

War With Us

King Von

What?

What?

We started this shit, man (Huh?)

We fathered this shit, man (For real, we did)

For real

Did a lot of dirt myself, dirty
Thirty on me, shoot 'em like Steph Curry
Shells get to raining, gettin' wet up, huh?
Fall and your ass won't get up, nah
Bitch, I get busy with choppers and Glizzlies
I'm ridin' through the city, this Glock got no safety
Keep that bitch with me so please do not tempt me
I squeeze 'til it's empty, you thinkin', you crazy
Bad bitch from another country, foreign
Slam dunk all on the pussy, scoring
Nigga, I'm on to the next, she boring
Finna pull up on her friend, who's goin'?
Bands on me, money won't fold, damn
Leprechaun, where is me gold bands?
Can't catch the drip, you got no hands
I ain't got opps, I got all fans
I be slidin' on niggas, straight patchin' them
You ain't wanna die, why you lack with them?
Hoppin' up out of them Astro vans
Caught your ass, boy, you can't hide from 'em
We dangerous, Tooka, man, smoke 'em like angel dust
Boy, you ain't gang, you a stain, you can't hang with us
Glizzlies on every gang member that came wit us
Aim and just spray at them niggas that ain't wit us

How you gon' war with a god, a beast?
You don't need guns, you need heart, you weak
Boy, we would dust yo' ass off, sweepin'
You don't want smoke on my squad, you tweakin'
Tell them niggas they don't wanna war wit us (Nah)
They don't wanna war wit us, nah
Tell them niggas they don't wanna war wit us
Boy, we some monsters, savages, and warriors
Tell them niggas they don't wanna war wit us (Nah)
They don't wanna war wit us, nah
Tell them niggas they don't wanna war wit us
Boy, we some monsters, savages, and warriors

Whole lotta wild ass shorties, babies
Thirty-five stuffed in a forty, KD
Nah, they don't need no aim, say what?
Hitting niggas up close range, layups
Two hands, I'm rocking the metal
I'm hot like the devil, I bury your block like a shovel
Hit your ass all in your neck, now your head on your chest
Look like Olympic gold medals (Hahaha)
Switchin' gears, swervin' through traffic, stop us
I can switch gears on my ratchet, choppa
Boy, when we roll up we bustin', blocka
Knock all that meat out your fuckin' taco
Hollow tips spinning like cyclones

FaceTime a nigga like iPhone
Put a pretty opp bitch in a morgue, huh
Call that bitch drop dead gorgeous, damn

I'm heartless, bitch, you can call me the Tin Man
Going against me is like crawling through quicksand
Draco be sparkin' and bargin' through bricks, man
Some call me grandson, some call me hitman
(Bitch) Bitch, some call me hitman
(Bitch) Bitch, some call me hitman
Some call me grandson (Bitch, bitch, some call me hitman)

How you gonna war with a god? A beast?
You don't need guns, you need heart, you weak
Boy, we dust your ass hard, sweepin'
You don't want smoke on my squad, you tweakin'
Tell them niggas they ain't want a war wit us
They ain't want a war wit us, nah
Tell them niggas they ain't want a war wit us
Boy, we some monsters, savages, and warriors
Tell them niggas they ain't want a war wit us
They ain't want a war wit us, nah
Tell them niggas they ain't wanna a war wit us
Boy, we some monsters, savages, and warriors

Free Boss-T
Free Trey Five, 3D
Free Bang Man
Free D. Rose, free Nine
Free Lil Scud
Free 22
Real to real
Fuck the fake
We out