

# 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 camoflauge 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, camaflouge 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