

# Warfare

## Debauchery

[DJ On Point]Warfare, featuring Joell Ortiz [echo]  
(J.O., it's J.O.)

(IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?)

[Joe Budden]You're now hearin hip hop at it's finest  
I'm just criminal minded

The Ed Hardy with the fine fit (oh)

Track just started, no need to rewind it

[Joell Ortiz]Me, I'm bringin fresh air back, I'm rap's hymelic

Got 'em all sick is that vomit?

Ew you nasty

Man I'll smack your skin if you feel you past me

[Joe Budden]It's like we lions against Lassies

Niggaz ain't nice, they lyin, the flow ass cheek

I'm on the beat like Contra POW

Steamroll over shit, I'm in a Tonka now

This ain't about radio, see I'm beyond the dial

But still strong arm a nigga, Pete Konda style (ow)

[Joell Ortiz]The inserts of your album put my ganja out

That sweeter than the lip gloss on Rihanna's mouth

Y'all sleepin, in pajamas on your momma's couch

I'm freakin, in the Bahamas throwin condoms out

[Joe Budden]Hold up dog, these felons ain't predicates, hands castle delicate

Metal spit, leave 'em on the field like Everett (oh)

I does my own stunts, like the Jackie Chan movie

Mismatch, belt Prada but the pants Louie

If you ain't fair to me, then your whole camp sushi

Rockin Iceberg when niggaz didn't understand Snoopy

Damn moolies, chain of command's ran through me

You and your man uzi, (Slow Down) like Brand Nubie

Can't do me, grant to me, like a man groupie

If that's the number one pick, then he Sam Bowie

And I hate to blow a homie on your mans

You ain't Kid Rock, can't box the Tommy with your hands, motherfucker

[Joell Ortiz]I was really in the lobby with the grands tryna take guap

In the hallway, all day, is or it ain't hot

Listen to Hot 9, like what do they got

that I don't, With a blindfold I see everyone they say's hot

It's too easy, I'm feelin like I'm a cheater (why?)

The flow heavy, your's light like a slice of pita (haha)  
When moms was pregnant she was lightin reefer  
That's why I'm nice, in the middle of Alaska I'll write a heater  
I'm just cool and rough, hoody matchin my Adidas  
Pants with the permanent wrinkles like I am Ian Eagle  
I will make every last one of you guys believers  
Dudes is all lost, that's my word, I'm playin timer's keeper  
[Joe Budden]Treat me like a big brother, slash fifth tucker  
Let the cig snuff you, you a kid, fuck ya  
Cocked AK, Mayday, listenin to (Dre Day)  
Can't call me, dick in the mouth, somethin like Ray J  
They like Steve Irwin up against the stringray  
Heat up like Jean Grae, when somethin with the beans spray  
[Joell Ortiz]Uh, take a sip of E&J, then a little puff or two  
Get some butt, then kick out the slut, you's a bugaboo (haha)  
Weak dressers, in the ring I'm Mr. Wonderful  
Paul Orndorff, man y'all all soft and huggable  
Y'all dealin with a pro here, that don't care  
Y'all stiff and worn out like a closet with old gear  
And I ain't goin nowhere  
Producers know I'm the best thing over those snares  
But you speakers whack, Ortiz I overdose like the needle's packed  
I be's in a zone, then I give the speakers back  
[Joe Budden]Hold up Joell, the (Ether's) back  
See I'm rap's Larry Johnson, redid my contract, now the Chief is back  
So blame it on fatigue  
Have you like Greg Oden, injured before your first game in the league  
I'm spendin old faces, niggaz took my style  
Gotta steal my own shit back like O.J. did  
Might size you and your spouse, have guys go in your house  
With ridges on the nose of the rifle like OW!  
POW!

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>