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 ingenius 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 fragle 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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