

# War Games

## O.C.

Uh yeah uh uh uh  
What, Crooklyn Dodger Number 2  
O.C., yeah back in the scene muthafucka  
Me and Premo, you know, East New York  
Bushwick, Bedstuy, and all those good placesYo  
My main frame, discipline like a soldier  
Ready for war, pushups get my chest swoll up  
What's the deal Preme? I mean the scaze  
I think I got it locked in nigga, War Games is the theme  
Rap commando, what's my handle  
O.C. ample to rock shit  
Battle niggas who pop shit  
Green bareen thought slicka  
I'm one step ahead, slide thru enemy lines like a black ack figga  
Camouflage, runnin thru you zone with detection  
Cuz the dark skinned marksmen  
Run thru your section  
Flesh ya bones, physical built like titanium  
Bugs cover my grill like Iranians  
Ill gorilla so called killas  
I fear no man but Allah, for the god is he is still in us  
The Renaissance Man, I roll with real like grenade  
sharp like gem stars  
Cause massive scars  
O.C.'s all in it, dope I've been for years  
Now I'm back in the scene, and I declare War GamesI bust off like a M-16  
Rippin thru screens from head to toe, blood soak up your jeans  
Rap veteran, earn my stripes, faught wars  
Opposing forces, would O.C. take losses?  
Naucious, you feelin kinda like throwing up  
Cautious, watch ya step, land rhymes blowin up  
Havin a pity for foes, fuck G.I. Joe  
He's a sucker, slap the taste outta wild motherfuckas  
Design a rhyme, like a plan for the government  
Six Million like Steve Austin, costin  
Apprehended if I am  
In times and my body will erupt \*explosion\*  
M-16 tapecatin, voids filled with ammo  
Bust it through a crowd, a bitch nigga sing soprano

When I get you in the square, then I end you career  
All MC's lets make one thing clear  
You're all the same, I will remain, fuck the fame  
Feelin the lane to shoot, I declare War Games[Chorus: x2]  
I declare War Games  
For niggas who flaunt figgas for more fame  
Gorilla warfare, tactics issue unlimited access to ammo  
With fire proof camouflage and powerPrecise pinpoint it, pull it, when I cock back  
This here rap will slap you and your team, and that bad bitch  
Sleaves from my uncut, raw like cope  
Preme dig up boys, roll up and smoke  
Then toge it, back to B.I.  
See I can do this, I'm professional  
Too much weight to weigh any style  
Dutch Master superior blend, inhale me right  
Young Phillies take a toke of my rap, and get the  
Willies para-  
Noid, niggas all non void  
Fuck with O.C., get your life destroyed  
Like a marine, I'm a trained rap killing machine  
Fiend to rock a mic, set from New York to New Orleans  
Over seas I conquer, rough like blanca  
Love to eat actors, gotta take for drama  
When I flow I get comatose  
In my own world  
From the first verse, you saw my plan unfurl  
I mean team same name, never change  
My ammo is the demo competition on the mic  
War Games"War Games"  
"War Games"  
"War Games"  
"War Games"  
"War Games"

Songwriters

Martin, Christopher E / Credle, Omar GerrylPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected  
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>