

# World War III

## Guillotine Terror

[Hook:]It's a World War Three, nigga  
Fuckin' wit me, nigga  
My niggas wit it, wit it, I&E, nigga  
World War Three nigga,  
Fuckin' wit me, nigga  
My niggas wit it, wit it, WB bitch  
It's a World War Three nigga, fuckin' wit Gotti boy  
I'm bout to separate yo soul from yo body boy  
I got that chopper boy, coming through yo block boy  
And you can't stop us boy, betta call the coppers boy  
My niggas wit it, wit it  
Money, we get it, get it  
I see my target, regardless I hit it, hit it  
Bullets ain't got no name  
Gotti ain't playin' games  
Gotti don't buss in the crowd, I see my mane in aim  
Situations don't matter, put yo head on a platter  
Catch the cut then bitch, I shed, born, and rattle  
Got on yo head, feel you ready, got on yo best?  
You say you beefin' wit Gotti you livin' then you blessed  
Fu-Fuck a institution, bitch this a revolution  
I ain't gone chill, until I get a execution  
Fu-Fuck a institution, bitch this a revolution  
I ain't gone chill, until I get a execution  
[Hook]So you say you want to break the law  
What about when I break your jaw?  
What about, when I come through your hood, sideways in a Regal, me and my  
people, stuntin' wit a Sod-Off  
I say you want to think, before you do that  
You don't really want to see me run through that  
I'm screamin out Gotti, before I got him so why you screamin' "Who that?"  
You say you want to wild out  
But you don't want to foul out  
  
What the fuck you thinkin' bout?  
See you fuckin' wit a block burner, when shit get hot it melt, ain't no  
tellin' how it turn out  
I'm bringin' fame to the streets in a proper way  
Represent I&E each and every day

Yo Gotti, motherfucker, what the fuck you say?  
My grill ain't real, my shit don't shine in your face  
How many niggas had six figgas, besides Jigga  
Before the rap game came, me and my niggas  
Representin' down south  
Wit plat up in our mouth  
Shit, bricks, and chips is what I'm all about  
Say it again  
Rewind the shit, Play it again,???, ???, record again  
Cause you fuckin wit a nigga, bring war again  
[Hook]I scream attention! (WHO?)  
If you a I&E solider pay attention! (WHY?)  
Cause it's some serious shit I'm bout to mention! (WHAT?)  
Go and get that nigga, so I can lynch him! (WHO?)  
Don't ever join my team and try to exit (BITCH)  
That's like having a Lexus and won't flex it (BITCH)  
I know you like the ice up in my bracelet (BITCH)  
It's all about the sign around my necklace (BITCH)  
You reckless (BITCH)  
You had the advantage  
Now you can't do nothing, but panic  
Like a hoe, wanting it rough, but you too romantic  
I'm the number one writer  
Who say that they tighter?  
That's just like bringing a fight, up out of a fighter  
Trick, I'm ready for it, never 'noid, so energetic  
And with that slick shit you pull, you make me feel disrespected  
It's a World War Three nigga, fuckin wit Gotti boy  
I ain't no studio gangsta I bring the drama boy  
[Hook: until end]

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