

# Street Wars (Ft. Clipse)

## Vinnie Paz

Yeah, bout as real as they come\*  
Still pushing base like an African drum  
The only other hands that it touched before Young  
Was a Guala out of Dallas with shag like Tum Tum  
Back to the hood where niggas started detoxing  
Till I hit them corners with that motherfucking sheet rock  
The rollers back bitch, the seal's on the back bitch  
The six-three highlights the difference like an asterisks  
Yes, the re-up game never dies  
Soda makes the brick multiply  
Push tons of monster with the pie  
Keep water from the villain  
Remember what it did to them gremlins?  
Oh God, street wars when the heat warms up  
In summertime niggas know what's up  
Heavy armour, heavy drama, heavy karmas  
Be the reason haters scared of us fucking their baby mamas  
Soon as this product hits the street  
You know they will be strung  
They'll be dancing to the beat of this drum  
Listen, It's addiction hey You know we got em hooked like fiends  
They open like a drug  
They'll be dancing to the beat of this drum  
Listen, It's addiction Yeah, I told Pusha, I told Mal  
Vinnie move more white shit than a snowplough  
Everybody knew the guinnie was so foul  
The SKS with the bayonet, oh wow  
I'll rob everything and leave you with a hungry gut  
The hollow tips leave you looking like you got a Gumby cut  
You think you fucking with the God then you's a funny fuck  
Rambo knife cut your stomach like a tummy tuck  
All you see is darkness when the gun bursts  
The G36 melt your brain like a Pun verse  
I act wild but I handle my funds first  
I'm drunk all the time, blood quenches the son's thirst  
I don't talk about the money I got  
Because if money want my money then money gets shot  
Rap shit don't work then I dumb on the block  
With Pusha and Mal cooking up the drums in the pot

Still with the coke man, same as it ever was  
Re-up game, we the shame of America  
Eighties hysteria, the 'caine be my legacy  
The feds got our names, they hang us in effigy  
Best believe it come back like it never left  
I write rhymes but I'll bet I'd make a better chef  
They can't wait for it to dry, they like it better wet  
And I'm heavy with the D like Eddie F  
I whip it good, real good then I let it rest  
Then I scrape the sides then I let em test  
Yes, I got weight like Creatine  
A gem star hit that chopping block like a guillotine  
Know what I mean? Sitting on chrome rims  
Not only paper, we stack brick like Stonehenge  
Go against us? Haters got no wins  
I trust no one and I don't need no friends  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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