

War

JT Money

Yeaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh (that right)
Yeaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh (Yeaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh)
JT Money, God dammit
Bout time, spin this bitch
(Niggaz waitin on yo muh'fuckin ass, let's ride)(Hook) x4
Heychayaya, heychayaya, heychayaya (Drop them boes on 'em)
We drop them boes on u hoes niggaz got em goin crazy
Tryin to lock down Jay baby
Them suckas don't wanna pay me
Them niggaz must think I'm crazy
They must do business shady
Or they think that I can't count
Don't need a big bank account
Fuck that bullshit I'm out
Tryin to start my own shit
Muh'fucka I own shit
When I'm on some grown shit
And I stand on my own, bitch
Get yo hands up outta my pocket
Y'all greedy muh'fuckas betta stop it
Y'all niggaz can't play wit my profit
So you might as well back up off it
Money man don't fuck around
Boy I will shut you down
You don't wanna bust it down
Now I gotta stop bussin clown
So please don't fuck with mine
And I won't have to fuck wit yours
'cause when I bring them toys
We knockin down them doors
And anything else in my way
Interferin wit my pay
Y'all niggaz gon' learn today
Don't fuck around wit Jay
I don't see awards or them plaques
Or them stanky car tracks
Matter fact
Fuck That
All I want is my stack

Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiggggghhhhtttttt(Hook) x4Y'all don' wanna fuck around wit this

Only bitch-ass niggaz ain't down wit this

Y'all crowdin that nigga

Stop houndin this

For you fuck my first

Get a pound wit this

Y'all fake-ass niggaz betta recognize

I'll work ya niggaz out like exercise

I'm this shit muh'fucka I flex my mouth

You gotta short piece I'll wash yo mind

Nigga I ain't lyin

Muh'fuckas don't know bout Jay

And this damn thing hold by Jay

Fuck around be D-O-A

Nigga that's fo' sho okay

You don't know this ganky shit

Plus I won't ganky trick

Y'all fuck niggaz think y'all slick

Lemme tell y'all niggaz ain't shit

But when them killas come

That's when all y'all fuck niggaz run

Still nigga like me boots up to none

So all y'all fuck boys will get done, huh

All y'all sucka niggaz betta take heed

For ya get yo ass smoked like weed

Nigga I don't break I squeeze

Lemme hear ya tryin to take from me

Nigga that's gon be ya ass

Definitely gon be ya last

Don't fuck around

Nigga wit my cash

Unless yo ass want to get blast

Respect tha game

Dread the pain

That I'ma bring

To ya man

Playing games wit ya life

Livin triflin

I'll take them stripes(Hook) x4

Yeaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh

I'm in this game like a legend

Y'all niggaz peasants

Open ya ass up like presents

Put my weight on it

While you still sittin weight on it

Can't hate on it when Jay on it
Yo don' know rowdy boys shot clothes
Hits from way back
Tryin to top those
Love to chop hoes
Quick to drop boes
On my foes
To pop though
When I don't stop though
Wanna pose
Can't fuck with Jay
I'm the ear-shake
Gotta make big pay
Don't stop
How'm I off the top
But who that drop nigga say I went pop
Lemme pop real shit in ya ear
Pop off on all fuck-boys
So stay in tha clear
Pop bitch in the mouth
Talk too much shit
Pop three lil' gids that don't fuck with
Pop on a nigga when I see ya hate
Pop a gat in his mouth
Send him to Satan
Pop the question
Who next to die
If you it don't wanna to be you don't fuck with mine
I ain't a rap-ass nigga bitch that spit game
In tha big thangs
Don't take some shit man
All bread suckas soft ass cookies
Don't ever compare me to no rookies(Hook) x4[Talking]
Drop it on ya ass
Playin on muh'fuckas game
From here on out
Shop clothes
Talk all that shit
Rapper-ass nigga
Yeaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>