

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