but these other fag niggaz be bitin' this  
It's all from my heart when I was writin' this, all out  
We goin' all out, bomb first till they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
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Now, we all ride and down to die, who wit us?  
Speak up, or get treated like you comin' to kill us  
Ain't nothin' but squealers, in this rap game, swearin' they rough

Tattooed up, and now them niggaz swearin' they Pac  
Stop that, and watch ya back, we ain't forgot 'bout cha  
These glocks hot, and when shot, it'll bring the bitch up out cha  
It's me, Kastro with the goattee, walkin' like a OG  
'Cause all these fag motherfuckers owe me  
I pray to the thug Lord, like that motherfuckers holy  
Frontline soulja, till the Heavens call me  
I go all out, and if you real, you real  
Feel what I'm talkin' 'bout, 'cause this game is ill  
I live it, forbidden fruit, shoot, 'till they feel it  
Livin' proof, Pac breed niggaz, they can't deal wit  
Holla back, right back, and watch ya mouth  
Or get blood in it, what, we goin' all out, nigga  
We goin' all out, bomb first till they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
Each nigga handle ya own, bring it on strong  
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Bustas playin' with ya peeps, betta go all out  
Try'na see the next day, nigga go all out  
Obstacles in ya way, you better go all out  
We goin' all out, bomb first till they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
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Each nigga handle ya own, bring it on strong  
If you got bills to pay, nigga go all out  
Bustas playin' with ya peeps, betta go all out  
Try'na see the next day, nigga go all out  
Obstacles in ya way, you better go all out  
Fool, you better go all out  
Keep goin' all out  
All my niggaz goin' all out  
Without a muthafuckin' doubt  
Ey, you niggaz just gon think that you gon be uhh  
Talkin' and slippin' on all of these motherfuckin' records  
And we ain't gon say shit, now it's 1999  
It's a different grin'd, don't disrespect the Don  
It's still war motherfuckers