

Ready For War

Major Nine

You ready?

All right, let's get it

Ready for war, military-minded, I'm a young soldier
If you don't feel it in the air, you need to come closer
I got dreams of bein' better than a young Hoover
But where I'm from, even your family give you cold shoulders
They put your dreams in the backseat
Until somebody open the door and notice you not a family
They need to cool it with that fake love
I was raised by real killers and drug dealers, not fake thugs
I ain't political, but mama, I get lyrical
We could be shoulder to shoulder, but I ain't feelin' you
We could be face to face, but I ain't hearin' you
I'm hittin' point blank range, so I ain't missin' you
And I done seen a lot of lame shit
Like two niggas gettin' killed over the same bitch, yeah
And everybody screamin' same thing
From my hood to your hood, we screamin' gang, gang, yeah

I'm waitin' for you to change on me
Like everybody in my past, you ain't the same, homie
Niggas started actin' different when I put them chains on me
Got a lil' money, and them bitches, and that fame on me
Now I walk around paranoid, clutchin' heavy
'Cause if he actin' flakey, gettin' buried
I'm from the city, ain't no bitch, and I ain't scary
It's kinda odd when you ain't got your parents, ain't no fairies
Ready for war, kick down the door, shoot
Put your mask on, lace up your boots
Fuck the other side 'cause they know that we the truth
And bitch, we run the whole city, you can see the proof
And we done lost some brothers on this road
That's why my brother walk around with a dirty pole, whoa
And I can't tell him shit, that's just how we was raised
Fuck bitches, get money, we straight

Who you gon' run to when the sun goes down?
Dead bodies, mama cryin', don't come around
Pay attention, nigga, step it up
And if your friend envy you, that boy might set you up
Hey, like a pool, they might wet you up
Yeah, fuck, nigga, what you flexin' for?
And you better keep your head on a swivel
Yeah, 'cause they might just try to kill you

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30 clip, drop his whip, whoa
And ain't no cheat codes, got a lot of bullets, let's reload
We treat the 'jects like the stores, we ain't never closed
Before a football, I seen weed, base, and blow
And I'm goin' to war for all my brothers, that's some real shit
And if you wasn't in them trenches, you won't feel this
Just treat his head like a tool and hit the kill switch
You'll give a nigga everything and he'll still switch
Major smoke with this nigga I went to school with
Can't let 'em kill me 'cause my mama ain't have two kids
Got to bustin' at his top like he got two lids
Catch a body, don't show my teeth like I'm toothless
Ice Cube, Eazy-E, we so ruthless
These ain't no Nike's on my feet, so you can't do this
And I won't change up on my brothers, that's a no-no
And I still got that M-16 by the front door

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, ready for war, run down, shoot
You catch your mans, you know just what to do