

# Rhymefest, All I Do

(Rhymefest)

Mr. Blue Collar, yeah... you know what?  
It's time for me to give a testament to where I came from  
The streets of Chicago, Southside  
Yeah, Mr. Blue Collar  
I gotta do it like this

You can take the boy outta slum, can't take slum outta son  
I should be lynched, I'm so high-strung  
At 15 my mother tried to have me aborted  
You gotta kill us both doc, I'm not the only one  
It's a package deal, comin up like a pack of rats  
fightin over scraps, the streets is ill  
Take a trip to the city of wind, the city of sin  
My block'll have you born again  
But it ain't like church, life hurts  
Drug raids, she stuffin rocks down her baby's diapers  
It go the other way too when your mother's on hype  
and you gotta serve her blow 'fore you go to school  
So I spit like a fool to the chorus  
Military jail time all they got for us  
I seen how they deal every Hoover and Jeff Ford (how?)  
Lock up all our leaders, let the ghetto eat us  
I'm the ghetto Regis, in Che-vy Caprices  
And niggaz that front can get blown to little pieces  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know why? Cause it's

(Chorus)

All I do - workin hard for scratch  
Talk shit get your jaw deattached  
All I do - though I'm still in the streets a bit  
A brother ain't fin' to take no shit  
All I do - lil' buddy, this could get ugly  
Trust me, cause this is  
All I do - before I explode, I give you my ode  
In the summer, rain, fall or cold

(Rhymefest)

Spittin bars is felt to carve wealth  
And stay hungry to the death I will starve my-self  
To keep what I got and have what I want  
And stay real them my niggaz knowin half of 'em don't got  
The gift to ball, a rhymers fit  
Thought we still want the finest shit (all I do)  
Is take whitey's bread, keep a nice spread  
Hit the club and try to leave without bustin no heads  
I don't care about a deal, I've been poor all my life  
Cocksucker I ain't afraid of how the shit feel  
Sit still, soak the moment in  
You got somethin bad to say, nigga hold it in  
You afraid to die? You ain't a soldier then  
Chi-Town stand up, we supposed to win  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know why? Cause it's

(Chorus)

(Rhymefest)

This for my people locked up for pushin diesel  
Deliver us from this evil God (all I do)  
Or gettin home from the gig and got a gang full of kids  
You feel the stress like (all I do)  
Setbacks, yeah you gotta expect that  
Get back and grind nigga (all I do)  
Now you can let yourself breathe

Throw yo' hands in the air and release say (all I do)

Mr. Blue Collar