

Waitin' for Warfare

Bizzy Bone

There is no way in hell
(Marching factions)
That the blind can lead the blind
(Regime takin' over my body)Unless somebody play the dog
(Intertwined into my soul)
Split personality, ality, ality
Split personality, ality, alityI'm in reality
(Forward march)
Waitin' for warfare
Waitin' for warfare, warfare, warfare, warfareMy army, marchin' factions
Regime takin' over my body it seems
Regime, regime
(Forward march)Hear the eruption when I'm pumpin' and bustin'
Gotta give a concussion
Lovin' the lust and plus to touch me, rush me
Too much, you must be out of your mindTrust me, I'm the nigga dumpin', tell 'em lovely
All the way from the Clair to the PO and down '71
We on to the C.O. and fuckin' with the B O N E
Hit the floor and go, and again we hit the doorAmmo explode, rappin' in platinum
Capo ballin' out of control, provoked emotions
Devotion, capture bankroll, behold the unknown treasure
Cherish your soul precious as solid gold rosesThrown over decomposed bodies froze
Expose who chose to impose sleep
Deceased, buried six feet deep beneath hollow stone
Tragedy prolong memories, harmony, sing another sad songUnsolved mysteries involve society
Only strong minds survive holocaust victims soft in our life die off
The [unverified] caught slippin', steppin' in deep shit [unverified]
Ignorance lost [unverified]The pussy wish he had some balls to brawl with us heartless
In it 'til ya havin' a tendency to empty cartridges
Off on enemy targets
(Bitch)Regardless of felony charges still spittin' ammunition
So mission accomplishedWe're movin' in heaven's movie, my lil' nigga, watch out
Waitin' for warfare, waitin' for warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare
My army, marchin' factions, regime takin' over my body it seems
Regime, regimeWell, I'm a soldier, fuck the TV, see me when they bring back 3D
Even on Eazy bookin' on me, lookin' at Ruthless now
she so sleazy, gimme some cheese!
And I see that you're scheming on the comedians nowBut leave me, bitch, you better believe, can't nobody save
you

When I move my music underground
And don't deceive me, please, get up off your knees
I'm all about business, ask Animal ain't your victim and a witness to the sickness written
Did I piss you off on a mission in the midst of the demons
Bankin' off my voice and makin' my choices
She don't even know me and I'm kickin' and screamin' Tryin' to get out my dreams, at least to keep me
breathin'
Even poisoned the noise, got me coverin' my ears
And save my tears for years, just for the joy
But I'm tellin' you boy, not here, I gotta get my paper Will the rapist pull my plug and fuck the thug?
Hell yeah, nigga, no love
I thought you knew and nigga don't shove
'Cause I'm like, nigga what?
I'll fuck you up you know the rules Regime takin' over my body it seems
Waitin' for warfare I can smell your wicked rigor mortis a mile from the morgue
The scorn in your soul may tell you to humiliate your enemies
Have you not read the Art of War? Absent-minded to the enduring
Pouring your cup of damnation in the midst of my world You gotta be out of your monkey-ass mind
No more will the look of Medusa seduce the predecessors
And entrepreneurs Retaliation, I can taste temptation, itchin', instigatin' allegations
Undertakin' sacred assassinations
Dead presidents, weapons and nations
Independence forsaken, revelations in the making Bitch-made niggas breakin', separate by segregation
Hatred they motivation, no relation in this congregation
Load weapons trigger detonations
(B, pass me a clip) Bullet penetrate, men break, strain
Pain and frustration, abstain, chain-reaction tribulations
Safe to say you can't escape disaster when messin' with a master
Unmask the Ripsta's little riddler, nigga [unverified] killas Gotta get you more money, come on my little brother
And I brung him, thug on, I got him fuckin' with the revolution
All on the retribution and execution
Shootin', let 'em, do 'em, get gone, done made a bomb bond None of y'all pinned my strategize
I heard Bizzy's fried, I heard Bizzy died
But the word from Bryon, surprise, I'm still alive with a militant mind
Gotta hit it, will die in a minute, did he feel it? Well then, get it rewind, you just trippin' on a nigga tryin' to shine
But I'ma get mine and I ain't lyin'
Nigga, every time I sign the dotted line, it's for the riot
Nigga, what you want to do and I ain't dyin' without you In the silence will kill ya, it's the quiet ones who might
peel ya
On the realer, on my lonely and I see that you're phoney, nobody
Phone me and surely I'm out the door and don't you come for me
It's still fuck [unverified] for sure, let it go I know and boy, I will enjoy a little toe to toe
But no, you'd probably involve the po po
And tell them that you went to jail with Bizzy Bone
It's on in the C.O.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>