

Dogs Of War

Ghostface Killah

Hollllllld it!

Now you get out of here, I'm warning you
(You bastards can't push us around - wanna fight?)

I'll take you on That nigga's twisted

Stop playin with that clip man

Close them fuckin blinds too man, why'knahmsayin'?

Yo Don my man, get out of the stove man

Get away from the stove nigga

Stop playin' man, the fuck is you talkin' 'bout? I'm in the crib watchin' Larry King Live, the new Guccis on

Refrigerator, smokin' some kush, this nigga's a lighter

Swisher, becomin' a roach, go get the glass ashtray

Pour the glass of Crut, tap the bottle then toast

Barrie took a sip for the cause, yeah my son

Soon to be 3, tried to fill his bottle then run

Then I got a collect call, heard niggaz down the block is fightin'

Some nigga got, knifed up brawlin'

Heard the kid was 19, Lil' Infinity too

His father worked up at the dealer he loved boo

They tried him for his Louis', son wasn't havin' it though

Yeah, yeah my nigga, the color of glue

Decided on a intervene, guess who tried to wild on me my nigga

This is like out of the blue

I'm in the Range stretch, jumped out, tucked the chain

Proceeded to talk to him, then you heard the heavy face slap

Think I broke my wrist, now I'm at the hospital vexed

Fucked up my writing hand, that's my check

Now I wanna kill this lil' nigga true

Only thing that stop my gun flamin' cause he related to you Who? He ain't related to me

Just that I knew him for like 18 years until he violated, stealin' my gear

If my lil' homey, yo he eat anything for me

Send him uptown, he get bagged, yo he never call me

Come home and still blow cats for me

Pump crack, stabbin' all them hoodrat shorties

A live gunslinger well known, born to dance

When the heat is on, Stapleton days, shoot hisself in the groin

The gun went off, it looked like a flick

When he fell to the floor, holdin' his nuts, screamin' "God damnit

Shit I put one in my balls, what the fuck y'all lookin at me for?

Call the police, do somethin'

Motherfuckers standin' around, watch when I get better
All hell's gonna be terror
Death to you, you," he pointed at Red
I said chill that's fam duke
He put real work in that make you cute, fuck that
But anyway son indeed, he stole two Polo rugbies
Swore to his dead mother, I couldn't take it
Yo Lord I knocked out his teeth
Now he's rockin' those false joints like everything's peace

Songwriters

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