

War Baby

Quando Rondo

Xclusive made this
Yo Vicky
Simo Fre just killed this

Gas station, dirty up the soda bottle
When I went over your love, I thought I hit the lotto
I say, "Through the mud, I had to walk, nobody followed"

Just found some broken Fendi goggles in my Redeye (Skrirt, Redeye)
Poured out a broken Henny bottle for the dead guys (Dead guys)
10.27, my whole roster duckin' fed' time (Coo-coo)
We be steady steppin', wet they block up, make the headline
Glocks and Smith & Wessons
All my weapons came with led lights (Uh-huh, grrah)
Hundred thousand dollars on the necklace shine, no headlight (Yeah)
I just got a feti' for that fetish
Chase them dead guys
I know she wonder why I vanish
I had to, to get my head right

I'm at war, baby, it ain't no right or wrong (I'm at war, baby)
She always ask me why do I be in the streets and clutchin' chrome (Ay
y, uh)
Uh, ambulance truck, not tryna see them bust my dome (Oh)
Okay, okay, I just wish they leave me 'lone
Before I signed a deal, I kinda wished that I had mattered
You know Lul Tim, he shoot to kill, we let some shots off at whoever
(Grrah, grrah)
Big ratchet in my pants, I do my dance with my Beretta
We bust straight static at your mans we put him up, bitch, I'm the De
vil
Homicidal thought, bled on the streets and not a stretcher
All this mud on my feet, baby, I'm nothin' like the rest
That one wrong move'll get you shot
I pray to God I'm not next up
My pain run deeper than the deepest and you got the best of it
Just lay on my chest hon'

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