

War Tactics

Guru

One, Morgan Isle two, Morgan Isle three Eh Yo, check it
I'm about to black out, pull the mack out, blow your back out
New Child, niggaz sick wit it, I've been spit it
Realest shit I ever wrote, left ya niggaz starvin and craze
Like Johnny I blaze Life a nigga robbin' a case
East Harlem on that ass, starving for that cash
Morph city mash Nigga you get smashed
Outlaw Immortal lifeline Only niggaz doin it right
Call my name and you die tonight
Give a fuck about the future, Grim Reaper call a coward to hell
Murder one living out on bail
And I don't give a fuck about y'all, faggot niggaz blowing they brains
From going insane Me, I keep inflicting the pain
See your soul rise, skip town wit four pows Four life guys, wit .45 that's n
o lie
Block to block, I'm sho shock
Niggaz know not to ever in they life approach me
Cause yo, I'm a killa for rilla, my nilla
This is binge rap, savage niggaz sticking out they chest, like revel
You want war then lets do it, get right in to it
Fuck the lolly game, body bags and dust floor
War tactics

War tactics Ignorant motherfuckers get they ass kicked
I got it mastered, ya basterd
Word the dirty Way past 7:30 ya hazard Don't wanna see heaven early
I study fire Plus I got 11 worthy calibers Word tha Mack
Step in the arena, I'ma have'ta hurt ya black
Now ya hurt, by the way that you act
For your bitch ass image, I can't believe why they pay you that
Try to ignore me, I'ma get gory and straight pay you back
Like the Ying and the Yang *gunshot* Click and the bang
I'm sick and deranged
And I came with a new team, to set it on your record and you quickly changed
I'ma parlay after a hard day of schooling suckers
And the like the groupon say Kill you stupid motherfuckers
I don't trust ya If I don't know ya, disarm ya man and cold body blow ya
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Child War Tactics
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Yo, yo. I'm hot. I carry heat like I walk wit the sun
When I speak, bullets shoot I talk wit my gun

Yo man lie wit you Planning hits, spying wit you, get high wit you
Beef, yo ride wit you, that nigga cry wit you He is when my nine hits you
If he standing by wit you, his ass gonna die wit you
He dwelled wit 'em, so I shoot em he felt wit them
Tail split them, jail flipped 'em, empty my shells in 'em, they well hit 'em
Bullet jing wit bell in 'em Let my eternal spell get em
Watch em burn in hell wit em
My ammo, best chosen to take out my best opponent
guaranteed to rip your vest open and leave your flesh smoking
Yo vest open, wit blood to your chest swollen
I'm erect chokin, squeeze till yo neck broken
My gun, my clip, my bullet we all like rough
When I shoot you gonna fall like the season after summer

I'm forced to step up, when death crep up
My diamonds shine for any kind that wanna try to get they rep' up
Two in place, hit em, get em, make em bounce for 'Pac and Yak
Amerikkkaz most wanted Now the feds wanna jock a lot
Nigga, this the Outlawz; ain't nobody holding us back
They cancel shows They knowing we explode on tracks
Abusive Come find the firearms for this new shit
Get thirty different names and get Kadafi, still can't do shit
I serve ya clique Ya Mack I got the urge to spit Ya never heard of this shit
Verbally I'm murderous
They broke us up and they broke us slanging coke like a loc'ster
I see death around the corner, with two nines in my holster
The cognac sipper big barrels by my zipper
And I ain't trying to miss ya when I'm tipsy of the liquor
I'm controversial, you overrated like Herschel I refuse to go commercial
They say patience is the virtue
I can't help if my squad up against all odds
After shows you get robbed, for my niggaz that died
I run ya town like Emmett, only 5 minute tenet
Outlaw general, I'm Makaveli lieutenant
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