

Waitin' For Warfare

Bizzy Bone

There is no way in hell (marching factions...)
That the blind can lead the blind (...regime takin' over my body...)
Unless somebody play the dog (...intertwined into my soul)
Split personality, -ality, -ality
Split personality, -ality, -ality
I'm in reality (foward march)
Waitin' for warfare
Waitin' for warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare
My army, marchin' factions, regime takin' over my body it seems
Regime, regime (forward march)

Hear the eruption when I'm pumpin and bustin', gotta give a concussion
Lovin' the lust and plus to touch me, rush me
Too much, you must be out of your mind
Trust me, I'm the nigga dumpin', tell 'em lovely
All the way from the Clair to the PO and down '71
We on to the C.O. and fuckin' with the B-O-N-E
Hit the floor and go, and again we hit the door

Ammo explode, rappin' in platinum
Capo ballin' out of control, provoked emotions
Devotion, capture bankroll, behold the unknown treasure
Cherish your soul precious as solid gold roses
Thrown over decomposed bodies froze
Expose who chose to impose sleep
Deceased, buried six feet deep beneath hollow stone
Tragedy prolong memories, harmony, sing another sad song
Unsolved mysteries involve society
Only strong minds survive holocaust victims soft in our life die off
The (?) caught slippin', steppin' in deep shit, (?)
Ignorance lost (?)
The pussy wish he had some balls to brawl with us heartless
In it'til ya havin' a tendency to empy cartridges
Off on enemy targets (bitch)
Regardless of felony charges still spittin' ammunition
So mission accomplished

We're movin' in heaven's movie, my lil' nigga, watch out!
Waitin' for warfare
Waitin' for warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare
My army, marchin' factions
Regime takin' over my body it seems
Regime, regime

Well I'm a soldier, fuck the TV
See me when they bring back 3D
Even on Eazy bookin' on me, lookin' at Ruthless now
she so sleazy, gimme some cheese!
And I see that you're scheming on the comedians now
But leave me, bitch
You better believe can't nobody save you
When I move my music underground
And don't deceive me, please, get up off your knees
I'm all about business, ask Animal
I ain't your victim and a witness to the sickness written
Did I piss you off?
On a mission in the midst of the demons

Bankin' off my voice and makin' my choices
She don't even know me and I'm kickin' and screamin'
Tryin' to get out my dreams, at least to keep me breathin'
Even poisoned the noise, got me coverin' my ears
And save my tears for years, just for the joy
But I'm tellin' you boy, not here, I gotta get my paper
Will the rapist pull my plug and fuck the thug?
Hell yeah, nigga, no love
I thought you knew and nigga don't shove
Cause I'm like, nigga what?
I'll fuck you up you know the rules

Regime takin' over my body it seems
Waitin' for warfare

I can smell your wicked rigormortis a mile from the morgue
The scorn in your soul may tell you to humiliate your enemies
Have you not read the Art of War?
Absent-minded to the enduring
Pouring your cup of damnation in the midst of my world
You gotta be out of your monkey-ass mind
No more will the look of Medusa seduce the predecessors and entrepreneurs

Retaliation, I can taste temptation
Itchin', instigatin' allegations
Undertakin' sacred assassinations
Dead presidents, weapons, and nations
Independence foresaken
Revelations in the making
Bitch-made niggas breakin'
Separate by segregation
Hatred they motivation
No relation in this congregation
Load weapons (B, pass me a clip!) trigger detonations
Bullet penetrate, men break, strain
Pain and frustration; abstain
Chain-reaction tribulations
Safe to say you can't escape disaster when messin' with a master
Unmask the Ripsta's little riddler, nigga (?) killas

Gotta get you more money, come on my little brother
And I brung him - thug on
I got him fuckin' with the revolution
All on the retribution and execution
Shootin', let 'em, do 'em
Get gone, done made a bomb bond
None of y'all pinned my strategize
I heard Bizzy's fried, I heard Bizzy died
But the word from Bryon:
Surprise, I'm still alive with a militant mind
Gotta hit it, will die in a minute, did he feel it?
Well then get it
Rewind, you just trippin' on a nigga tryin' to shine
But I'm'a get mine and I ain't lyin'
Nigga everytime I sign the dotted line it's for the riot
Nigga what you want to do and I ain't dyin' without you
In the silence will kill ya, it's the quiet ones who might peel ya
On the realer, on my lonely and I see that you're phoney, nobdy
Phone me and surely I'm out the door and don't you come for me
It's still fuck ? for sure, let it go
I know and boy I will enjoy a little toe to toe
But no, you'd probably involve the po po
And tell them that you went to jail with Bizzy Bone

It's on in the C.O.