

Undeclared Wars

Billy Woods

We in the Backwoodz Studioz twisting up buds and woods
We in the Backwoodz Studioz twisting up buds and woods
We in the Backwoodz Studioz twisting up buds and woods

Rappers with beauty pageants drop tapes like Bin Laden
Look at these rappers like beauty pageant drop tapes like Bin Laden
Drop tapes like Bin Laden, NSAs and attaches, let the cast hit play
Everything is politics, dirty tricks, military industrial cliques
Reveal the triple-six, guess what it's all fixed
Like WWF playing chess, blacks versus whites
Rich and poor undeclared wars, chickens come home to roost
Two dutches one loose, red handlings
Wild geese, cops off the leash, no peace
Them is the poems in the cemetery, molesters in the seminary
Babylon got weary, so my appearance very merry
Off the ships could bury, got a little house on the prairie
Smell the roses, pop the cherry, smash through the looking glass
Cheshire Cat off the hat, smack 'em fast with a bottle of sour
Maps, flags at half mast, come through with air fast
Crush your supporting cast, high in the friendly skies
Tight guys crack wising, kevlar suit & tie
Take names like the court clerk, shots bust like stenography
Gunman's in staccato, mulatto vatos playing straight shot lotto
Congrats, and today's grand prize, won a slave of the month
Gentlemen ready your blunts

We the Backwoodz Studioz twisting up buds and woods
From hoods where young ones snatching goods
And everyone acting fool, we just can't live
Travel road, bruise blacks with blues
We'd rather ravage crews, instead of losing they clapping too
We been through it, for freestyle in cold winters on corners
Til mom flipping, sick of the warrants, have the cops
At your door, four in the morning, but I ain't even at my mom's
Crib, somewhere else waking up yawning, mind's whirling
From last night got high as a [?], trying to get by with
Our little bit of bucks, living in the slums, but locked
In the belly of the beast, gotta hold yours
Like steady them beats, we humble
Wide heads had they cakes [?]
Living in the belly of the beast, gotta
Hold yours like steady and release, we humble
Wild heads have they cake and eat, we got a gun
Just [?] a piece and there ain't no peace
Til they take away the murderers and brutalities
Of police, til then I'mma watch for the slow leak
And hold heat, forever rap this music for my soul's peace

Hired on the western front, civil war
We gon' leave rappers with stumps
Your frown got fat like they clumps
Black might take your queen in two jumps
We did the hump, rival crew best prepare
For mechanized warfare, we do it in the trenches
Lieutenant corporal of the benches
Thinking it's about weed and bare shits and giggles
We playing fiddles with smoke over Rome

Pull you from the throne, sic semper tyrannis
Rap monarchy madness
Looking like Michael trying to be the baddest
Shit just looked comical
Like a fat bitch with the monocle
My rap book the chronicle
Spliff geometry conical
Against the grain with Dutch strains tropical

If niggas only knew, I be more broke than you
Just smoke better, but fuck it I autograph with
That letter, to me it's whatever, we can go
Paper-view at the Staple center, Madison Square
Or the Gobi Desert, get your crew together
But you gon' need to be more than just clever
All blues is is mo' better, sung through stormy weather