

# 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 Glizzies

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

Glizzies 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 bargain' 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  
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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