

This Is War

La Coka Nostra

Yes sir. What? It's fucking coka.

It's clockwork apocalypse, mass armageddon Moving too fast, don't ask me where I'm heading Shake your ass in the dice bitch, roll me a seven Fresh like huggy, take you all the way to heaven Sipping on absinthe, smoking on a Primo Kid I got family like a fucking Gambino Shoot you in the gut like I'm Junior Soprano You talk batshit crazy but you won't do guano You're just another victim, picked and plucked Your chick came back stage, my dick got sucked My arrogance scary and aristocratic Bitch I ain't snobby, I'm problematic I'll scream "bomb" in the lobby and I'll cause a panic It's iceberg Whitey, I'll sink your Titanic Rep's gigantic, flow is tyranic Like Saddam Hussein high on 'caine and Xanax

This is war, aim still and heat up the steel This is war, capo regime, captains at the hill This is war, chemical agents used in the fields This is war, grind 'em up like Hamburger Hill

We don't give a fuck if we gotta step with your family I'mma kidnap your moms and Fedex you her panties We top dollar, we pop lamas We not promised tomorrow so we involved in all types of horror Never caught up in that bullshit divide and conquer Riding for my homies means I'll probably die a monster I'm a certified mobster, La Coka rock star Fuck music, I'm talking about the block, pa I'm talking about bullet holes the size of God's heart And choppers that could put Satan inside a pine box Imagine what we'd do to you if we wanted to Pay LAPD to pop you like Amadou I buy anybody, everybody got a price Everybody got a momma, everybody got a wife Everybody got someone he likes or loves Spike them with drugs and decorate their life with their blood

I'm a motherfucking trained killer President Bush learned me well Hit anybody on the outside from jail Big Left, I handle bars like I'm stuck on rails Yes, a breath of fresh air like you're opening sails List, it's not really that hard, just picture the facts Welcome to the major leagues where mics are baseball bats And I'm back, make believe it's '88 and I'm crack You can tell the shit's mine by the navy blue caps New York Yankee fitted the Bronx was the beginning Where cats got cement shoes to limit their swimming This is real life, fighting like pits Duct taping the grip A true Hollywood story that fits Wield the steel in the field, my fate's already sealed I'm stuck in a game show between deal or no deal I spit you know the name, I'm not for playing games Get you higher in vertical than my man David Blaine