

Art Of War

DJ Desue

[Lynch Talking]

Art of War nigga, (nigga get in)
The art of war, (I know where he at)
Dedicated to the niggaz
that feel they need to make a living off niggaz
You know, check it out

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

I smell pussy push me, I got a hard dick for killin'
Go head and start shit wid the villain
and get your heart split in a million pieces
You need Jesus I can tell by your releases please
He suck nuts for cheese somebody grease his knees
If you suck nuts for a livin' trust me at least it's these
Lynch haul all up in ya mouth tryna release the steam
And you can rub it on like Visine
And you can dub it all in high speed and watch that bitch nigga scream
And it's nothin' it's no thing I hit the corner
You was lucky and nosy nervous at the corner
I woulda grabbed the body stabbed the body
Then cut the body up like meat and eat 'em ganja leaves
Grab the shotty and get away got away scott clean
So you grab the body I'm in the Mozarotti
Smashin' down I street, all the way from the jail house
Gave it a chance and then I had to bail the hell out
Tight shit but I don't wanna go through that
Sittin' wid my celly like, how did I do that?
See I had to leave 'em blue black, the fool's back
Wid spits like jackler when ya runnin' wid two gats

[Hook: scratching of these lines]

"There's a war going on outside"
"The way of life is the way of death"
"Coming from the thirty six chambers"
[x2]

[Cos]

Seems like I can't mash these days
Cause everybody wanna try to blast C way

Like everybody wanna pass these days
But talk shit about my click we gon' blast these K's
These niggaz gay cats jay cats walkin' cross the street
When we see 'em I'm mashin' like we on a race track
These niggaz way wack, they knew that since way back
That's why when you gave me your shit it got no playback
You niggaz play rap, we be on that real tip
We in the Source mag, we gain the ill tip
And if y'all don't feel this, y'all must not feel shit
Don't buy that nigga album man he a real bitch
This nigga tryna make a dollar off my nig's shit
Don't talk shit to gain fame that's some ill shit
Come wid some real shit, and stop lyin'
Cause you ain't never shot nobody and copped a diamond nigga

[Hook]

[Brotha Lynch]

Slim love you well slim joke, you been broke
Soon as these Blocc niggaz find out ya M-O that's all she wrote
Cause Blocc niggaz don't fuck wid nut riders we rough riders
Glock 'til they call me the truck driver
I drive bodies down I-5 a, insane you's a damn shame
You don't sell a damn thang to hoes, here's ya damn fame nigga
See you's the same niiga that used to lick on the balls
And hum when I had 'em in ya jaws ask D-E
I wrap CD cases and put 'em on the shelf
I told you motherfuckas I'll gi' you a lil' help
Cause if I really had funk wid you, I wouldn't say shit
Just spray shit, come get you, ya done dizzy
All I gotta do is whistle and here comes the troops
Siccmade niggaz stompin' in steel toe boots
We get paid quicker I know it hurts but it's the truth
Pretty motherfucka I take out ya tooth
Either that or watch the Uzi shake out the roof
How you want it?, like Burger King I'm murderin' and his woman
Trust me, it get tough out here
Motherfuckers could end up in a trunk out here
Can you feel it?

[Hook]

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