

War Stories

Big K.R.I.T.

Yeah...
Self Scientific
Come and please prepare for war
War Stories (Uh huh)
Something about life and shit...

Little Dony been hustling since he was 11
The name sake of his pops an Old G hood legend
Big Dony was a rider so he felt that pressure to be a rider just like him
Long as he could remember
A very short period of time, life all change once since his pops got life when he was 9
Moms had a very hard time keeping Dony in line
She can see he would start to show signs the product of a father who cares but ain't there
Who build a set niggas repped and Dony was right there
She worked nights so little Dony was left with a promiscuous auntie and his crazy uncle Jeff
Jeff is a gangster, people call him Jay he became a role model once
Dony run away, but Jay the wrong nigga to betray
Jay don't do nothing than fuck bitches and serve all day
Dony got influenced by the cake he was only 10 when stole his first 8 ball from Jay
And gave it his aunt's friend, Fay who said, "I should tell Jay" but gave him 50 dollars away
So this is how Dony spent most of his days, needless to say he's still hustling until this day

How can we survive (survive man), when they ain't making no way for us to get out (til you out the door)
In the streets is no glory, just another war story

Lil Tasha been hustling since she was a teen
A product of a prostitute and a father she never seen
On top on being a ho, moms was a fiend so Tasha was raised in a group home where she met Jean
Jean was 17 and the oldest in the house, her and Tasha formed a bond just seeking a way out
Jean had a man named Slim, Slim was 21 drove a benz and was a neighborhood pimp
He would make Jean turn tricks
He even convinced Jean to get Tasha caught up in the mix
Tasha took tuning like a pro, so Slim dropped Jean, kept Tasha cause she made a better ho
Tasha got influenced by the street and low self-esteem kept her spiraling until she got bleak
So like her mom she too became a fiend, now little Tasha is old Tasha doing the same thing

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War stories tell the toll most pay what they soul
Live Fast and Die Young, like who needs to be old
Pride ourselves on the jewels and the freshest of clothes
And tap dance for materials on the tightest of ropes

Let me see your drive that benz through heaven's doors
No nigga, those rims can't handle that road
Poverty will make you do some strange things player
Steal out your mama purse while she was hard at work
We pray so hard in church, clap till our hands hurt
Let the preacher touch our foreheads hoping it work
Get the devil up off me why don't you
Can't let the sins of my mom and father haunt me
You know that ill advice you get sometime
When they feel better with each other and they can't see eye to eye
Cause they get by to by and that means check to check
And you just wanna be free, scared of what what comes next

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