

# The Grits (feat. 8-Off)

## Cappadonna

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'sHOMOCIDE 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 uh  
        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  
The metamorphosis of my skill is sure to bring overcome any king  
    Faking ain't counterfeit  
    Money in the bing  
I do a sting with two 9's under my sling  
    Anybody you bring  
Still won't do a god damn thing  
    You nothing but a...  
    Onion in the rain  
    I floss rhymes  
    I loss rhymes  
    I got it like that  
    Y'all bitch niggas I toss times  
I got rhymes that'll still rock you  
    Cats that'll spot you  
    Told you I chill  
    Lay off a shit  
    I still shot you  
The only thing I'm unable to do  
    Is do what I got to  
    Look in hospital  
    Brooklyn apostle  
    Lyrical gospel  
Still fortunate to scorch your shit  
    Paying for the cost of it  
Your whole style remains wack  
I know It's awful kid THE GRITS!  
    THE GRITS!  
    THE GRITS!  
THE GRITS! I play the back like back in the days  
    Give thanks and praise  
    Watch the frisk raise  
        Reunite  
    Take birth trees to upright  
    I forgot a fake MC's

My songs the Bible  
Survival in the man  
The lost lands  
No radio play  
The Pillage is banned  
Like a foreigner don't understand  
Y'all some flan cats eat pig  
Reneg real shit from digs  
Hit you off with the packages  
And facts on tracks  
Y'all talk but that's put that back  
We dealing in the orphanage  
Way surpass your image  
I'm a chemist  
A dual dentist  
Treat my heritage like friendship  
I be exit  
I rock a gold necklace  
And restless  
It's always hectic  
Staten Island shit  
Bad habit shit  
Made me twist it  
One twenty disctrict shit  
Pillage be the senate  
Throw darts like Masons  
Garment Renaissance  
Patriots  
Hold the blood like tampons  
Baby conduct  
Put your fist up  
No more struggles  
100 dollars for the hen' dog  
200 for the bubbles  
Less troubles  
Pill-Age  
Plus some can turn rappers of off the stage  
This beef will never we engage  
Buck buck buck buck THE GRITS!  
THE GRITS!  
THE GRITS!  
THE GRITS!  
THE GRITS!If you fucked my little ho  
Yo, let me know that then(Exactly)  
Let me know cus I definately let niggas know  
When I was banging they ho up  
I was like yeah yeah  
You thought she was in love with you and I tried to tell you that  
She wasn't in love with you and I blazed her

Then I called you  
The next day and let you know  
And you gonna be like  
'Yo, let me get my bracelet back'

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>