

Outro (They Don't Want War)

DJ Khaled

Guan guan Mista Khaled
What you want today, the regular?
Nah, give me the steamed fish
With some white rice
And give me a champaigne cola
And give me some water with some lemon on it
You feel me?

Alright there, no problem
So what your friend want?

Nah I'm good

Alright then, me soon come back

(Waitress giving the order to the chef)
So check this out right
It's all about the money
It's always about the power
It's always about the respect
Straight up
I don't see 'em

Yo Khaled der be some thugs out to the pre
I don't know if you want me get dem out side
I pray

Hey yo check this out right
You tell 'em to come through bring them to me
And let them know they have a choice
Everyone has a choice

Heard them people seeking problems with the Godfather
Shockers keep them llama get your head trauma
Pussy boys rather see me dead, mama
Instead I'm in that Maybach texting William Roberts
Riding through the city with my hammer close
Pray to Allah that this trick does not have bash results
Self made all it took was faith and lots of hope
Understand this the realest shit I ever wrote
Arab from the middle east Jerusalem
Duplicate me will never be I'm hot as Lucifer
Palestine mastermind, rowie face, bezels shine
Smoking good, counting paper, tryin' to dodge the Babylon
Yeah, I'm well respected and that's on any block
Talk about the gutter you just pray to make it out
Puffing ganja with them wassels with them dreadlocks
Cracking lots with them mobsters get your dog shot
I'm fucking molding, foreign without an owner
Motherfucking neighbours bought the whole corner
Bought the whole block, stuntin' on you fuck boys
We the best of all, gotta get that young boy
Gotta let me get 'em
Nah Ace, they don't want war
Just let me get 'em
Nah Ace, they don't want war
I got 'em, I got 'em

Nah Ace, they don't want war
Cause that's that shit we came for

Steamed fish was amazing, matter of fact
Let me get some jerk chicken to go
Grabbed me one of them lemon pie theories
And let me get some of them cash you theories too
And give me another champaingne cola
But let me ask you a question
What happened to them people asking about me
You supposed to bring them to me

Dey no sai mistar Khaled
Dey say me one thang one dat you
It let those take their next chance
And dem boi just
And just cut, gone, cut

Hahahaha, I always told my dogs everyone got a choice
Everyone, kiss the ring