

War

Little Brother

Damn... Chitlin Circuit
Yeah... wanna take time to welcome y'all
THis "Chitlin Circuit 1.5"
It's your man, Phonte
Yo fuck, I don't need no introduction
Let's get it goin on...

Uh, on the right track, to get it, it's like that
Phontigga right back, to bi'ness I +Strike Back+
Like the +Empire+, Tay's that celebrity dude
That moved next door, now they done made your rent higher
Raised the property values 'cause we the livest
I don't care what they tell you, until them niggaz beggin for
A spot on the album, ya need to fall back
Medicate yourself, I mean pump up the valium/volume
'Cause me and you are not cut from the same cloth
This is all me with no alteration
Got my team outside, and we all be waitin
Trust YOU don't want no altercation
'Cause no tellin what I'm a say to you, and if we in ya city
Act now, 'cause we prol'ly sell it out in a day or two
'Cause everytime me and Pooh step on stage
Hoes start Klymaxx-in like we +Met in the Ladies Room+, nigga!
This is the team you got respect for
Everytime we step through that door to remind you
This rap shit is chess and I +Connect Four+
Phonte, Big Pooh on the track - now that's WAR!

That's what I'm sayin man...
LB ain't no flash-in-the-pan ass shit...
Not no here-today-gone-tonight niggas...
It's really on
Phonte, Big Pooh on the track - now that's WAR!

I got the, heart of the lion, eye of the tiger
20/20 vision watchin shit transpire
Nonperishable, my records don't expire
I'm that blue flame if we speakin on fires
"Wo" like Mya, burn like niacin
Feelin froggy, well try me then
I'm a a cold motherfucker with a leaky pen
Don't be confused 'cause you seen me grin
Take two to the chin, I been writin
Rap word recitin, Bogard-in on niggaz
Like Poobie is a Viking
You ain't gotta like 'em, but I got the juice
You thirsty niggaz better off with the Sprite then
Marquee light and fuckers stay bitin
Do some other shit and you do it just like 'em
Your flows like he, your shows like he
Now you out tryna bag hoes like me!
Got no I.D., better be yourself!
You wantin to be niggaz ain't good for your health
... I'll be damned, it's like I'm speakin to myself
The very next day, you tryna be somebody else, fucker!

Stop tryna be like this-nigga that-nigga

Won't you just DO YOU, nigga?
I'm a do me, I'm a let my nigga DJ Flash do his thing
(Phonte, Big Pooh on the track - now that's WAR!)

"WAR! "

(Phonte, Big Pooh on the track - now that's WAR!)

Uh, yo, fuck whoever I fin', jsut talkin 'bout war
Not promotin violence we just, orchestrator
And promote violins like the London Philharmonics
And every track I bless, you gonna feel me on it

Tay, this is what they need, right? (yeah)
I'm on a whole 'nother plane, this past year I been goin insane
Pickin at my brain for the right direction
Left winner interludes at your own discretion

Uh, dawg this is for your own protection
LB and we run this section, and we ain't tryna hold off
We just, tag team like Nikita Koloff
You don't wanna make that fatal-four, pah

And you don't want it with these boys - hell nah, 'cause we all all-stars
Checkin in to the game, 'bout to settle the score
9th soundin better than he ever did before
Big Pooh and Phonte on the track - now that's WAR!

Uh, had to take it back to the days of the wrestling, nigga...
Goin back and forth like Ivan and Nikita, it's goin down
Hulk Hogan, we comin fo' YOU, NIGGA!
(Big Pooh and Phonte on the track - now that's WAR!)
"WAR! "