War

Memphis Bleek

Yeah, yeah, right back niggaz, huh
Yeah, that bounce we need ya know
Marcy, where we at, huh? Right here
Let me hear some new shit, yeah, niggaz
Just Blaze, you a muhfucker wit' these beats
Boy, let me hold it down though, yo
Let the hood know, that Bleek ain't changed
Anywhere in the world, I don't tuck the chain
And I walk like, yeah, I need the cane
But dawg, that's the shorty, trust me I ain't playing
War, I'm ready for it to go there
Anybody that know me know I love when it go there
Dawg, and yeah, that's wassup
Four dimes, all mine nigga, that's wassup
Yeah, wifey wanna curse me out
You won't get me
'Cause the chain's like it's workin' out
But E's still wit' the Roc-A-Fella gang, hoe
Whole crew got cheese like mozzarella Mayne
Top come off, top stay on, whatever
Got rid of the five
I don't like the leathers niggaz
Six is better, more room
And there's more wood to cover my interior
This is war, enough of them words, we want war
You throw a couple of shots, we throw more
You gettin' that money, we got more
We got more, nigga, this is war
This is war, enough of them words, we want war
You throw a couple of shots, we throw more
You gettin' that money, we got more
We got more, nigga, this is war
I warned her, man, should not fear, man
If you violate, man, then you die by hand
And it should be fine, behanded that man
That man I am and you don't understand
But I hear the talking like, Bleek, where you been?
It's unfortunate, I'm in beef again, huh
Niggaz is rappin' and clappin' I'm still laughin'

Sat back in my hood and tried to live average
But you still want me to bang at 'em
Stack lil' paper, send a lil' gang at 'em
But I see you wanna stop my chill
Trips to Oddy Earth, meetings wit' Mc Neil
Or round table meeting wit' Hov
You want me in the hood, still over that stove
Nigga, I got soldiers in droves
It ain't nothing to a boss, we'll go in your clothes, nigga
This is war, enough of them words, we want war
You throw a couple of shots, we throw more
You gettin' that money, we got more
We got more, nigga, this is war
This is not for children, not for lames
Only for real niggaz that can feel what I'm saying
If it's too blatant then it's not for you
You do a hit, throw up later, it's not for you
So just quit you bitch, making me sick
You never pimped, you only friendly wit' chicks
And I've been away for a minute
Jay beat up the drum, now they whinin' like women
I'm right back, nigga, where you at, nigga?
Keep the Mac nigga, spit it like that nigga
And I tried to chill even though
I got to spit everyday like I ain't signed a deal, nigga
Mama's still in the hood, work steel in defense
I got a flow like I'm still on the bench, nigga
Got a delivery like Sunday's paper
I lay that down and I get that paper, nigga
This is war, enough of them words, we want war
You throw a couple of shots, we throw more
You gettin' that money, we got more
We got more, nigga, this is war

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