

# Ready 4 War

Ciryl

[Intro: Bizzy]

Give me another vocal, yeah, yeah  
Live and direct from the battle station  
(Live and direct from the battle station baby)  
Uhh (let's get this money boy!)  
{ Buck it, buck it } C'mon

[Bizzy Bone]

And whether I'm right or wrong, slightly still tipsy, gypsies in titan songs  
Singin the King, the prince of theives ease the Eiffel home  
Nazareth, that's where my daddy only appeared, no  
Lazarus, follow that word, word up, let's bring him home  
Mary mother weepin, teach me how to cook, I'm drivin gone  
Put a little twist all up in it, I did it, they probably wrong  
Quicker to pick up the paper, none can escape us, face us, hate us, huh?  
Oh dearly departed, I shot it, don't give me no Judas word  
Brew this what? Moved in the cut and buck 'em and bring 'em back  
Malik, remember [?], the vengeance black  
Walk in the party blindfolded, hold up, never know when he gon' snap  
Stone him up and then wait, tell 'em how that Baptist act  
Fire beneath and in between, ween me off the harlot, cuz  
I don't want mÃ©nage-Ã -trois, I don't wanna suck no blood  
I don't wanna fuck my love, fuckin just like a virgin  
30-inch rims on Excursion, the dirtiest rim, I'm still submergin

[Chorus 2X: Bizzy Bone]

Hop out the door, ready for war - yeah, I know I owe  
Hop out the door, ready for war - yeah, I know I owe  
Hop out the door, ready for war - yeah, I know I owe  
Hop out the door, ready for war - yeah, I know I owe {buck it, buck it}

[Bizzy Bone]

Livin deep in the shadows, the gullies and gallows, the lake is shallow  
Put a halo on them human beings, no demons, no gallie-o!  
Hop out the door, ready for war, harmony melody, tellin me fo'  
Sellin me fo', smellin me fo', and they don't know that you gon' go  
You gonna know, forbidden the fruit of the tree of the diety, tell 'em please  
Best watch your back, 18th is in the place to be  
Rock with that, dance and pop-lockin all the way to Earth and back

Workin hard up in the yard, praise the Lord and light the match  
Spinderella you can scratch, yep, the baby's gonna attack  
Little fellas, fellas in prison prayin to Michael's ass  
God first, a little pizzazz, Aramaic, we on that  
Sarah bakin cakes in the darkness of Glory's sugar shack  
One woman in the covenant, yup yup, legal and regal yeah  
Last but not least, duckin the beast and feastin on the mask  
Snakes they gonna get swallowed with thoughts, it's sort of like Moses style  
Nobody can hold us back, the Promise Land, he showed us that

[Chorus]

[Bizzy Bone]

Hop out the door, ready for war, harmony melody, tellin me fo'  
Sellin me fo', smellin me fo', and they don't know that you gon' go  
Hop out the door, ready for war, harmony melody, tellin me fo'  
Sellin me fo', smellin me fo', and they don't know that you gon' go  
Hop out the door, ready for war, harmony melody, tellin me fo' (yeah, I know I owe)  
Sellin me fo', smellin me fo', and they don't know that you gon' go (yeah, I know I owe)  
Hop out the door, ready for war, harmony melody, tellin me fo' (yeah, I know I owe)  
Sellin me fo', smellin me fo', and they don't know that you gon' go (yeah, I know I owe)

[Chorus â€“ repeat to fade]

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