War

DJ Clue

Yeah, DJ Clue, Desert Storm
New Nas, it's called WarSquinted-eye gangsta, live in a skyscraper
Platinum Patron drinker, stackin' that grown paper
God pushed me out His ***
The Devil swallowed me up, I burnt a hole in his gutsFell down into a Louis Vuitton truck with stash boxes
And *** in it sayin' blast Nas ***
Drove down harm's way, puffin' that bombay
QB thug tattoo on my arm sayNames of my fam, so I'ma read you a scripture
And commandments to get you richer
Bandannas, hammers, MAC's and nina's
With the mismatched Pumas like Shan in QueensbridgeAll white shell toes, that's that Queens thing
Brightland, ice wine, call that weed sling
Know where G slang
And the *** with bomb *** that slurp on me and my comradesGot a new contract, come on, black
*** y'all just gettin' up on, I'm beyond that
No time for crumbs, I really don't see them
They just started livin', just started havin' threesomesJust started havin' girls who like them
That's why I got married 'cause my world ain't like them
So why they keep tellin' those stories?
***, y'all square, ***, this is my year, ***[Incomprehensible]
Professional, Pt. 3, you see it
DJ Clue, Desert Storm

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