

No War

Eleven's11

You wanna party at the club? (There's a war going on out there)
You wanna roll around on dubs? (Smell the anthrax in the air)
You wanna hate it all, no love? (Full-fueled flight on US Air)
Just wait and watch out for the scuds (Nine-eleven, I was there)

Hut, two, three, four - No War!

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This boy is not a soldier

Somebody should'a told ya

I'm striking like a cobra

The rap game now is over

I shot up homeboy's Rover

With fifty shots to fold you

You screamin for Yejova

You wish your momma hold you

Just wanna be a roller, money like Tommy Matola

From slanging yoca cola, started off by moving boulders

The world is getting colder, shake them haters off my shoulders

I say I'm 730 - they tell me I'm bi-polar

You go tell Uncle Sam "No war in Afghanistan"

Or Iraq, or Iran, many people dying man

Shots go off in Bethlehem

Even in Jerusalem

Christians killing Mus-a-lims

Tell me what you doing man?

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We caught up in the struggle

Sit back watch the water bubble

Lock us up for drugs you smuggle

Detroit hustlers paying double

Now the whole country's in trouble
Gas prices sky high
People scared to

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