

We Got This

Cappadonna

Yo, hold up, yo you know what..
S.I., Staten Island, niggaz, yo, yo

Ain't no more talkin' money or fame
I'm stalkin' this game, and when I'm done
I'm stickin' the fork in this game and run clutchin' my gun
Name P.I., place S.I., N.Y.C
Caramel papi chulo, mammies vena que
Let's see if you could stop me
I beat it like a one man posse, I leave it wet and sloppy
I'm cocky, at times laid back, like to keep my fade back
A lot of niggaz about to get paid back (HOOOOO!)
Because a lot cats that don't like me
I guess they thought I took it lighty
But I rhyme and make you niggaz wanna fight me
I'll melt a nigga like a icey, and wipe 'em up with a towel
Still on the prowl, how bout? It's Staten Isle, I'm foul
The same time I got respect for what's real
Who said Staten Island niggaz ain't real?
You dead wrong, and took you tied up with a red thong
For goin' against The Struggle
We squeeze on the team, crash your huddle

Well I'm known in the hood like Castellano
You could see me in the fiddy, puffin' H. Armano
Doin' eighty on the Belt', follow signs to Verrazano
I keep two guns in my hood like paisano
My style iller than ill, I'm sick like Alzheimer's
A bugged cat, ready to bring back old drama
If it wasn't for the Slash, what could I tell mamma
God damn, it's bad blood between brick and the mud (HOOOOO!)
Brick and the thugs, shittin' on love
Turned over on the newest, start spittin' the snub
My flow is nice and I ain't worried about them hoes at night
For my wife and seeds, gotta get this dough shit right
I'm analyzin', a look how the pro's get ripe
And number 16, yeah, I want it showin' the lights
I rep the hood, gotta respect the good
Even the ones that left the hood, bitch!

Car hard suits, Timb boots and millimeters
(We got this, we got this)
Hoes and fancy cars and smokin' reefers
Cellies and beepers (we got this)
Hoodies and sneakers (we got this)

Yo, it's the smoked out white boy back on the block
With the thirty eight snubbed nosed, tucked in his sock
From the H-Block, Huegonaut, part of the rock
Shaolin, Staten Isle, and I love hip hop
And when it comes to the kid, man, shit ain't easy
I Lounge with the Cappa D. and L.O. Beezy (I see you!)
You sees me? Yeah, yo, believes me
The Code:Red for life click, racoons need me
Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-duh, I got this
Rock this, radio drop this
The Code:Red's for real, yo, you can't stop this

None of ya'll muthafuckas out there could block this
Jumped in the whips, all dipped down low
Ready for a trip, to where, I don't know
No matter where we go, you can't stop the flow
The heat's on, gun's drawn, what's up, yo?

Aiyo, my spit never tasted good, I'm sour
I spit for the money and I spit for power
Then I lean on ya'll like the Eiffel Tower
And to my Staten Isle niggaz, that's my heart
I might leave for a minute, but could never depart
Yeah, I'm married to this bitch and I'm still fuckin'
I'm in the hood where the guns is nothin'
And niggaz don't say shit, like E.F. Hutton
Paranoid like Bush, press the button
Don't make me grab the boomers and get disgustin'
Poppy Wardrobe King, Code:Red Production
Pillage for life niggaz, the hoes that's crushin'
To all my niggaz that went out bustin'
Grindin', the black Timbs on, wild out, hustlin'
(We got this, we got this)