

You Don't Wanna Go 2 War

Mia X

What's up all ya'll real soldiers? (Uuunnnggghhh!!!)
All ya'll niggaz in Baton Rouge. (It's MP, MP! MP)
Shreveport. (the muthaf**kin colonel)
Alabama. (The Colonel!)
Kansas. And it's time to salute. (At ease!)
North Carolina. South Carolina.
The first muthaf**kin lady of the tank!
(on the muthaf**kin tank!) The tank! (Feel this!)
Detroit. The hardest bitch you ever heard!
(the hardest bitch you ever heard) D.C. (Uuunnnggghhh) Mia X!
(Mia X!) Mia X! Unlady Like! (Unlady Like!) Unlady Like!

[Chorus: x3]

You don't wanna, go to war with a soldier
No Limit, TRU nigga, I thought I told ya!

[Mia X]

Mamma! Four star lady general, picture the tank
I represent, get ya bucked, and I ain't to be f**ked with
Nigga, lyrical, lyrical, ghetto she-devil
Below the sea level (New Orleans) chills the illest sista
Quick to get ya tangled in my web of gangsta pictures
Descriptive vocals, who's the black widow I flow to
Red Sea, flooded the rap in the streets, started the week
And got my props in and out of bloody cheddar cheese
Betta keep yo negativity about No Limit on the under
My verbal warfare will shake that ass like thunder
I thunder, man, they wanna be bad hoes, so ask yo-self,
Can you handle any physical encounters with moi?
Huh? My thug entourage lives for rollin them blunts,
Totin them guns, tearin shit up, what?
There is no street bitch, rollin with niggas,
Flowin with niggas, holdin they own with niggas
Like Mama Mia, and her kid sista
Lady Smith and Wesson, 9 milli-heata splitta
Forever with the, TRU soldiers, till I die
We gon ride, smoke weed, and drop lyrical keys

[Chorus x2]

[Master P]

??? Reebok, laced up, strapped with my hardhat
Army fatigues, strapped, and I'm ready for combat
Fool, I got that ghetto sold like ?Lebanon?
And P be the commander, chief, call me the black Sylvester Stallone
Eyes ever red, cause I'm gon off that dolja
Raise ya guns high if you a No Limit Soldier
Fool, till I die, I'm a represent the tank,
A colonel's any nigga in the ghetto makin bank
Gats cocked for hatas, suckas can't fade us
Got niggaz representin from Louis, Florida, to Vegas
Mississippi to Oklahoma, New Orleans to California
Cleveland, Ohio, Atlanta to Tacoma
Texas, Evansville, to f**k it, Indianapolis, Augusta
Niggaz rowdy, just bout that cabbage,
Gats TRUed up, gon off that green and hennesy

Like Pac say, fool, keep ya f**kin eyes on ya enemies
I be dunkin niggaz in the hood just like Stackhouse
I'm known, any nigga in the ghetto
could say "ungh!" and watch hoes pass out

[Chorus x2]

[C-Murder]

Bitch I'm breakin bread with muthaf**kin killas
And I'm slangin tapes, to muthaf**kin drug dealas
And I'm representin, No Limit to the fullest
TRU nigga till I'm dead, gimme the trigga, I'm gon pull it
Nigga pass the weed, cause I'm bout to get high
And hatas watch ya ass, cause ya ass is gonna die
We be No Limit niggaz, and we bout it
We come to a club, and get the muthaf**ka rowdy
Bitch, I'm TRUed up, cause I'm in it
P is the colonel, I'm the muthaf**kin lieutenant
Soldiers

[Chorus x2]

[Silkk]

Ya'll don't wanna go to war
Cause I'm off the muthaf**kin tank, bitch
Ya'll think ya'll could, ya'll can't hang
Bitch, I'm a tell ya as a fact, ya'll can't, bitch
Military mind, or should I say military schemes
Count my fly radio ??? pull a hit off in the daytime without bein seen
Cause I'm a N-O, L-I, M-I-T soldier
I tried and told ya, f**k repeatin myself over
Niggaz start runnin, I start bustin, niggaz be hidin and duckin
You could be off and rushin, I got problems still can touch ya
Nigga f**k ya, no bustas, just soldiers and hustlas
I'm good with my gun, but if it jams I resort to my knuckles
Cause if you ain't a soldier, then you ain't shit
And if you ain't a soldier, then what's yo purpose, bitch?

[Chorus x2]

[Mystikal]

Together we make more noise than clash of the titans
Bring mo game than we fightin
I done hooked up with the Colonel, give a f**k if you like it
Keepin bitches excited, recycle hatas that trifle,
Get vital with rivals, got hoes awaitin my arrival
Call them people for me, I'm on fire
Scorchin hot, rhyme thrower, if yo ass get burned, don't hold me liable
We move far, can't go to war past 16 toys
You know who we are, we No Limit Soldiers we step when we march
I want yo respect like a direct order from ?Freestar?
Niggaz get scared when I come through, bitch, I'm expectin five stars
Bitch ??? never overload rounds to be shot
We mercenary soldiers, we can't be stopped!
Bitch, we soldiers!

(Ghetto niggaz and bitches)

Soldier, soldier (about face, at ease)

All I want to be was a soldier

(Now pass the muthaf**kin weed)

[Chorus x2]