

# Declaration of War

## Geto Boys

It's the return of the murderer, maniac madman  
Fully automatic M 11 in the handbag  
The ending of it, the beginning of the Baghdad  
Your brains blowned out, body in a trash bagUnidentified, chalk him up a John Doe  
Got most of the pieces, but they ain't found his arms though  
It's far from a record, I'm different than these rap dudes  
A real nigga, won't hesitate to clap foolsSki mask you come up to where you lay at  
Cock back, squeeze, and put him where your face at  
The nerve of you niggaz, believin' I'ma play games  
You know who I'm wit, so I ain't gotta say namesYou pussy, 'cuz you a black Jew  
Ain't never had love for y'all, make me clap you  
And it's a done deal, don't fuck with what the truth is  
Hide behind that motherfuckin' desk but when the truth's hereIt's on for ya, that mean your lifeline shortens  
Death to the niggaz who disrespected the Jordan  
I'm not a pop nigga, fuck what radio say  
Fuck what video do, but this is all dayHood nigga, I ain't gotta show you what my life like  
'Cuz you don't persecute a motherfucker like Mike  
I ain't a house nigga scum like you fools is  
I was bred born and raised in this true shitFunny how a nigga get caught up in all the glamor  
And then they finally come to grips that this can happen  
To anybody, won't discriminate who catch this  
Get in the way and you a victim of a death wishA declaration of a war and it's a warnin'  
Follow the leader but be aware your opponent  
Is in the window got guerrillas where you rest at  
And prepared to hit a motherfucker, bet thatAight, let's get serious  
Fuck the rap game I'm the realest nigga, period  
If you ain't feelin' me you know how it goes  
Jump bitch, I can't wait to kill one of you hoesIt's on if you got beef  
You can be a cop, a drug dealer, or a pro athlete  
Bottom line, I don't give a fuck about'cha  
If I pop you in the neck, I bet some blood come out'chaWhile your label only behind you greasin' his dick  
Your stupid ass on a video, cheasin' and shit  
J ain't shorted me a dime if he owe you bucks  
The way I see you a bitch and you deserve to be fuckedWillie D is the nigga that'll bloody your clothes  
Don't think you know me 'cuz you know the hook to "Bald head Hoe"  
I light you up with a sawed off and stab yo' ass  
In the leg, in the chest, in the back and mouthAight nigga, stab him in the leg in the chest  
In the back and mouth, let 'em haul him off  
Give me a motherfuckin' handy shotty

And a plug of PCP, I'll kill anybodyBust him in the ass 'til he's still

I'm Chuck wick bitch, your Achilles heel

A short nigga quick to give a tall ass whoopin'

Got a chip on my shoulder bout the size of BrooklynLookin' to start shit, I ain't scary like Scooby and Shaggy

Piss me off you better Duck like Daffy

Even if you in a rest home I'll pop ya

Even if you got a vest on I'll drop yaFunny how a nigga get caught up in all the glamor

And then they finally come to grips that this can happen

To anybody, won't discriminate who catch this

Get in the way and you a victim of a death wishA declaration of a war and it's a warnin'

Follow the leader but be aware your opponent

Is in the window got guerillas where you rest at

And prepared to hit a motherfucker, bet that

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>