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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