

# War Wounds

## Roy Santiago

Every soldier got a story to tell  
I done been through it all  
Don't ask the way I shoot 'cuz I done shot  
(Uhh)  
Put a tank on my block  
Fiend gone get the scene hot  
Greens and rocks  
Burnin' flesh  
Have you ever smelled nigga?  
Been taped up, ready to die from mail niggas  
Straight goin' to hell but livin' the dirty, dirty  
Havin' yah mama worry that I was gonna hurt yeah  
Tired of bein' blast at, but didn't cast that  
I done asked for my life, and right there was laughed at  
But when I back tracked, hammer's back, got some blast back  
Told 'em to cast that, take these rounds and add that  
But fact is you don't fuckin' choose yo' wars  
Or be like me muthafucka and do it with two guns  
Check my war wounds  
(Uhh)  
My war wounds  
(Uhh)  
Every soldier got a story to tell  
Check my war wounds  
(Uhh)  
My war wounds  
(Uhh)  
Every soldier got a story to tell  
Check my war wounds  
(Uhh)  
My war wounds  
(Uhh)  
Every soldier got a story to tell  
My adversaries get popped, got me runnin' from cops  
The ghetto life be a dime, got me carryin' two glocks  
My enemies is bad, chop limes and grass  
Drive-bys and rags and representin' red and blue flags  
See I got fools from the ghetto  
Like my cousin' Jimmy wear permanent metals

My evidence is satus with hoes  
Bloody Polos, pullin' in car do's and cut up Jabos  
Check my war wounds  
(Uhh)  
My war wounds  
(Uhh)  
Every soldier got a story to tell  
Check my war wounds  
(Uhh)  
My war wounds  
(Uhh)  
Every soldier got a story to tell  
I'm down tah blast for my homies  
And cash for my homies  
Even if I'm old G, I'll be down to ride and die  
If the hood call me  
That's why I be hustin' every day  
Could you imagine me with no stash?  
Like a bank with no cash  
Tryna drive a car with no gas  
And fuck one day with no tag  
Shotgun with no class  
Window with no glass  
Or all you girls with no ass  
See I'm a risky rider, Calliope crawler  
A down south hustler  
Plus a head buster from New Orleans  
See I gotta be a paid nigga, a made nigga  
Be the nigga to, bust yo' shit  
And the nigga tah be the grave digga  
See my tattoos reveal, some of the shit that I done did  
But the move of other niggas that 'bout it  
Feel the shit, I do just tah live  
See I been scared, popped at and shot at  
But I live an eye for eye  
So the enemies, I ain't forgot that  
Check my war wounds  
(Uhh)  
My war wounds  
(Uhh)  
Every soldier got a story to tell  
Check my war wounds  
(Uhh)  
My war wounds  
(Uhh)

Every soldier got a story to tell  
It's real, shit's real check my war wounds  
This here real life, this ain't no fuckin' cartoons  
I'm the Saudi Arabian death, killin' veteran on the tube  
Either me or you right here  
Come back and hang out in my room  
I done shot my rifle, trained to kill  
Got blood on my fatigues  
Once you in ain't no turnin' back, lay yo' ass over seas  
Might as well handle your business  
There's no overcome to this shit  
Be on yo' Ps and Qs nigga  
Don't cry like no bitch  
You see a weak nigga, that's a beat nigga  
And fuck a stead nigga, that's a dead nigga  
Tell my mama not to worry 'bout me why I'm gone  
If I die bitch, box me up and ship me back home  
Bury me in the N.O. with my stripes on my chest  
Tell them muthafuckas that I did my best  
Middle finga pointin' sayin' fuck Iraq  
If you don't believe me check my combat pack  
Check my war wounds  
(Uhh)  
My war wounds  
(Uhh)  
Every soldier got a story to tell  
Check my war wounds  
(Uhh)  
My war wounds  
(Uhh)  
Every soldier got a story to tell  
Check my war wounds  
(Uhh)  
My war wounds  
(Uhh)  
Every soldier got a story to tell  
I got a muthafuckin' story to tell  
Nigga  
(Nigga what?)  
A muthafuckin' story to tell  
(What?)  
Fool, I got a muthafuckin' story tah tell  
And every nigga in the jail cell knows it well  
I shank niggas, bank niggas, do mo' fo' show  
Seven cluckas, fake dough

Stayin' way cut throat  
I hang out, slang out, at hotel rooms  
Up all night gettin' in gun fights  
I strike my hood on the wall  
Sippin' eight ball, east side, rollin' dubs  
Call me big Snoop Dogg  
Follow me and you'll see how G's move  
It's written on my face  
I takes my war wounds  
Been around drama since me and my mama  
Use to listen to oldies that's why I'm so old G  
Look, when half of you niggas couldn't come outside  
When ya'll was learnin' how tah sing  
I was learnin' how tah bang and ride  
Fo' sho' bro, I told yah  
Ima gangsta soldier, blowin' doja  
What a story tah tell

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