

War Ready

Warhol.SS

Ayy, man
Fuck that nigga
(What? What? What? What?)
Why you got that shit on you man, I wouldn't try that shit
[?] that shit on you
(Strap)

Troops 'round town, get it by the muscle
Real street nigga, all I know is hustle
Mind still rollin', (Codeine what I guzzle)
Dogs steady with me, bark and get bit
Couple hoes with you, but they all hit
Gang ridin' with me, take a couple pics
(Your bitch poppin' out, know she doin' dick)
I can't feel the pain, but I'm on the TEC
Workin' like a stain, I can't get attached
Wrist a Johnny Dang, diamonds by the batch
Hoe'n so official, raised like a champ
Certified nigga, hit her with a stamp
Catch a nigga slippin', light him like a lamp
War ready, leave a nigga real damp

Speakin' of demons, I roll with a couple
Got five hundred shooters, they ready to rumble
He buildin' an empire, we make it crumble
That chopper go off, make a lil' nigga shuffle
Say he want smoke, nigga, don't make me chuckle
(I walk with a needle, we bustin' these bubbles)
We walk in with 30s, won't see us in scuffles

(Bitch!) Oh, he see us, he in trouble
Double tap him, I believe he seein' double
Beat him 'til I see the bone from the knuckle
Knuck if you buck, but, lil' nigga, do not buckle
Oh, what, Pillsbury Dough
Only see the money, damn near make me chuckle
See me with your bitch's nipple, I'm a sucker
Suck on this dick, bring the head in like a huddle

Whoa, hit her from the back
Whoa, make her pull up covers
He informin', I don't talk to undercovers
NLMB, nigga, never leave my brothers
Whoa, prayin' for my niggas, know they go through struggles
Fuckin' on that ho and pass it to my brother
Choppa on me, hit that nigga and he stumble
(Choppa on me, on me, me, me! whoa!)

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Assault rifles in the minivan, shh, oh
Movin' bodies in a minivan
She ain't hard, she just a mini ten
He ain't hard, he just a minute man
My niggas on the beat like Timbaland
Feelin' the heat, I keep cool like the ceiling fan
A mystery van what we sittin' in

Breakin' her back, ayy, she just might need a chiropractor
These niggas talk for they health, but I never see action, like he a real actor
Uh, whoa, scrape it like Peewee
Ayy, water my neck like a Fiji
Water lil' pussy, she fuck up the sheets
Break up the huddle, we play for the keeps

(Can't see these niggas like Stevie Wonder)
Wonder if you ever seen a dead body wandering, oh
Sometimes I wonder if this life is worth suffering
Bullets gon' come fly in flurries, if this shit stop, it's 'cause my gun buffering
If I got beef with a nigga, then I'm not gon' take that shit publicly, fuck publicity

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Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!