

# War

## CunninLynguists

War! War!

There's a war goin' on outside, no man is safe from (repeated & scratched)  
(War is a continuation of politics by other means, the purpose of war is to  
insert a political agenda...)

Karma's a double-edged sword (repeated & scratched)

What do I really want in this stage of my life  
I'd like a beautiful shelby that'll praise me right  
I'll praise her back though, I'm not a selfish bastard  
Struggle with big shit, but got this elf shit mastered  
Time's are strange, I claim to be the man  
Like I know G-d can understand his ingenious plan  
But I'm just a simple Joe, livin low, avoiding conflict  
Cookin food for stereos, so feed your CD-rom this  
True, I've struggled, spent days in mud puddles  
Shut up shit-talkers and made want to-be thugs huddle  
The world ain't all money, suckas and violence  
Quit smoke from the fire-lips, protect your iris  
Shit's hard, especially hits to scar the soul  
That's why niggaz drink and stress for cigars to roll  
It's like the farther we go, we cover less distance  
Life's a freak and it'll fuck you and all that you want in this diss dance  
Cause we really fragile but thinkin' we tough  
Get bowed in the heat of the battle but then we get cut  
Buts back on the scene of the saddle with our heads down  
Wishin' a meal and G-d would multiply this bread now

You know I, come to the fork in the world so many times  
But I just keep choosin' wrong (choosin' wrong)  
And movin' on (karma's a double edged-sword)  
You know I, need to choose the correct path, change the aftermath  
Before she sinks my song  
Cause it may not be long (we ain't promised tomorrow)

I try to help out my fellow man sometimes get yellow-hands  
Scared by darkness, searching for beauty like Cinderella's man  
But I'm no Prince Charming I form my share a folk  
Hanging my own self, bad decisions prepare the rope  
Strangled by pride, suffocated by lies

Showin' my pearly whites to disguise my prize  
Missin' my sister, asking the Lord why did she die  
Using her death to instill strength inside of vibes  
I don't want old things I done to boomerang  
Feelin' low-low, for sho Deacon pursued by shame  
It get rough, and ain't enough to just think positive  
Cause when nobody's helping me out then its hard to give  
And go and robbin' shit, runnin' game on hoes  
An un-tame negro, runnin' cain for dough  
Acting insane, famous for bringing pain to foes  
Knowing that shit'll come back and it'll rain for sho  
But I'm still out, rain-slickers in the house  
Fame stickers in my mouth, cain sniffers on the couch  
Walking the world and the crowds, shiftin' through trash  
Not knowin' I'm feelin' like it cause I'm livin too fast

You know I, come to the fork in the world so many times  
But I just keep choosin' wrong  
And movin' on (karma's a double edged-sword)  
You know I, need to choose the correct path, change the aftermath  
Before she sinks my song  
Cause it may not be long (karma's a double edged-sword)

Karma's a double edged-sword (repeated and scratched)

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