

## Oh Donna

Cappadonna

Tell Mel Shawn to come in  
Word, yo, one life to live  
It's on your head  
Just like my daughters  
That's my word!  
Polka dot  
Connection  
Shine just apostle

Yo, my whole body like a spoiler kid, draped in the latest hits  
Both hands, two glass cutters, cops'll alter this  
Cream of Wheat steez pushed back, we in a spaceship  
Like the Jetsons, ashtray slide refreshments  
Automatic bubble yo, straight off the Benz  
Dac double Daniel unrockable fam milk the same yo  
Fuck you, Duel of the Iron, Tony win a Oscar  
Legendary rah, wicked Phantom of the Opera  
Blow fish the movie's over, die with a slow kiss  
Tongue kiss the neck and it's, mucus from a locust  
Stand on fly, Mel-a-chi is on standby  
The white Puma's go with the X I multiply yo

Word on block is that half the King Killer Beez  
Rap's under siege, Guyanese guns  
I got European funds, my ice don't melt  
Shaolin is felt, mathematics is my rod  
And my staff, I pray like this  
I break mics in half, shit realism  
Fuck Moet and baguettes, that get paid off  
Or get laid off, I spray New York  
I'm an angel, at war with the rappers  
Good black women sleep over at Cappa's  
I fall into it, Mr. September  
Rock my long FUBU shirt in the winter  
I respect my kind, plus pack a nine  
Daytime outfit superb outlet  
Staten Isle in effect, y'all in the manor  
If you can feel Don down it Atlanta  
I'm a poet, my work is never done  
Law of Park Hill, my mic is stage one  
Fifty-five tribes, in Psalms 30  
Caution, sometimes my thoughts get dirty  
Somethin precise, hold back the pressure  
My unit too nice, you only got one life  
To live, think twice  
(Think twice think twice twice twice twice)

Yo, aiiyyo we swingle, make moves, PJ out the window  
Flamingo, Santa Domingo, let's Kringle  
Bruce Wayne diggin graveyard rocks and swingin  
Multimillions, rap pavillion stay G'in

This year, we throw darts in the air  
To let y'all know this shit is severe  
Ohhhhhhh Donnn-na, Ohhhhhhh Donnn-na

Dove nice Mary Jane bitches Bud Light

Co-production I spoke to Christ, shoes were light  
Statueheads all up in my lab like mad  
Empty bags are lyin in the yard, welfare  
Dead weight yo, cables that clamp around the neck  
Sucrets fast Corvettes, tees on my rest  
Sabotage, rap motor large, Mickey caught a charge  
Credit card scam, when he couldn't rock the Wu skull  
Fuck yeah, televise the shit on Fox  
Big Ghost'll grab the jim and un-fasten your box'  
You're allergic to the fungus on Earth, Killer Bee  
Headquarters is work, Khadafi body in his turf  
Yo, shame on, all y'all niggaz on some Baywatch shit  
Soundin like me, suckin my dick  
Pretty Tone, long live the great Cappadon  
Cappadon

As I get it on  
I'ma take time to wait for y'all niggaz to stop  
It ain't enough room for y'all cats to sound chop  
In a class by myself I hold the foundation  
Face to face, I make my affiliation  
Short and brief, I make out with the loose leaf  
In the struggle, ten years after the beef  
I choose to come forth then pronounce my sin  
If it's not the felonies or the color of my skin  
I'ma keep switchin my gear, again and again  
From the trainin camp I drive past V.I.N.  
It be Wu-Wear for life, my team is top billin  
More sacrifices, create better livin  
My darts came to save the world like Blue Ribbon  
Protect seeds, and protect black women  
Raised in the Pillage right now we just driftin  
Ferry boat niggaz make a whole lotta difference  
Drama, if you slackin up in the business  
Godly from the Group Home always got biscuits

Ohhhhhh, Donnn-na (4x)