

## War Rats

Cappadonna

Less seen and less heard, It's the pillage  
Live where we die for trade, orphans of the industry, rise up a  
gainst  
Pretense, DJ's of segregation come together plottin' on the Nat  
ion  
Cats got the puff powder dance  
Underground economics, take a chance at the crackpot  
Speak at the ones on top  
At the gay bar your best rap star caught not keepin' it real  
What's the deal wit' ya'll wanna be MC's when Ghost hit you  
The struggle is official with this  
Chill 'cause we don't mix wit' yall uncle Tomers  
We rock those real black leather bombers  
For real, Park Hill not Beverly Hills  
Ya'll better be still  
My brains come out of my ball pen for my origin  
I put the work in, any predictament  
In fact it don't matter to me  
The rap Oprah Winfrey with less currency  
But rock beautifully, no security with me  
Hard times and prophecy  
One idea, two children and three for virginity  
Pure energy whenever you confront me  
I'ma take yours, star wars.  
Star Wars, storm troopers, evil rulers  
New manuevers, Black German Luger laser beam  
(repeat Chorus)  
The tables turned now, enter Shaolin where it's cold now  
Let the Teck blow now  
More Jungle nails, Parkhillbillies pour gas on Phillies  
Blocks where the Babies pick locks  
And Women make love to other Women  
It's the pillage, your Mother's Sons  
No more cold war, it be the poor ones  
No radio play, from the hallway to the doorway  
They banned us, cease to understand us  
Rap criminals segregated, player hated  
Underrated, project recipients  
Cappadonna, bag with the marijuana  
I'm a late-comer, I spread love last Summer  
Photographs with the Hummer  
A young dumber, boun