

Take 'Em to War

Lloyd Banks

Uh! Bury me with my enemies
Dead and gone they remember me wasn't me in the dirt nigga!!!!
Power hold the show power in the P's
Money bring fleas, and crack put palm queens on these
Genetics like the jeans on fiends
Dirty, I'm seven thirty and I feed off Queens
Early, I drive Bentleys and I speed off scenes
Pearly, necklace all over your ex, your wife, your girly
Life flies when it push you to the limit
Fuck just gettin by that's no way to live it
What the fuck do you take me for?!
Try to take somethin you'll be layin on the floor
It's alot, missed comrades is breathin then before
I rules a nigga everytime I leave out on the tour
He don't even respect war bullets squeezin out the four
Heaven's door gotta be better than anything we've seen before

Fuck talkin let's take 'em to war
Drama after drama 'til they layin on the floor
What the fuck do you take me for?!
Eye for an eye time to even up the score
I rather be not here than hungry
I'm sick when I'm not near my money
They want me to lose but I'm a win
I made it there before and I'm a make it there again

Uhh, bullshit kept to a minimum
Come at me all subliminal, I'ma retaliate straight
You need a M-F miracle, a Saddam bomb lyrical
Somethin chemical, hungry enough to scrape plates
A sure shotter, and rule sour, the mall's ours
The whores crowd us for 24 hours
Ignore cowards, stuntin, one of my superpowers
Stupid dollars, swagger and the coupe is stylish
Used to violence, old beef, and new medallions
You been drownin, I'm flyin en route to island
She want a soldier on the front, one of the new batallion
The car's German, the paint's black, the shoe's Italian
I don't cuddle or kiss French, shorty you whylin
No need for a stylist, I'm already stylin
Profilin jealousy and crowd pilin
Keep the neighborhood on edge, ain't nobody smilin

Fuck talkin let's take 'em to war
Drama after drama 'til they layin on the floor
What the fuck do you take me for?!
Eye for an eye time to even up the score
I rather be not here than hungry
I'm sick when I'm not near my money
They want me to lose but I'm a win
I made it there before and I'm a make it there again
(It's G-Unit, we back nigga! YEAH~!)

Rainman, Hoffman
211 Range, bad bitch coughin
Good weed, expel out my lungs
Re-up on the rizzy 'fore I'm done

Cocaine pitchin, city code faCts
B.M. broke a thirty, give you the chils, Biggie quote that (Biggie!)
Robin Leech tour, condo on the board wall
211 extract wall, make the girls talk
Earn mad sticks, five thousand on the Blazer
Disrespect, the head turn a nigga chaser
The difference between me and you is
You Mel Gibson with your bitch, and I'm a pimp
My Fonzerelli Fel make the hoes drool
Candy paint drippin off the old school
So don't merge in my lane
L, chopper, or the game, I build a tunnel for the 'cane

Fuck talkin let's take 'em to war
Drama after drama 'til they layin on the floor
What the fuck do you take me for?!
Eye for an eye time to even up the score
I rather be not here than hungry
I'm sick when I'm not near my money
They want me to lose but I'm a win
I made it there before and I'm a make it there again