

War Zone

Black Moon

Got a call one late night from my nigga Thor
Tellin me Buckshot get ready prepare for war
On the streets I peep em in the swarm technique
So me and my peoples swarm wit heat

When this beef rule number one is don't panic
In the situation where niggas got automatics
And they bustin off
I'm about to toss a couple of shots

And bust back at niggaz in parking lots
Even though its dark I know they comin for me
Slowly like a slow leak water dummy
Is you gone bust or is you gone hesitate

Gwone hesitate my niggaz bust and never wait
Nigga its on the war zone set to be loose
In a couple of minutes put the gun inside your goose

We got adeen souljahs runnin wit us
Either run wit us or run into us
Claimin its beef but its love when we at your door
Boy you asked for it you want beef well here's waaaar

Take a closer look at who ya see
No its not a mirage its the Five F-T
Finally here to make my mark
Rhymes in out of the dark in my fatigue wit the dutch

Spark still not
Givin a fuck pull in again and make you do a semi to a tuck
What now your funeral parlor is packed
Everybody vestin on back

All your peoples ready to react
But they not ready for war
Another rest in peace sign blessin your mans name on the side wall
Last man stands last mans to make the call

First man plans first man stand and brawl
And plus I'm aiming at y'all
Forever bringin in the dominant at 5 foot tall

We got adeen shorties runnin wit us
Either run wit us or run into us
Claimin its beef but its love when we at your door
Boy you asked for it you want beef well here's waaaar

Through the dusty wind
I must be in
At night move-a quickly on your new mission
Cold-hearted motherfuckers started actin up

want to step to Buck load up and get my face cut
For what, a couple of props
Niggas wanted a couple of shots
And dead off the whole block

And put the static up another notch
But peep them fake niggaz by the flocks
They never bust glocks
They front first

Before my niggaz ask you what you want first we bust first
Too many niggaz thirst
Streets aim at me
Bitches throw game at me its a war inside my head but I stay nappy

And my mind-set said to blow
'Cause if the streets is watching, Ima let the streets know
I live by the rule
The rule-a regulate the street survival

Live by the street bible
Guerilla tactics move swiftly through the trees
Fuckin up the head of my enemies

We got adeen thugs runnin wit us
Either run wit us or run into us
Claimin its beef but its love when we at your door
Boy you asked for it, you wanted beef well here's waar

We got my MFC wit us
Either run wit we or run into us
Claimin its beef but its love when we at your door
Boy you asked for it, you want beef well here's waar