

# War

## Pop Smoke

(TrapHouse Rob)

If I want it I'ma grab it  
If I want it I'ma have it  
Christian Dior, Christian Dior, I'm up in all the stores

I make a call (Woop, woop)  
I make a call and it's war  
Nigga, you can check the score  
We up on the board (Woop, woop)  
And we all living lavish, if I want it I'ma have it  
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My niggas wit it, money flow, run up them digits  
I know niggas mad that we did it  
See it, we live it  
Morals, won't ever forget it  
If I ever get booked I'm a cricket  
Get it and flip it  
Henny right here I'ma sip it  
You try me, it's shots at your disk it  
24 hip it  
I'ma just 24 hip it, 'cause bro said don't ever forget it  
Gang with me  
Anywhere that I pop out, know the thang with me  
Every nigga herewith me gon; bang with me  
Trail like a bro going insane with me  
Body dropping, that shit ain't a thang to me  
Smokin' duddies, I'm rollin' up lame niggas  
Couple niggas hang with then changed, nigga  
Clean the mess and we leaving remains, nigga  
Surely business aint playing no  
f\*ck all this fame, nigga  
You will get flamed, nigga  
Don't you front, I got aim, nigga  
I saw homis that f\*ck up my brain, nigga  
I be feeling like going insane, nigga  
I just got me a check now my chain bigga  
You gonna die for this stain, nigga  
When you sent me the addy I came, nigga  
Only me and my main niggas  
You ain't ready for static, don't play, nigga  
We could hit you today, nigga  
If you making your bed, better lay, nigga  
There ain't too much to say, nigga

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Look, I got 30 shots for any nigga who want it  
Me and Tjay, we be huntin'  
I don't talk much 'cause niggas know how we comin'  
Niggas know I be dumpin'  
Glock 9, dumpin'  
Run Ricky, run it  
Blue face, hunnids  
Know I'm the bill collector  
Pull up, what's crackin'?  
Gun get to blastin'  
Talk on my name and we wylin' out  
All the ops in the spliff, ashin'  
Puff, puff, ain't no passin'  
You gon' end up in a casket  
'Cause niggas know what we into  
I get to drillin', I'm sittin', I'm killin', I'm sinnin' if I get the feelin'  
,

I call Trav war, bet he clap too  
Sick Remi like he Papoose  
Have him stand still like a statue  
Have him inked in like a tattoo  
If I run down he goner  
Headshot, no warning  
It's a man down when its pouring  
Gang spin, early morning  
I don't get mad, I get money  
What you looking at, little dummy?  
I start bucking teeth like I'm bunny  
And I back the Wraith out for nothin'

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