

# Art Of War

## Slagmark

[Lynch Talking]

Art of War nigga, (nigga get in)  
The art of war, (I know where he at)  
Dedicated to the niggaz  
that feel they need to make a living off niggaz  
You know, check it out

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

I smell pussy push me, I got a hard dick for killin'  
Go head and start shit wid the villain  
and get your heart split in a million pieces  
You need Jesus I can tell by your releases please  
He suck nuts for cheese somebody grease his knees  
If you suck nuts for a livin' trust me at least it's these  
Lynch haul all up in ya mouth tryna release the steam  
And you can rub it on like Visine  
And you can dub it all in high speed and watch that bitch nigga scream  
And it's nothin' it's no thing I hit the corner  
You was lucky and nosy nervous at the corner  
I woulda grabbed the body stabbed the body  
Then cut the body up like meat and eat 'em ganja leaves  
Grab the shotty and get away got away scott clean  
So you grab the body I'm in the Mozarotti  
Smashin' down I street, all the way from the jail house  
Gave it a chance and then I had to bail the hell out  
Tight shit but I don't wanna go through that  
Sittin' wid my celly like, how did I do that?  
See I had to leave 'em blue black, the fool's back  
Wid spits like jackler when ya runnin' wid two gats

[Hook: scratching of these lines]

"There's a war going on outside"

"The way of life is the way of death"

"Coming from the thirty six chambers"

[x2]

[Cos]

Seems like I can't mash these days  
Cause everybody wanna try to blast C way

Like everybody wanna pass these days  
But talk shit about my click we gon' blast these K's  
These niggaz gay cats jay cats walkin' cross the street  
When we see 'em I'm mashin' like we on a race track  
These niggaz way wack, they knew that since way back  
That's why when you gave me your shit it got no playback  
You niggaz play rap, we be on that real tip  
We in the Source mag, we gain the ill tip  
And if y'all don't feel this, y'all must not feel shit  
Don't buy that nigga album man he a real bitch  
This nigga tryna make a dollar off my nig's shit  
Don't talk shit to gain fame that's some ill shit  
Come wid some real shit, and stop lyin'  
Cause you ain't never shot nobody and copped a diamond nigga

[Hook]

[Brotha Lynch]

Slim love you well slim joke, you been broke  
Soon as these Blocc niggaz find out ya M-O that's all she wrote  
Cause Blocc niggaz don't fuck wid nut riders we rough riders  
Glock 'til they call me the truck driver  
I drive bodies down I-5 a, insane you's a damn shame  
You don't sell a damn thang to hoes, here's ya damn fame nigga  
See you's the same niiga that used to lick on the balls  
And hum when I had 'em in ya jaws ask D-E  
I wrap CD cases and put 'em on the shelf  
I told you motherfuckas I'll gi' you a lil' help  
Cause if I really had funk wid you, I wouldn't say shit  
Just spray shit, come get you, ya done dizzle  
All I gotta do is whistle and here comes the troops  
Siccmade niggaz stompin' in steel toe boots  
We get paid quicker I know it hurts but it's the truth  
Pretty motherfucka I take out ya tooth  
Either that or watch the Uzi shake out the roof  
How you want it?, like Burger King I'm murderin' and his woman  
Trust me, it get tough out here  
Motherfuckers could end up in a trunk out here  
Can you feel it?

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>