

# The Grits

Cappadonna

This album right here  
This is the Yin and the Yang  
So you gonna hear a lot of different things on it  
You gonna hear a lot of profanity  
You might hear a lot of um...  
A lot of love  
A lot of hate  
You know what I'm saying?  
Cus it's like come on I got enemies  
I got frienemies  
And those that pretend to be's  
HOMOCIDE HILLS!  
That's the grits  
THE GRITS!  
The barracks baby word up  
Verrazano bridge  
Yo yo  
I give a speech like Martin Luther King  
Let freedom ring  
Forget a bow ring  
It's a black thing  
Holding me locked up  
With brothers be getting oxed up  
Taking life for granted  
Most of us abandon  
How I know you not a cruel  
Beef in the home  
Africans  
With jet black Americans  
Dominicans war with the Puerto Ricans  
Deep in the street  
Thugs carrying heat  
The rest of the projects surrounded with gates  
Middle class families are moving upstate  
While the younger generation selling cake  
Trying to immitate mixtapes  
It's all final  
Big locks on the Verrazano  
Get fined BB conduct  
On some King Tut  
Poverty struck  
I seen the right to enter Uhaah took  
My cup runneth over  
Stressed out whenever I'm sober  
This cold world got my girl scan  
Fight on the sand  
I'm allergic to ham  
Weak minds all aboard  
I see devils in the eyes of camcord'  
And my reward is to let y'all know  
I'm going out like PLO  
Whenever I go uhh  
THE GRITS!  
THE GRITS!  
I start the slaughtering  
Make all eyes start watering  
I know an 800 number you can get your coffin

Start ordering