

## Outro (They Don't Want War)

DJ Khaled

Guan guan Mista Khaled  
What you want today, the regular?  
Nah, give me the steamed fish  
With some white rice  
And give me a champagne cola  
And give me some water with some lemon on it  
You feel me?

Alright there, no problem  
So what your friend want?

Nah I'm good

Alright then, me soon come back

(Waitress giving the order to the chef)  
So check this out right  
It's all about the money  
It's always about the power  
It's always about the respect  
Straight up  
I don't see 'em

Yo Khaled der be some thugs out to the pre  
I don't know if you want me get dem out side  
I pray

Hey yo check this out right  
You tell 'em to come through bring them to me  
And let them know they have a choice  
Everyone has a choice

Heard them people seeking problems with the Godfather  
Shockers keep them llama get your head trauma  
Pussy boys rather see me dead, mama  
Instead I'm in that Maybach texting William Roberts  
Riding through the city with my hammer close  
Pray to Allah that this trick does not have bash results  
Self made all it took was faith and lots of hope  
Understand this the realest shit I ever wrote  
Arab from the middle east Jerusalem  
Duplicate me will never be I'm hot as Lucifer  
Palestine mastermind, rowie face, bezels shine  
Smoking good, counting paper, tryin' to dodge the Babylon  
Yeah, I'm well respected and that's on any block  
Talk about the gutter you just pray to make it out  
Puffing ganja with them wassels with them dreadlocks  
Cracking lots with them mobsters get your dog shot  
I'm fucking molding, foreign without an owner  
Motherfucking neighbours bought the whole corner  
Bought the whole block, stuntin' on you fuck boys  
We the best of all, gotta get that young boy  
Gotta let me get 'em  
Nah Ace, they don't want war  
Just let me get 'em  
Nah Ace, they don't want war  
I got 'em, I got 'em

Nah Ace, they don't want war  
Cause that's that shit we came for

Steamed fish was amazing, matter of fact  
Let me get some jerk chicken to go  
Grabbed me one of them lemon pie theories  
And let me get some of them cash you theories too  
And give me another champaingne cola  
But let me ask you a question  
What happened to them people asking about me  
You supposed to bring them to me

Dey no sai mistar Khaled  
Dey say me one thang one dat you  
It let those take their next chance  
And dem boi just  
And just cut, gone, cut

Hahahaha, I always told my dogs everyone got a choice  
Everyone, kiss the ring