All Out

Anna Lunoe

We goin' all out
(Aite)
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We goin' all out
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
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
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
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
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
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

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