

# Declaration of War

Geto Boys

[Scarface]

It's the return of the murderer, maniac madman  
The fully automatic M-11 in the handbag  
The ending of it, the beginning of the Baghdad  
Your brains blowed out, body in a trash bag  
Unidentified, chalk him up a John Doe  
Got most of the pieces, but they ain't found his arms though  
It's far from a record, I'm different than these rap dudes  
A real nigga, won't hesitate to clap fools  
Ski-mask you, come up to where you lay at  
Cock back, squeeze, and put him where your face at  
The nerve of you niggaz, believin I'ma play games  
You know who I'm wit, so I ain't gotta say names  
{\*blam\*} you pussy, {\*blam\*} cause you a black Jew  
Ain't never had love for y'all, make me clap you  
And it's a done deal, don't fuck with what the truth is  
And hide behind that motherfuckin desk but when the truth's here  
it's on for ya, that mean your lifeline shortens  
Death to the niggaz who disrespected the Jordan  
I'm not a pop nigga, fuck what radio say  
Fuck what video do, but this is all day  
hood nigga, I ain't gotta show you what my life like  
Cause you don't persecute a motherfucker like Mike  
I ain't a house nigga scum like you fools is  
I was bred born and raised in this true shit

[Chorus]

Funny how a nigga get caught up in all the glamour  
And then they finally come to grips that this can happen  
to anybody, won't discriminate who catch this  
Get in the way and you a victim of a death wish  
A declaration of a war and it's a warning  
Follow the leader but be aware your opponent  
is in the window got guerillas where you rest at  
And prepared to hit a motherfucker, bet that

[Willie D]

Aight, let's get serious  
Fuck the rap game I'm the realest nigga, PERIOD  
If you ain't feelin me you know how it goes  
Jump bitch, I cain't wait to kill one of you hoes  
It's on if you got beef  
You can be a cop, a drug dealer, or a pro athlete  
Bottom line, I don't give a fuck about'cha  
If I pop you in the neck, I bet some blood come out'cha  
While your label only behind you greasin his dick  
Your stupid ass on a video, cheesin and shit  
J ain't shorted me a dime if he owe you bucks  
The way I see you a bitch and you deserve to be fucked  
Willie D is the nigga that'll bloody your clothes  
Don't think you know me cause you know the hook to "Baldhead Hoe"  
I light you up with a sawed off; and stab yo' ass  
in the leg, in the chest, in the back and mouth

[Bushwick Bill]

Aight nigga; stab him in the leg in the chest  
in the back and mouth, let 'em haul him off

Give me a motherfuckin handy shotty  
and a plug of PCP, I'll kill anybody  
Bust him in the ass 'til he's still  
I'm Chuckwick bitch, your achilles heel  
A short nigga quick to give a tall ass-whoopin  
Got a chip on my shoulder bout the size of Brooklyn  
Lookin to start shit, I ain't scary like Scooby and Shaggy  
Piss me off you better Duck like Daffy  
Even if you in a rest home I'll pop ya  
Even if you got a vest on I'll drop ya

[Chorus]