

You ain't sayin' nothing slick to a can of oil  
Tell your man to tell his man that his man's a girl  
I holds weight, ya'll niggas skinny like Olive Oil  
We throws atleast half a ki' in the pot to boil  
Royal niggas, rags to riches  
Because your boy breaks bitches like glasses, dishes  
Burn money like I put it in some grass and spliffed it  
If I don't get my man that's passed, it's not misses  
Female donkeys, ya'll niggas ass and dickless  
Hard white rap, just some foil like chiclets  
Never had a wife, you better settle for the mistress  
The truth like Al Capone dying for the syphilis  
Cross me, you name flying on the hit list  
Ya'll niggas buck, won't even pop a clutch on the gear shift  
That ain't the hard pose, nigga, you just scared stiff  
I'm on my grizzly, you might walk right into bear shit  
You rock your pants too tight, get off that queer shit  
No turning back when it's on, I ain't tryna hear shit  
Like the coast guard, I got them choppers than can airlift

Sword, don't you know what you bring?  
You destroy everything - all the blood that you give to men  
There's, no excuse I could give - we just all want to live  
All the war that you bring to men  
War - is comin' home - takes families  
War - I'm not a great big fan of it  
War - is something that is scandalous  
Oh no - oh no  
War - is comin' by air, land, & sea  
War - is man's insanity  
This world... for sure...  
Must stop - this world of war

Tell ya fake niggas don't get me involved, my back is chunky  
Four-five hanging out the jeans, is crunchy  
Facial hair beard, looking like Abe Lincoln  
Stand next to you and my jewels look like ya cage is shrinking  
Love sweets like a dope fiend, nodder with fat hands  
Keep birds around me, they be calling me Batman  
Precisely I pop like cheap luggage, prefusely bleeding  
Word on the streets is you lost three buckets  
Fuck it, you keep dying, I'm into red diamonds  
Rob me, bitch, I have your whole hood crying  
Lighting candles on the street like, 'why you trying? '  
Oh lord, why you had to lullabye him  
His jewels is cursed, his seeds is first  
When he do shows, he pop a wheelie off his murst  
Six three, medium built, tall like Lurch  
While ya'll faggots be sleep, he be putting in work

That's his absorbance stance, I got it down to a glance  
It's war, I got the biggest gun down my pants, pants  
Got a rock, rocket in my pocket  
For to knock ya head right out the socket  
Turn teardrops to smile, been glanced this spare child  
Spra ya gallon of mace in your face, burn off your 'brows  
No phone home, you dribbling, we stone ya sibling

Get my bloods from Tilden, to burn your building  
Poison tip dagger sword, chop through your collar bone  
No, you don't got a fucking chance to holler home  
Nice dream, your sliced spleen, cut through your ice bling  
G-O-D, heats, melts you like it's ice cream  
I'm not vanilla, I'm black panther chinchilla  
My cousin's an orangutan, my brother's a gorilla  
The other's a ape, he turn a rainbow straight  
Get you trapped in the jungle now you can't escape  
War it is, that's the biz, glock pop, plops the feds  
Split your wig, crack your whip, smack your wiz, blast your 'quip  
Chains and whips, planes and ships, guns, swords and flintstones  
And bricks, munch, clothes and kicks, you know it's