

Dogs of War (Feat. Raekwon, Theodore Unit)

Ghostface Killah

Holllllld 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 rubies
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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