Michael Giacchino, Tim Simonec & Hollywood Studio

You better get ready for the war It's so frustratin', so many hatin' Somebody gon' make me break the law But I ain't waitin', there's no escapin' You better get ready for the war A shotgun fanatic, who right back at it You get, mopped and dropped like a filthy habit X, snatch and grab it, got you hopin' I fail 'Cuz if I fail you'd be happy like a faggot in jail I'm full retail, guaranteed to sell In my jet black McClaren with my mademoiselle I'm strong arm steady, you fragile and frail You think you ready for them steady niggaz? I can't tell Sex sells so fuck you all, we came to bubble and ball You gettin' shut own soon as I touch down Bust rounds, enemies slayed and cut down Fully automatic spittin' rounds with no sound Break down your whole regime, like an M16 Make sure the chamber in the barrel is clean And the spring that's connected to the firin' pin That's connected to the trigger when I squeeze it again, begin Dollar menus smell like shit Look ma top of the world, the best of the best King California, LAX Out the hood, in the penthouse, from the projects One man, one gun, how the West was won, sing It's so frustratin', so many hatin' Somebody gon' make me break the law But I ain't waitin', there's no escapin' You better get ready for the war It's so frustratin', so many hatin' Somebody gon' make me break the law But I ain't waitin', there's no escapin' You better get ready for the war Hit like a heavyweight, breathe deep, meditate Make the whole crowd get loud, make 'em levitate I ride through my city like a presidential candidate LAX, Phantom double R, and accelerate Stack build elevate, crash through the prison gate

Generation hate, appetite to eliminate X Man don't spit rhymes, I ventilate Traffic contraband, yeah, banned through the interstate Got a sick flow, didn't know? Let me demonstrate Renovate the game, new nigga that you love to hate The left hand lands and the right hand devastates Half part of your face replaced with a metal plate Irate, get snatched to a better place Let the detached decorate with the yellow tape Detonate, drop bombs, make the earth shake In Brazil with a half mill' in the briefcase Look ma top of the world, the best of the best King California, LAX Out the hood, in the penthouse, from the projects One man, one gun, how the West was won, sing It's so frustratin', so many hatin' Somebody gon' make me break the law But I ain't waitin', there's no escapin' You better get ready for the war It's so frustratin', so many hatin' Somebody gon' make me break the law But I ain't waitin', there's no escapin' You better get ready for the war You better get ready for the war

Lyrics provided by <u>https://damnlyrics.com/</u>