

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 maneuvers, 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