

# Dogs Of War

Ghostface Killah

Just keep away (just keep away  
Go on, it's not your fight!)  
It's not yours nigga, fall back  
I'm about to blow something out here  
Straight up, yeah, this is a family thing  
We gon' handle our business and shit  
These muthafuckas know not to come around here like that  
This is real shit, real talk  
Four different niggaz, with four different aspects, nigga  
This is family shit  
Who the fuck said family ain't family no more, nigga?  
This is tight shit, tighter than white in ya wallet

Yo, I'm talking bags of heavy coke, bracelets on every men  
Innocent dope pushers, over night king pins  
Indeed, we smack niggaz up for their cheese  
Throw bleach in yo face, got beef, let it be chuck  
The streets don't know my peeps  
Jumpin' out of UPS trucks, blowing niggaz off they feet  
With four-four gloves, rims spinning, tippin' on fo-fo's  
My mouth be worth millions, something like Paul Wall's  
Ladies look out; they ain't thugs, they homo's  
The film look hyper, when I clap 'em in slo mo'  
Ya'll still paying the mob? We whip niggaz out like waffle batter  
Theodore ancient with dart, flossin' them diamonds  
Discussing our hits over a glass of scotch  
Baywatch bitches that ski, take turns when they hand us the twat  
Think not, we still run the trains, til the condom pop  
On the low, we still fucking them cops  
Pretty things from all precincts, friday nights, we holding they glocks  
This is family, nigga, niggaz can't stand me  
Next up, my little man, I hand you the jammy

You know the fam, what it is, it is what it is  
S.I.N.Y., where the animals live  
Ass bet, niggaz run in yo cribs  
I don't care if you blast for the cash, then scramble yo wig  
I'm like "Damn, what a wonderful kid"  
I could do what I want, doing dirt, not serving a bid  
You know a real fam handle they biz, everybody get searched  
From the grandpops, down to the kids  
And my time, I'm officially here, tell ya man  
Go and start up ya car, start shifting the gears  
Sun God got the pits for his hairs, cuz niggaz is scared  
Hoping I don't let it blow in they ribs  
I said hot, niggaz get robbed non stop  
Once the gun cock, niggaz strip down to they socks  
And my fam at the tippity top, I won't stop  
Believe it or not, you and ya man is close targets  
Juks everything, dice games, mini markets  
Fam gon' spark it, I'mma take whatever's in the pockets  
Mostly the cash and the wallet, slide off the jewels  
Cuz you shining, begets and the diamonds  
Never deny niggaz with iron... YO!

Aiyo, chillin' with the Ceasar crew  
We can smoke, all in the halls

It's how many niggaz with guns, got 'em on  
All tip top, cling to the fullest, mad bullets  
This is a hobby, the lobby where they clap yo hoods  
Get the paper, word to everything, we a acre up  
Barbequin' like a mutt, we ain't taking nothing  
A high tech extremist, Gatorade, paid ya boy some money  
To lay up on the low, swinging beamers  
I need to be an actor, but instead, I'd rather be in Hempstead  
All of my bread came from crack barbers and shoppers  
So much beef in these whoppers  
Guns that'll knock out floors and hit choppers  
What? What? The family remains, cuz it's grain  
It's automatic, I live it and I claim it  
It's real, come around here, you bought here  
Yo, lay that half tape, then you will get wrapped real quick

Aiyo, we hug the block on President's Day  
Swinging all year round, gettin' that money the American way  
Might run up in yo wedding, grab the reverend and spray  
And let the shots for whatever they may  
This is family, nigga, minus the mob size  
The resurrection of Toney Starks & Trife Dies', starring in Part 5  
Niggaz'll rather die when they're pride's in question  
Try'nna play hero, getting stuck for they prized possessions  
Look you staring in the eyes of oppression, that's why I ride with protectio  
n  
Extended clips, super sizing my weapons  
Five eleven, keep the heat tucked  
That'll burn a hole thru ya stomach like acid reflux  
Get buried in ya cheap tux'  
We make it hard for you niggaz to keep up  
Been thru a hundred towns, and running, beating the streets up  
Come up north in New York, down in Miami, pumping  
At a table, breaking bread like a family

Florida, where we follow the code of the streets and  
Breaking the beats and, we taking the eats  
Never the least, we invading the streets  
Shaking the beast, we familiar for life  
We don't run, we grab knives, my double edged spit life  
My dogs is real tight, shooting the dice  
Some of my fam might snatch ya ice  
Got family that go to church, come back like you don't work  
Got family that'll set you up, got family that chill, wanna spark the dutch  
Wizard my fam, that stuck you up, I got fam that'll fuck you up  
Chop you up, put your body in the back of the truck  
Osama Island, we been wilding, see the violence  
We display talent, respect balance, nigga, Shaolin