

# The Dogs of War

Ghostface Killah

Money Miggs, let's get him  
I need help to plan an attack twist back these youngin's  
Tired of the run-in's, these niggas ain't live  
Nine years in the desert, son, they couldn't survive  
We're gonna ambush. Blow out the windows, set flames  
Turn the pilots on, set up bombs by the maze  
Blow brains, tie niggas up to the radiators

They ain't gladiators we gon' crush 'em  
Push 'em to the edge, bomb rush 'em  
You know how we do. OG style I dress like the pizza man  
And when they answer the door you come out the van blazin'  
Flame-throwing niggas like shish kebabs

Toasty, roasty, they be like Ghost be crazy as shit  
They fucking with the wrong one  
Son of a gun, I make murdering fun  
You took my baby, my block, and corrupted my hood  
I'm a do it for my hometown, New York understood  
I see laboratories, chemicals and shit  
They cooking right here on the block. I'm throwing a fit  
Destructo, destroying houses like wreckin' balls  
Crushing your foundation you sit somewhere, inspect the fall

Chill. Back the fuck up; it's gonna blow  
He gotta face full of powder and that blue-like snow  
The explosion threw him twenty feet in the air  
He hit the floor and his face just stuck in blank stare  
Hey yo, Tone. Hey yo, Tone. Wake the fuck up  
The chemical burns on his face, I wanna throw up  
I hugged him, felt his heart beatin', his chest breathin'  
Fuck the police, son, I ain't leavin'  
Scooped him, threw him in the van and split  
Took him back to the crib and shit, we gon' fix it

Hey yo, get him (I got 'em)  
We gon' rock 'em  
Try dealin' shit on my block, you got a problem  
It's Tony Starks and Money Migg, the OG's  
Schoolin' niggas in these streets with no degrees

"Yeah. That's right, nigga. What you want? black ass."

I hear 'em talkin' gun talk, that's my language (language)  
Hollows up in the chambers, a hundred shots that'll (yeah)  
Soon as a nigga aim 'em, they blowin' like James Ingram (word)  
Nickle plates from '88, shit'll "Wrath Of Kane" em (Kane 'em)  
I'll pee on a handball court wall where they paint 'em (now hold that)  
I'll fuckin' yellow-stain 'em  
Them niggas out of pocket with it (word)  
Buck shots, left his big man chopped to a midget (blaow-blaow)  
Rippin' crazy shit, poppin' from a Civic  
Soprano put this nigga Starks in a barrel  
Them slugs hit the wall, I assassinated his shadow (damn)  
At the train yard, my tires rollin' over gravel (yeah)  
I hope I hear him step on the third rail and crackle  
Now I'm hoppin' out the whip, gotta finish this

My bigger about to show him what the business is  
Parked trains, darker rain, ain't no witnesses (where he at?)  
I swore I heard his footsteps right behind me (word, yo)  
So, I turned around quick to do this nigga slimy  
Nothin' but a black stray cat ran over line three (what's that?)  
A homeless man rollin' cans in a shoppin' cart (oh, shit)  
And then, from top of the train, came a pop, a spark  
Wish I could pop back but I was locked in a arch  
The nigga hit his mark right on top of my heart (aw, damn)  
My whole chest went numb and the pain got sharp (down)  
Fell face down on the ground, saw the Timberland mark  
He bopped, swingin' the gun like a pendulum arm  
The silencer on the shit was like a Michelin part  
Then everything faded out, became of victim of Starks