

War Party

Mac

Chorus (mac) :

It's world war
Can't nobody run and hide
It's world war
'cause everybody's gonna die
It's world war nigga
Can't no nigga run from me they gun for me and come for me
Feel the rath of a nigga who bust
It's world war
Can't nobody run and hide
It's world war
'cause everybody's gonna die
It's world war nigga
Can't no nigga run from me they gun for me and come for me
Feel the rath of a nigga who bust
It's world war
If you want it let's go get it get it
If it's what you need nigga we committed
If it's standing in your way nigga split it split it
And if it's real take it down with ya

Verse 1 (mac) :

I'm mac the motherfucking camoflaughe hitman
And murda murda is what they get when them unpure
They sick of your shit and your funeral is my cure
It be a betta world without cha I'll be so sure
Come one come all watcha em all fall
Fuck aorund with tha block-a block-a, I kicks it off like soccer
Would you like to go to war with me?
I'll make you sorry that you ever played a card with me
Ya bitch you nigga I'm soldier, got that eyes of a tiger
If you's a biter me and my niggas don't like ya
We don't feel ya, if it sound to familar
We might steal ya, in other words we gonna kill ya
Mac-a-don, and represent to the fullest
Put my name on a record I'll put your name on a bullet
I never liked ya anyway ya bitch you
Say my name so we can make it official
And get ya issue my nigga

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Verse 2 (magic) :

I hear em scream bloody murder, hoping that they didn't see my face
Didn't want to kill em, but they had to be erased
With all that bullshit that they be speaking

Couldn't rest so I had to put them 6 feet deep
That's how it is, I was raised by the thugs
They all had potential but they told me to sell drugs
It's world war 3 motherfucker, you fucking with mac you fucking with me
His enemy's my enemy, you wouldn't wanna go against this squad
You betta run and hide cause somebody bout to die
If mac say it's on then it's on, fuck sleep
We ride till the early fucking morning, looking for you bitch niggas
Y'all started we gonna finish this shit
Take my picture and put it on a t-shirt bitch
I know you motherfuckers heard about me
The ones that's deceased are the ones that doubt me
You can call me mr. 9th ward
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Verse 3 (d.i.g.) :
Money and guns is what I'm known for keeping in my presence
These niggas better feel, what the fuck I'm tellin them
I'm a young ghetto nigga rebellion
And I pull this from my weapon eat a nigga flesh every second
I'm on that murda murda kill shit and trill shit
So feel that when I spit it's gonna be real shit
I got my guns up ready to hit
Run your mouth like a pussy I'ma fill it with dick
Nigga I'm a soldier, camouflaged nigga from the 'nolia
Fuck around with this war shit nigga your world is over
If it's what you need nigga come and get it get it
If you want beef nigga I'm committed and wit it
What