

ALL LIES ON ME (LYRICS):

-INTRO:

Yeah! (All lies on me). Big Stace, New York City, ARA's! (All lies on me). The truth I tell about you is more powerful than the lies you tell about me. (All lies on me). Strap up boy. Check me out. Let's do this.

-VERSE1:

Woke up this morning with a long yawn, 5am I rise before the cold dawn. My cat was sleeping by my leg so I pet him. Cats rule everything around me, I let him. But there's one pussy that don't rule shit, Robert Gilbert AKA Rob the dick! Some might say that he's done a lot of good but he's toxic, just like rat poison in the hood. He's the reason why New York is divided, Mr. temper tantrum is so one sided. It's ironic cause he's two faced. I guess that ketamine that boy is sniffing must be too laced. But that's neither here nor there. I won't judge him for his vices, that's his own personal affairs. Live and let live, that's the creed, as long as no animals suffer or bleed. I just wish he'd do the same but he's evil, that's why me and the bank robber ain't equal. I don't carry all that hate in my blood. Or talk shit about anybody I love, let alone about anybody I hug. When we were cool all he did was drag his friends through the mud. Not even Lisa was safe from his venomous tongue. You see Lisa wanted to have a baby. I guess that's when she had hope. He said "that bitch can't carry, she does too much coke". I should've paid attention to the signs. People warned me, "he'll turn on you Philly, give it time". But I gave him the benefit. I supported him, it was evident. Then I started doing dairy demos, that's when he started turning to a shady fellow. He didn't like it that I was getting shine. He's a hater and haters going' hate every time. Nobody never seen his face at the hack line but the weekend of the AR march, surprise! He knows how to play the game well, if he impresses out of towners his bullshit won't smell. But we know what you're all about Robbie. The jig is up, you're starting to get sloppy. By the way can we get a copy of the receipts for the money you raised? I believe we donated about 20k. All we got is posters up in dark alleyways. You fight for fur all year round but don't got a single fur baby at home, how?!?! Is this a joke? You gotta be kidding! Plus your partner Pim sells wool for a living. You fucking boys are clowns. Take off your fucking liberation shirts right now! The real poser is right in the mirror. You're paranoid cause your end is getting nearer, and i ain't even have to smack you to do it, if I did you'd dial 911 like a true bitch. You ain't nothing but a judas spreading lies, and you do it without blinking your weird beady eyes. Remember the night that we were hanging out, and you said you had a great idea? You said you were gonna tell everyone that Canada Goose had bed bugs last year (more lies). What type of campaign are you running boy?(huhhh? huh?) What would your

donors say? You're misleading all your followers astray. You're obsessed with me and ofcourse Kim K. No outreach skills so you yell at women all day, when a good conversation goes a long way. That's probably why at Canada Goose ain't shit changed. Not a pony, you're a one trick ARA(ARA). You're a spiteful little brat, facts! Sabotaging fundraisers for animals, you're wack! And it's all cause of your jealousy, your insecurities, your immaturity. (grow up) Your propaganda could never ever ruin me. RIP RB, this is your eulogy.

-CHORUS:

Speaking up for the animals until the day I die. Got no time for the bank robber cause he been spreading lies. All lies on me! Speaking up for the animals until the day I die. Got no time for the bank robber cause he been spreading lies. All lies on me! Speaking up for the animals until the day I die. Got no time for the bank robber cause he been spreading lies. All lies on me!

-OUTRO:

You like talking about me huh? Shit, you know what I'mma do? I'mma start a demo in front of Pim's job for selling wool. No, you know what I got a better idea. I'mma do a disruption in front of your twin brother's chicken wing restaurant. He's making a lot of money killing all those birds, you know I'm saying? I heard you're trying to start a tattoo shop. I hope you ain't using the money you raised from us. Don't try to pull a fast one on us boy. You know I'm saying? From now on I don't think nobody should give you a dollar without you showing receipts for every single penny. You know what I mean? Punk! Shit, 20 thousand dollars and all we get is some Canada Goose posters here and there that get ripped up a week later. I could've done the same thing with a thousand dollars boy. Give me a break! You know I mean? Shit! You could never see me man! Stop talking about me sucka!

- WRITTEN BY FELIPE / ALL EYES ON ME(TUPAC) (FREESTYLE) -
- ALBUM: "THE PHILLY STALLONE ERA" - MIXXTAPE -