

War Wounds

Master P

Every soldier got a story to tell I done been through it all
Don't ask the way I shoot 'cuz I done shot
(Uhh)
Put a tank on my block
Fiend gone get the scene hot
Greens and rocks
Burnin' flesh
Have you ever smelled nigga?
Been taped up, ready to die from mail niggas Straight goin' to hell but livin' the dirty, dirty
Havin' yah mama worry that I was gonna hurt yeah
Tired of bein' blast at, but didn't cast that
I done asked for my life, and right there was laughed at
But when I back tracked, hammer's back, got some blast back
Told 'em to cast that, take these rounds and add that
But fact is you don't fuckin' choose yo' wars
Or be like me muthafucka and do it with two guns Check my war wounds
(Uhh)
My war wounds
(Uhh)
Every soldier got a story to tell Check my war wounds
(Uhh)
My war wounds
(Uhh)
Every soldier got a story to tell Check my war wounds
(Uhh)
My war wounds
(Uhh)
Every soldier got a story to tell My adversaries get popped, got me runnin' from cops
The ghetto life be a dime, got me carryin' two glocks
My enemies is bad, chop limes and grass
Drive-bys and rags and representin' red and blue flags
See I got fools from the ghetto
Like my cousin' Jimmy wear permanent metals
My evidence is satus with hoes
Bloody Polos, pullin' in car do's and cut up Jabos Check my war wounds
(Uhh)
My war wounds
(Uhh)
Every soldier got a story to tell Check my war wounds

(Uhh)
My war wounds
(Uhh)
Every soldier got a story to tell I'm down tah blast for my homies
And cash for my homies
Even if I'm old G, I'll be down to ride and die
If the hood call me
That's why I be hustin' every day
Could you imagine me with no stash?
Like a bank with no cash
Tryna drive a car with no gas And fuck one day with no tag
Shotgun with no class
Window with no glass
Or all you girls with no ass
See I'm a risky rider, Calliope crawler
A down south hustler
Plus a head buster from New Orleans
See I gotta be a paid nigga, a made nigga Be the nigga to, bust yo' shit
And the nigga tah be the grave digga
See my tattoos reveal, some of the shit that I done did
But the move of other niggas that 'bout it
Feel the shit, I do just tah live
See I been scared, popped at and shot at
But I live an eye for eye
So the enemies, I ain't forgot that Check my war wounds
(Uhh)
My war wounds
(Uhh)
Every soldier got a story to tell Check my war wounds
(Uhh)
My war wounds
(Uhh)
Every soldier got a story to tell It's real, shit's real check my war wounds
This here real life, this ain't no fuckin' cartoons
I'm the Saudi Arabian death, killin' veteran on the tube
Either me or you right here
Come back and hang out in my room
I done shot my rifle, trained to kill
Got blood on my fatigues
Once you in ain't no turnin' back, lay yo' ass over seas Might as well handle your business
There's no overcome to this shit
Be on yo' Ps and Qs nigga
Don't cry like no bitch
You see a weak nigga, that's a beat nigga
And fuck a stead nigga, that's a dead nigga

Tell my mama not to worry 'bout me why I'm gone
If I die bitch, box me up and ship me back home
Bury me in the N.O. with my stripes on my chest
Tell them muthafuckas that I did my best
Middle finger pointin' sayin' fuck Iraq
If you don't believe me check my combat pack
Check my war wounds
(Uhh)
My war wounds
(Uhh)
Every soldier got a story to tell
Check my war wounds
(Uhh)
My war wounds
(Uhh)
Every soldier got a story to tell
Check my war wounds
(Uhh)
My war wounds
(Uhh)
Every soldier got a story to tell
I got a muthafuckin' story to tell
Nigga
(Nigga what?)
A muthafuckin' story to tell
(What?)
Fool, I got a muthafuckin' story to tell
And every nigga in the jail cell knows it well
I shank niggas, bank niggas, do mo' fo' show
Seven cluckas, fake dough
Stayin' way cut throat
I hang out, slang out, at hotel rooms
Up all night gettin' in gun fights
I strike my hood on the wall
Sippin' eight ball, east side, rollin' dubs
Call me big Snoop Dogg
Follow me and you'll see how G's move
It's written on my face
I takes my war wounds
Been around drama since me and my mama
Use to listen to oldies that's why I'm so old G
Look, when half of you niggas couldn't come outside
When ya'll was learnin' how to sing
I was learnin' how to bang and ride
Fo' sho' bro, I told yah
Ima gangsta soldier, blowin' doja
What a story to tell

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