

Bloody War

David Banner

I wish I had my pistol.
Miggas, think the south is a fad nigga.
I went back and picked up my nigga B.G.
We gon crank this mug.
Soutside motherfucker!!!!

Bloody War! Bloody, bloody war!
What you think these bullets and all these guns made for? (made for)
Bloody War! Bloody, bloody war! (war)
What you think these bullets and all these guns made for?

They made to bust with em (bust wit em,) they made to bang with em (bang wit h em,)
If you trippin, they made to knock out your brains with em.
They made to bust with em (bust wit em,) they made to bang with em (bang wit h em,)
If you trippin, they made to knock out your brains with em.

I'm hittin you bitches,
With choppas, running from helicopters and duckin the feds,
thirsting for blood, ready for war, I'm wanting you dead.
I want that nigga to come that shit, so I can get it back and go beat that b itch.
Teach that snitch, about that south; the place where we woulda putta bullet in your mouth.
Take your doe, take your cash, and let the grim reaper come and take your as s,
Imma slow it down cause I'm goin to fast, Imma slow it down to fast.
This the last time that I'm gonna remind you niggas, Imma cock back and put a hot dime in you niggas.
That's ten shots, ten pops from a fucking glock, I wanted peace, but now my piece is clearing out the block.
Knock, Knock. Who is it? Bitch, call me David Ban.
The man with a plan to put your ass in some land.
Bitch!!!

Nigga, where I'm from,
All we do is kill and hustle,
If you come slippin without that pistol, you in trouble.
I'd insult niggas, on a block that got they're stash took,
The niggas who took it turned around and got his ass busted.
I'm out here, half the time I dont sleep.
How Imma sleep when I'm in the streets and I got beef.
On my block it's war; we live like we in Pakistan,
I got the mac in my pants, and I got crack in my hands.
I give it how you want it; I take it how it come.
They say you live by the gun, and you die by the gun
I been a little soldier; I been a little beast.
I'm even wilder, I got Soldier Slim livin through me.

When I pray, I dont know what to say.
Just beg to the Lord to let me see another day.
A AK totter, 1st quarter, 50 through *****
Sweat on my palms, bomb ass weedwill keep me calm.
Strap on my arm, the streets is feeling like Vietnam,
Murdering Uncle Toms, I'm crunk like I'm Lil' John
Imma wizard waving a wand, your bodies up in my palm

If you kill me flex, hit the block and go take care of my moms nigga.
(B.G.)
My mom ashamed of me, I'm in the game now.
I tell her momma dont trip, it's too late to change now.
Im on the block with it, I'm in the club with it.
Wherever you catch me at I'm ready to bust with it.