

Pump Your Fist

Cappadonna

Uhh yeah what uhh yeah
Darts of armored warfare Deep the rhyme Caprice
Deep in levels alibi havin' rebel could play
This competition for pounds in the state of permission
Conversation bout this kid Killa Bamz
You want defense man to man location Shaolin New York
It ain't nuthin' to talk or walk
Get dark son economic times to fault
Style is mangohead stagnated from soft
What the fuck you thought, we was given support?
Live from Beatdown, Shaolin success, bypass the rest
Move sixty deep, Dutch with the charm
One hundred, twenty arms, designed to unleash bombs
Holdin' dart guns in palms
One hundred divine cyphers, Killa Bamz
I pack the dart gun hate to see another death in the fam
Uhh, yeah, what
Pump up your fist
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If you love this shit

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Y'all confused and amusing, transfusion I'm bruising
Meth-Tical illusions, salutin' my blade
Tongue blade of fury, nurse the wound leary weary
Teary fear me, clearly, the pearl drop
Time stop, holdin' shop, shockwave be brave
Ghetto came style is maim out to lunch
Out to crunch munch rhyme foods, my life reflect the jewel
My life control the cruise, ten deadly touches too
Grip the Dutches move, swing rough to cut ya
Is the one to seek philosophy in crutches
You disbelieve, in the T
Truth Equal King Islam Truth Heard Alive, TEKITHA
Bust the cypher on the Gods, bust the cypher on the Gods

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Vanglorious darts, brown skinned with the pen
Pioneer shift from the beginning to the end
Whatever I do, y'all imitate -- try to come close
But can't come straight; I branch out
Terrorize scenes, split tracks, split hats
Bare facts, guns, crazy funds, a thousand sons

That'll rain on your gang, you're too plain
My dope is uncut, high level high like a plane
Bigger bite bigger mic underground beneath these streets
W-T-see, leaky leak
Time meet, Chi meet, ain't nuttin' sweet
Pakistan, Iran clan is like Christ
Word to Poltergeist, smash every tape
Deep thoughte, out of order, off
Seven thirty, bugged like psycho from the Bronx
Wild like fat pen child to be the rap Lawrence Martin
Eyes like lills, mescaline pills
Three bills worth of darts, pump the heart
Bottom of the chart, slug art closin' you in once again
It's the all time great, demonstrate, vocabulary execution
Executive approachin', Tang a demonstration
Pillage Incorporated, first place
A thai clean like a plant, eight time writer champ
Lamp on the beatbreak, camp on verses
Cheat on producers, men go working
Rhymes make a mill-in, born Park Hill'n
Internal lyrics, expose the profane
Vote for Cappadonna and your whole life'll change

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