Warfare

The M.S.P.

[DJ On Point]Warfare, featuring Joell Ortiz [echo]
(J.O., it's J.O.)
(IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?)
[Joe Budden]You're now hearin hip hop at it's finest
I'm just criminal minded
The Ed Hardy with the fine fit (oh)
Track just started, no need to rewind it
[Joell Ortiz]Me, I'm bringin fresh air back, I'm rap's hymelic
Got 'em all sick is that vomit?
Ew you nasty
Man I'll smack your skin if you feel you past me
[Joe Budden]It's like we lions against Lassies
Niggaz ain't nice, they lyin, the flow ass cheek
I'm on the beat like Contra POW
Steamroll over shit, I'm in a Tonka now
This ain't about radio, see I'm beyond the dial
But still strong arm a nigga, Pete Konda style (ow)
[Joell Ortiz]The inserts of your album put my ganja out
That sweeter than the lip gloss on Rihanna's mouth
Y'all sleepin, in pajamas on your momma's couch
I'm freakin, in the Bahamas throwin condoms out
[Joe Budden]Hold up dog, these felons ain't predicates, hands castle delicate
Metal spit, leave 'em on the field like Everett (oh)
I does my own stunts, like the Jackie Chan movie
Mismatch, belt Prada but the pants Louie
If you ain't fair to me, then your whole camp sushi
Rockin Iceberg when niggaz didn't understand Snoopy
Damn moolies, chain of command's ran through me
You and your man uzi, (Slow Down) like Brand Nubie
Can't do me, grant to me, like a man groupie
If that's the number one pick, then he Sam Bowie
And I hate to blow a homie on your mans
You ain't Kid Rock, can't box the Tommy with your hands, motherfucker

[Joell Ortiz]I was really in the lobby with the grands tryna take guap
In the hallway, all day, is or it ain't hot
Listen to Hot 9, like what do they got
that I don't, With a blindfold I see everyone they say's hot
It's too easy, I'm feelin like I'm a cheater (why?)

The flow heavy, your's light like a slice of pita (haha)
When moms was pregnant she was lightin reefer
That's why I'm nice, in the middle of Alaska I'll write a heater
I'm just cool and rough, hoody matchin my Adidas
Pants with the permanent wrinkles like I am Ian Eagle
I will make every last one of you guys believers
Dudes is all lost, that's my word, I'm playin timer's keeper
[Joe Budden]Treat me like a big brother, slash fifth tucker
Let the cig snuff you, you a kid, fuck ya
Cocked AK, Mayday, listenin to (Dre Day)
Can't call me, dick in the mouth, somethin like Ray J
They like Steve Irwin up against the stringray
Heat up like Jean Grae, when somethin with the beans spray
[Joell Ortiz]Uh, take a sip of E&J, then a little puff or two
Get some butt, then kick out the slut, you's a bugaboo (haha)
Weak dressers, in the ring I'm Mr. Wonderful
Paul Orndorff, man y'all all soft and huggable
Y'all dealin with a pro here, that don't care
Y'all stiff and worn out like a closet with old gear
And I ain't goin nowhere
Producers know I'm the best thing over those snares
But you speakers whack, Ortiz I overdose like the needle's packed
I be's in a zone, then I give the speakers back
[Joe Budden]Hold up Joell, the (Ether's) back
See I'm rap's Larry Johnson, redid my contract, now the Chief is back
So blame it on fatigue
Have you like Greg Oden, injured before your first game in the league
I'm spendin old faces, niggaz took my style
Gotta steal my own shit back like O.J. did
Might size you and your spouse, have guys go in your house
With ridges on the nose of the rifle like OW!
POW!

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