One, Morgan Isle two, Morgan Isle three Eh Yo, check it I'm about to black out, pull the mack out, blow your back out New Child, niggaz sick wit it, I've been spit it Realest shit I ever wrote, left ya niggaz starvin and craze Like Johnny I blaze Life a nigga robbin' a case East Harlem on that ass, starving for that cash Morph city mash Nigga you get smashed Outlaw Immortal lifeline Only niggaz doin it right Call my name and you die tonight Give a fuck about the future, Grim Reaper call a coward to hell Murder one living out on bail And I don't give a fuck about y'all, faggot niggaz blowing they brains From going insane Me, I keep inflicting the pain See your soul rise, skip town wit four pows Four life guys, wit .45 that's n o lie Block to block, I'm sho shock Niggaz know not to ever in they life approach me Cause yo, I'm a killa for rilla, my nilla This is binge rap, savage niggaz sticking out they chest, like revel You want war then lets do it, get right in to it Fuck the lolly game, body bags and dust floor War tactics

War tactics Ignorant motherfuckers get they ass kicked
I got it mastered, ya basterd
Word the dirty Way past 7:30 ya hazard Don't wanna see heaven early
I study fire Plus I got 11 worthy calibers Word tha Mack
Step in the arena, I'ma have'ta hurt ya black
Now ya hurt, by the way that you act
For your bitch ass image, I can't believe why they pay you that
Try to ignore me, I'ma get gory and straight pay you back
Like the Ying and the Yang *gunshot* Click and the bang
I'm sick and deranged
And I came with a new team, to set it on your record and you quickly changed
I'ma parlay after a hard day of schooling suckers
And the like the groupon say Kill you stupid motherfuckers

And the like the groupon say Kill you stupid motherfuckers
I don't trust ya If I don't know ya, disarm ya man and cold body blow ya
War tactics

Tactics
Tactics
War Tactics
War Tactics
War Tactics
War Tactics
Child War Tactics

War Tactics

War Tactics

Yo, yo. I'm hot. I carry heat like I walk wit the sun When I speak, bullets shoot I talk wit my gun

Yo man lie wit you Planning hits, spying wit you, get high wit you Beef, yo ride wit you, that nigga cry wit you He is when my nine hits you If he standing by wit you, his ass gonna die wit you He dwelled wit 'em, so I shoot em he felt wit them Tail split them, jail flipped 'em, empty my shells in 'em, they well hit 'em Bullet jing wit bell in 'em Let my eternal spell get em Watch em burn in hell wit em My ammo, best chosen to take out my best opponent guaranteed to rip your vest open and leave your flesh smoking Yo vest open, wit blood to your chest swollen I'm erect chokin, squeeze till yo neck broken My gun, my clip, my bullet we all like rough When I shoot you gonna fall like the season after summer

I'm forced to step up, when death crep up My diamonds shine for any kind that wanna try to get they rep' up Two in place, hit em, get em, make em bounce for 'Pac and Yak Amerikkkaz most wanted Now the feds wanna jock a lot Nigga, this the Outlawz; ain't nobody holding us back They cancel shows They knowing we explode on tracks Abusive Come find the firearms for this new shit Get thirty different names and get Kadafi, still can't do shit I serve ya clique Ya Mack I got the urge to spit Ya never heard of this shit Verbally I'm murderous They broke us up and they broke us slanging coke like a loc'ster I see death around the corner, with two nines in my holster The cognac sipper big barrels by my zipper And I ain't trying to miss ya when I'm tipsy of the liquor I'm controversial, you overrated like Herschel I refuse to go commercial They say patience is the virtue I can't help if my squad up against all odds After shows you get robbed, for my niggaz that died I run ya town like Emmett, only 5 minute tenet Outlaw general, I'm Makaveli lieutenant War tactics