

# 97 Mentality

## Cappadonna & Ghostface Killah

Yo, it's the burial ground sound, Dunn  
It's real out here  
Staten Island puttin' chills in y'all niggaz  
Forever in it, yoMy devastatin' hot '97 Mentality  
Keep me on point for my four digit salary  
Heavyweight lyric never lost one calorie  
I'm soon to be seen, on the TV screenGambino Cappacino to the Afro Sheen  
Stay black, where I'm at, high road to rap council  
Splash love to Wu in a orderly tonsil  
Never limit to the diction, 'cause chaos to mixin'Brutalize a sound check, ripple through the  
intermission  
Rap's under siege, held tight like a squeeze  
Forced in the world 'Donna nuclear freeze  
Through the damage to the wannabe Flipmode and Def Squad  
Ruckus a whirlpool in the rap entourage  
If you dare to test thirty-six, chambers of strangers  
My word of mouth, it's all real wigs might peel  
Livin' large and in charge branch out Bon VoyageTwenty-four diamond government named  
God  
Alias Daryl Hill bring thugs back to kill  
Circle around my son, Daryl Jr. never eatin' large  
Auntie Dauntie sixteen holdin' me downAIDS of rap music may be contagious to sound  
Verbal the slang pushed back to create pronoun  
Method forcin' J-Love to Bring the Pain from underground  
Realizin' food for thought is self-compromisin'Shaolin cut the crack into a triple-O sizin'  
Blue do what he do to keep that currency risin'  
Hopin' I catch a deal so we can catch a full wheel  
Instead of catchin' bodies, niggaz not keepin' it real  
Dirtball niggaz that steal cake from stores  
That's my type of niggaz I be wantin' on my tours  
Can't help it, my styles stay fat like Roseanne  
Ruckus in the square, I stay rough like the ClanPanther on my arm, pen and pad in my hand  
Punk motherfuckers better beware of the Shaolin  
Defy interactive project Children of the Corn  
Gats and my man, keep 'em bustin' till he's goneStyle so ancient it sparks just like the unicorn  
'Donna come through everyday my uniform  
Changes and switches, I came to make ladies out of bitches  
Crackhead niggaz get stitchesSo what up with that kid, danger when I attack kid  
Watch how the slang hits you, just like the fat kid  
Form another pyramid, look how we slid  
All over Park Hill, Stapleton politicOn a twenty dollar bill all in it together  
You can't fuck with the stormy weather, yaknahmean?To the year Born God all the Gods strike

hard

Fast from the swine hold down your boulevard

Father-U to C-Cypher, start the revolution

Middle finger in the air, for slang prostitution To the year Born God all the Gods strike hard

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>