Go To War

Z-ro

"Go To War"
[Chorus: Pimp C]Poppin' pills workin' wood wheel
fuck where ya from and fuck how ya feel
if you wanna go to war I'll take ya to war
I gotta ak47 and a chick in the car
[Verse 1: Lil Scrappy]Yea, I was born military
thuggin nigga ever since
mama taught a young nigga to gon' and get that presidence
ballin on ya residence but im still thuggin' tho
got dem crack fans standin around like a rock show
just bought a dime now they screaming out fa 5-0
dime piece collection in the Tec I got the air hole
what you looking at me for
cuz im on that drank hoe
and im gone off some that mission impossible
im flexible, I still can move through traffic
if I get into it with one of ya bastards im'a let you have it
go reach fo' one of my gadgets take the pen out of the cannon
you'll be dead in a casket mama thinkin was that for strappin
[Chorus: x2]Poppin' pills workin' wood wheel
fuck where ya from and fuck how ya feel
if you wanna go to war I'll take ya to war
I gotta ak47 and a chick in the car
[Verse 2: Diamond]Look, any motherfucka step up get wet up guaranteed to feel the heat
well im packin lotta stackin attacking smackin crack in da cap in yo team in deep
always bustin up clips you bleed keep a nigga down on his knees
when you mess wit little Diamond so shinin' and blindin' grindin' fryin' hoes cowardly

all you bitches bout dancing' me, aint none of yall my homie
we bringin' the Tony Montana's and hammers and banners that's hard to beat
I got that shit you need just like the air you breathe
my lyrical spirits are critical miracle burn like gasoline
im slick as vaseline put a look in the must homie
im the realist appealist that's trillest that's illest that's on the scene
yea hoe im running thangs, cuz now im in the game
ball that hoop and switch and shooting like le'bron james
[Chorus: x2]Poppin' pills workin' wood wheel
fuck where ya from and fuck how ya feel
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I gotta ak47 and a chick in the car
[Verse 3: Pimp C]Ughh, I pimp tight like MJG
body body like Master P
Showing out in the parking lot
BKA Young Pimp C, AKA Sweet Jones
change my name to Tony Snow Love a crow
came off whippin' snow in a Pyrex bowl
my car dangerous hit it with the sprite
hittin' 10 in a Benz truck full of work, nothing' but white
gettin' hot on the street lights Rolls Royce not the motor bikes
Not a lover just a Mac dump the sack I drip the lac' I
if you know like I know bitch you wouldn't be sayin' that
monkey talk get people killed, I spend ya kool-aid pack
if you if you not willing to see me best not say my name
we aint got no time to be guessing and playing no pussy games
[Chorus: x2]Poppin' pills workin' wood wheel
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