

# Warfare

Joe Budden

Warfare, featuring Joell Ortiz [echo]  
(J.O., it's J.O.)

(IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?)

You're now hearin hip hop at it's finest  
I'm just criminal minded  
The Ed Hardy with the fine fit (oh)  
Track just started, no need to rewind it

Me, I'm bringin fresh air back, I'm rap's hymelic  
Got 'em all sick is that vomit?  
Ew you nasty  
Man I'll smack your skin if you feel you past it

It's like we lions against Lassies  
Niggaz ain't nice, they lyin, the flow ass cheek  
I'm on the beat like Contra POW  
Steamroll over shit, I'm in a Tonka now  
This ain't about radio, see I'm beyond the dial  
But still strong arm a nigga, Pete Konda style (ow)

The inserts of your album put my ganja out  
That sweeter than the lip gloss on Rihanna's mouth  
Y'all sleepin, in pajamas on your momma's couch  
I'm freakin, in the Bahamas throwin condoms out

Hold up dog, these felons ain't predicates, hands castle delicate  
Metal spit, leave 'em on the field like Everett (oh)  
I does my own stunts, like the Jackie Chan movie  
Mismatch, belt Prada but the pants Louie  
If you ain't fair to me, then your whole camp sushi  
Rockin Iceberg when niggaz didn't understand Snoopy  
Damn moolies, chain of command's ran through me  
You and your man uzi, (Slow Down) like Brand Nubie  
Can't do me, grant to me, like a man groupie  
If that's the number one pick, then he Sam Bowie  
And I hate to blow a homie on your mans  
You ain't Kid Rock, can't box the Tommy with your hands, motherfucker

I was really in the lobby with the grands tryna take guap  
In the hallway, all day, is or it ain't hot  
Listen to Hot 9, like what do they got  
that I don't, With a blindfold I see everyone they say's hot  
It's too easy, I'm feelin like I'm a cheater (why?)  
The flow heavy, your's light like a slice of pita (haha)  
When moms was pregnant she was lightin reefer  
That's why I'm nice, in the middle of Alaska I'll write a heater  
I'm just cool and rough, hoody matchin my Adidas  
Pants with the permanent wrinkles like I am Ian Eagle  
I will make every last one of you guys believers

Dudes is all lost, that's my word, I'm playin timer's keeper

Treat me like a big brother, slash fifth tucker  
Let the cig snuff you, you a kid, fuck ya  
Cocked AK, Mayday, listenin to (Dre Day)  
Can't call me, dick in the mouth, somethin like Ray J  
They like Steve Irwin up against the stringray  
Heat up like ging ray, when somethin with the beans spray

Uh, take a sip of E&J, then a little puff or two  
Get some butt, then kick out the slut, you's a bugaboo (haha)  
Weak dressers, in the ring I'm Mr. Wonderful  
Paul Orndorff, man y'all all soft and huggable  
Y'all dealin with a pro here, that don't care  
Y'all stiff and worn out like a closet with old gear  
And I ain't goin nowhere  
Producers know I'm the best thing over those snares  
But you speakers whack, Ortiz I overdose like the needle's packed  
I be's in a zone, then I give the speakers back

Hold up Joell, the (Ether's) back  
See I'm rap's Larry Johnson, redid my contract, now the Chief is back  
So blame it on fatigue  
Have you like Greg Oden, injured before your first game in the league  
I'm spendin old faces, niggaz took my style  
Gotta steal my own shit back like O.J. did  
Might size you and your spouse, have guys go in your house  
With ridges on the nose of the rifle like OW!  
POW!