

Casualties of War

G-Unit

Disrespectful, anythin
I let you breathe, now youre deadTheres no war without casualties
End up in a wake when you fuck with me
You got beef with my man, you got beef with me
I got this semi on me motherfucker, youll see
Devil round the cornerIs that my dawg that slapped that cat?
Now how did the chicken give birth to a rat?
Now how did the rat learn to sing like a bird?
His pops is a OG, this is absurdMy gun game right, my knife game right
Fuck around, Ill get right in broad daylight
Spin the barrel on a nigga, pin the tail on the donkey
Its a zoo out this, bitch, I put a hole in the monkeyGot the gemstars to rip 'em, hundred shots to clip 'em
Body bags to zip em and we dont know a thing
You hit, nigga you trippin, you think its over youre trippin
Reload, slap the clip in bang, bang, strappedTheres no war without casualties
End up in a wake when you fuck with me
You got beef with my man, you got beef with me
I got this semi on me motherfucker, youll see
Devil round the cornerUh, I drink like a uncle, smoke like a Rasta
Ball like a superstar, talk like a boxer
Fuck like a rabbit, shit like a dinosaur
See you like a sniper, lil nigga evey night is warDrive like a Lambo, stunt like I'm out of town
Strapped like commando, B A N K dollar sign
Give everythin up, I wont change like the other, nope
Switch overnight I cant, Ima side his campI'm 'bout a dollar boy and dollar bills'll kill
Kill that bullshit, I'm famous but I'm ridin with the steel
Will throw it all away, I see you later today
You'll see I'm fadin away, that's all I'm able to sayTheres no war without casualties
End up in a wake when you fuck with me
You got beef with my man, you got beef with me
I got this semi on me motherfucker, youll see
Devil round the cornerYeah, its the enforcer Yayo
We can do it in broad daylight
In front of the White House for all I careIll blow your heart out your body sucker
Then jump in the Aston blastin, burnin rubber
Black ski mask, the Aston tinted
Ditch the gun, burn the car cause my DNA in itNext day it's the GT, stunt off of a G.P.
Fist full of stones, fingers glowin like E.T.
Fake O.G., O.G. Bobby Jones

Do your son like J-Rock, Mausberg pumpinIm stuntin, focus like a digital camera
Got that P-95 with that invisible hammer
Nigga who you tryin to ride on, Im a icon
Heart made of steel, balls made of ironTheres no war without casualties
End up in a wake when you fuck with me
You got beef with my man, you got beef with me
I got this semi on me motherfucker, youll see
Devil round the corner
Devil round the corner

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