

War

CunninLynguists

War! War!

There's a war goin' on outside, no man is safe from)

(War is a continuation of politics by other means, the purpose of war is to insert a political agenda...)

Karma's a double-edged sword

What do I really want in this stage of my life

I'd like a beautiful shelby that'll praise me right

I'll praise her back though, I'm not a selfish bastard

Struggle with big shit, but got this elf shit mastered

Time's are strange, I claim to be the man

Like I know G-d can understand his ingenius plan

But I'm just a simple Joe, livin low, avoiding conflict

Cookin food for stereos, so feed your CD-rom this

True, I've struggled, spent days in mud puddles

Shut up shit-talkers and made wanna-be thugs huddle

The world ain't all money, suckas and violence

Quit smoke from the fire-lips, protect your iris

Shit's hard, especially hits to scar the soul

That's why niggaz drink and stress for cigars to roll

It's like the farther we go, we cover less distance

Life's a freak and it'll f**k you and all that you want in this diss dance

Cause we really fragile but thinkin' we tough

Get bowed in the heat of the battle but then we get cut

Buts back on the scene of the saddle with our heads down

Wishin' a meal and G-d would multiply this bread now

You know I, come to the fork in the world so many times

But I just keep choosin' wrong (choosin' wrong)

And movin' on (karma's a double edged-sword)

You know I, need to choose the correct path, change the aftermath

Before she sinks my song

Cause it may not be long (we ain't promised tomorrow)

I try to help out my fellow man sometimes get yellow-hands

Scared by darkness, searching for beauty like Cinderella's man

But I'm no Prince Charming I form my share a folk

Hanging my own self, bad decisions prepare the rope

Strangled by pride, suffocated by lies

Showin' my pearly whites to disguise my prize

Missin' my sister, asking the Lord why did she die

Using her death to instill strength inside of vibes

I don't want old things I done to boomerang

Feelin' low-low, for sho Deacon pursued by shame

It get rough, and ain't enough to just think positive

Cause when nobody's helping me out then its hard to give

And go and robbin' shit, runnin' game on hoes

An un-tame negro, runnin' cain for dough

Acting insane, famous for bringing pain to foes

Knowing that shit'll come back and it'll rain for sho

But I'm still out, rain-slickers in the house

Fame stickers in my mouth, cain sniffers on the couch

Walking the world and the crowds, shiftin' through trash

Not knowin' I'm feelin' like it cause I'm livin too fast

You know I, come to the fork in the world so many times

But I just keep choosin' wrong

And movin' on (karma's a double edged-sword)
You know I, need to choose the correct path, change the aftermath
Before she sinks my song
Cause it may not be long (karma's a double edged-sword)

Karma's a double edged-sword