Ready For War

Jungle Rot

Tri-lateral commission
Berkowitz, Fizzy Wo', Bust-Down
Every time I take a look, the only thing I see is
(My live niggaz in the spot)
Tell me what y'all want?
(Give me everything you got)
Y'all niggaz ready to do it
(Let's blow the motherfuckin' spot)
All my niggaz
Attention
(Loud and clear)
Where my niggaz ready for war?
(We right here!)
Get 'em
(When we spot 'em)
Hit 'em
(Kid we got 'em)
Where my niggaz ready for war?
(We right here!)
I got reason to believe, some of you niggaz feel
The man isn't live and direct
(Get at 'em Bill!)
Long, breathe easy pop, this is Hip-Hop
In the harm way, we do it the war way, all day
I never procrastinate
(You shouldn't)
I'm from where the war games fascinate
(You couldn't)
You wouldn't believe what they've been tellin' me
The perfect match is jail and me
'Cause I was born with a felony
Fuck that! How this shit look?
When a nigga stretched out, with his chest out
And a mess out in Brooklyn
Y'all motherfuckers is back?
Y'all motherfuckers don't know how to act
Y'all motherfuckers attack
And those motherfuckers are wack, I traveled a rocky road
Swift to the Flipmode, quick grip for the unload

Father forgive me for my sins
But I'ma raise hell to the bitter end, I'm a soldier!
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Fuck the bullshit! I kick a bone out yo' ass
Hardrock nigga? I kick the stone out yo' ass!
Warning, to all those, caps get peeled
Quicker than e-mail to your ass sayin',
(Kill kill kill!)
Curb chasin', straight lacin', with a Mac-10 blazin'
Split yo' ass up like a temptation
You cats is animated cartoons
(Who you?)
The Return of Goodfellas Part Two
Bitch throw your fuckin' guns up, put your fuckin' hands down
(Hot flames up)
Buck you with
(Busta bust down)
We sneak the guns right in, y'all keep tryin'
And I'ma check all pussies like a G-Y-N
Open up your can of "Whoop Ass", I'll open up
A fresh can of, "I'll Fuck Yo' Ass Up Quick Fast"
Flipmode, M.O.P., Fizzy Wo-mack, Wo-mack
Y'all know who the fuck I am
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(We right here!)
Aiyyo yo-yuh-yo, and now I hear no one
(You)
Would let less than a motherfucker fear no one
None of y'all niggaz don't really wanna fuck with the dread
The street brawler stomp your face into the back of yo' head
C'mon now, I'm quick to roast fry boil and even toast a guy
Multiply the ghosts like the world's greatest coke supply
Shit changed, you sellin' weed over the damn computer
Introduce the millennium stomp nigga for the future
I be that prime honorary nigga
That'll voluntarily blast the last, Tom & Jerry ass nigga
And write raps to the sound of these gats
Perhaps my raps will paralyze a bitch-ass and make him collapse
Yo, see they be quick to bust they fashion of a calico
My niggaz Berkowitz and that other motherfucker Fizzy Wo'
Mashin' through the city yo, and the foot it don't lie
Ready to blow this bitch up at the drop of a dime
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Yeah, Flipmode mutherfucka

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