

This Is War

III Bill

It's clockwork apocalypse, mass armageddon
Moving too fast, don't ask me where I'm heading
Shake your ass in the dice, bitch, roll me a seven
Fresh like Dougie
Take you all the way to heaven
Sipping on absinthe, smoking on a Primo
Kid, I got family like a fucking Gambino
Shoot you in the gut like I'm Junior Soprano
You talk batshit crazy but you won't do guano
You're just another victim, picked and plucked
Your chick came back stage, my dick got sucked
My arrogance scary and aristocratic
Bitch I ain't snobby, I'm problematic
I'll scream "bomb" in the lobby and I'll cause a panic
It's Iceberg Whitey, I'll sink your Titanic
Rep's gigantic, flow is tyrannic
Like Saddam Hussein high on 'caine and Xanax

This is war, aim still and heat up the steel
This is war, capo regime, captains at the hill
This is war, chemical agents used in the fields
This is war, grind em up like Hamburger Hill

We don't give a fuck if we got a step with your family
I'mma kidnap your moms and Fedex you her panties
We top dollar, we pop Llamas
We not promised tomorrow
So we involved in all types of horror
Never caught up in that bullshit, divide and conquer
Riding for my homies means I'll probably die a monster
I'm a certified mobster, La Coka rockstar
Fuck music, I'm talking about the block, pa
I'm talking about bullet holes the size of God's heart
And choppers that could put Satan inside a pine box
Imagine what we'd do to you if we wanted to
Pay LAPD to pop you like Amadou
I buy anybody, everybody got a price
Everybody got a momma, everybody got a wife
Everybody got someone he likes or loves
Spike them with drugs and decorate their life with their blood

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I'm the motherfucking trained killer
President Bush learned me well
Hit anybody on the outside from jail
Big Left, I handle bars like I'm stuck on rails
Yes, a breath of fresh air like you're opening sails
List, it's not really that hard, just picture the facts
Welcome to the major leagues where mics are baseball bats
And I'm back, make believe it's '88 and I'm crack
You can tell the shit's mine by the navy blue caps
New York Yankee fitted
The Bronx was the beginning

Where cats got cement shoes to limit their swimming
This is real life, fighting like pits
Duct taping the grip
A true Hollywood story that fits
Wield the steel in the field
My fate's already sealed
I'm stuck in a game show between deal or no deal
I spit, you know the name
I'm not for playing games
Get you higher in vertical than my man David Blaine

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