

## Art Of War

Brotha Lynch Hung

Art of War nigga, (nigga get in)  
The art of war, (I know where he at)  
Dedicated to the niggaz  
That feel they need to make a living off niggaz  
You know, check it out

I smell pussy push me, I got a hard dick for killin'  
Go head and start shit wid the villain  
And get your heart split in a million pieces  
You need Jesus I can tell by your releases please  
He suck nuts for cheese somebody grease his knees  
If you suck nuts for a livin' trust me at least it's these  
Lynch haul all up in ya mouth tryna release the steam  
And you can rub it on like Visine  
And you can dub it all in high speed and watch that bitch nigga  
scream  
And it's nothin' it's no thing I hit the corner  
You was lucky and nosy nervous at the corner  
I woulda grabbed the body stabbed the body  
Then cut the body up like meat and eat 'em ganja leaves  
Grab the shotty and get away got away scott clean  
So you grab the body I'm in the Mozarotti  
Smashin' down I street, all the way from the jail house  
Gave it a chance and then I had to bail the hell out  
Tight shit but I don't wanna go through that  
Sittin' wid my celly like, how did I do that?  
See I had to leave 'em blue black, the fool's back  
Wid spits like jackler when ya runnin' wid two gats  
[Hook: scratching of these lines]  
"There's a war going on outside"  
"The way of life is the way of death"  
"Coming from the thirty six chambers"  
(2x)

Seems like I can't mash these days  
Cause everybody wanna try to blast C way  
Like everybody wanna pass these days  
But talk shit about my click we gon' blast these K's  
These niggaz gay cats jay cats walkin' cross the street  
When we see