# Dogs Of War

## Skarhead

Just keep away
Go on, it's not your fight
It's not yours nigga, fall back
I'm about to blow somethin' out here, straight up
Yeah, this is a family thing
We gon' handle our business and shit
These muthafuckas know not to come around here like that
This is real shit, real talk
Four different niggaz with four different aspects, nigga
This is family shit
Who the fuck said family ain't family no more, nigga?
This is tight shit, tighter than white in ya wallet
Yo, I'm talkin' bags of heavy coke, bracelets on every men
Innocent dope pushers, over night king pins
Indeed, we smack niggaz up for their cheese
Throw bleach in yo face, got beef, let it be chuck
The streets don't know my peeps
Jumpin' out of UPS trucks, blowin' niggaz off they feet
With four-four gloves, rims spinnin', tippin' on fo-fo's
My mouth be worth millions, somethin' like Paul Wall's
Ladies look out they ain't thugs, they homo's
The film look hyper when I clap 'em in slo mo'
Ya'll still payin' the mob? We whip niggaz out like waffle batter
Theodore ancient with dart, flossin' them diamonds
Discussin' our hits over a glass of scotch
Baywatch bitches that ski, take turns when they hand us the twat
Think not, we still run the trains, till the condom pop
On the low, we still fuckin' them cops
Pretty things from all precincts, Friday nights
We holdin' they glocks
This is family, nigga, niggaz can't stand me
Next up, my little man, I hand you the jammy
You know the fam, what it is, it is what it is
S.I.N.Y., where the animals live
Ass bet, niggaz run in yo cribs
I don't care if you blast for the cash, then scramble yo wig
I'm like, "Damn, what a wonderful kid"
I could do what I want, doin' dirt, not servin' a bid
You know a real fam handle they biz, everybody get searched

From the grandpops, down to the kids
And my time, I'm officially here, tell ya man
Go and start up ya car, start shiftin' the gears
Sun God got the pits for his hairs 'cuz niggaz is scared
Hopin' I don't let it blow in they ribs
I said hot, niggaz get robbed non stop
Once the gun cock, niggaz strip down to they socks
And my fam at the tippity top, I won't stop
Believe it or not, you and ya man is close targets
Juks everythin', dice games, mini markets
Fam gon' spark it, I'ma take whatever is in the pockets
Mostly the cash and the wallet, slide off the jewels
'Cuz you shinin', begets and the diamonds
Never deny niggaz with iron, yo
Aiyo, chillin' with the Ceasar crew
We can smoke, all in the halls
It's how many niggaz with guns, got 'em on
All tip top, cling to the fullest, mad bullets
This is a hobby, the lobby where they clap yo hoods
Get the paper, word to everythin', we a acre up
Barbequin' like a mutt, we ain't taking nothin'
A high tech extremist, Gatorade, paid ya boy some money
To lay up on the low, swinging beamers
I need to be an actor,but instead, I'd rather be in Hempstead
All of my bread came from crack barbers and shoppers
So much beef in these whoppers
Guns that'll knock out floors and hit choppers
What? What? The family remains 'cuz it's grain
It's automatic, I live it and I claim it
It's real, come around here, you bought here
Yo, lay that half tape, then you will get wrapped real quick
Aiyo, we hug the block on President's Day
Swingin' all year round, gettin' that money the American way
Might run up in yo weddin', grab the reverend and spray
And let the shots for whatever they may
This is family, nigga, minus the mob size
The resurrection of Toney Starks and Trife Dies', starrin' in Part 5
Niggaz'll rather die when they're pride's in question
Try'na play hero, getting stuck for they prized possessions
Look you starin' in the eyes of oppression
That's why I ride with protection extended clips
Super sizing my weapons, five eleven, keep the heat tucked
That'll burn a hole through ya stomach like acid reflux
Get buried in ya cheap tux'
We make it hard for you niggaz to keep up

Been through a hundred towns,and runnin', beatin' the streets up
Come up north in New York, down in Miami, pumpin'
At a table, breakin' bread like a family
Florida, where we follow the code of the streets
And breakin' the beats and we takin' the east
Never the least, we invadin' the streets
Shakin' the beast, we familiar for life
We don't run, we grab knives, my double edged spit life
My dogs is real tight, shootin' the dice
Some of my fam might snatch ya ice
Got family that go to church, come back like you don't work
Got family that'll set you up, got family that chill
Wanna spark the dutch
Wizard my fam, that stuck you up
I got fam that'll fuck you up
Chop you up, put your body in the back of the truck
Osama Island, we been wildin', see the violence
We display talent, respect balance, nigga, Shaolin
It's a family

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