

# War Wounds

Master P

Every soldier got a story to tell

I done been through it all  
Don't ask the way I shoot cuz I done shot (uggh)  
Put a tank on my block  
Fiend gone get the scene hot  
Greens and rocks  
Burnin' flesh  
Have you ever smelled nigga?  
Been tapped up, ready to die from mail niggas  
Straight goin' to hell  
But livin' the dirty, dirty  
Havin' yah mama worry  
That (?)  
Tired of being blast at, but didn't cast that  
I done asked for my life, and right there was laughed at  
But when I backtracked, (?)  
Blast back  
Told 'em to cast that, take these rounds and add that  
But fact is you don't fuckin' choose yo' wars  
Or be like me muthafucka and do it with two guns

Check my war wounds (uggggh)  
My war wounds (ugggh)  
Every soldier got a story to tell

My adversarys get popped  
Got me runnin' from cops  
The ghetto life be a dime  
Got me carryin' two glocks  
My enemies is bad  
Chop limes of grass  
Drive-bys and rags  
And representin' red and blue flags  
See I got fools from the ghetto  
Like my cousin' Jimmy wear permanent metals  
My evidence is satus with hoes  
Bloody Polos  
Pullin' in car do's  
And cut up Jabos

I'm down tah blast for my homies  
And cash for my homies  
Even if I'm old G I'll be down to ride and die  
If the hood call me  
That's why I be hustin' every day  
Could you imagine me with no stash?  
Like a bank with no cash  
Tryna' drive a car with no gas  
And fuck one day with no tag?  
Shotgun with no class  
Window with no glass  
Or all you girls with no ass  
See I'm a risky rider  
Caliope crawler  
A Down South Hustla  
Plus a head buster from New Orleans

See I gotta be a paid nigga  
A made nigga  
Be the nigga to bust yo' shit  
And the nigga tah be the grave digga  
See my tattoos reveal some of the shit I done did  
But the move of other niggas that bout it  
Feel the shit I do just tah live  
See I been scared, popped at, and shot at  
But I live an eye for eye  
So the enemies I ain't forgot that

It's real, shit's real check my war wounds  
This here real life, ain't no fuckin' cartoons  
I'm the Saudi Arabian death killin' veteran on the tube  
Either me or you right here  
Come back and hang out in my room  
I done shot my rifle, trained to kill  
Got blood on my fatigues  
Once you in ain't no turnin' back  
Lay yo' ass over seas  
Might as well handle your business  
There's no overcome to this shit  
Be on yo' Ps and Qs nigga  
Don't cry like no bitch  
You see a weak nigga, that's a beat nigga  
And fuck a stead nigga, that's a dead nigga  
Tell my mama not to worry bout me why I'm gone  
If I die bitch, box me up and ship me back home  
Bury me in the N.O. with my stripes on my chest  
Tell them muthafuckas that I did my best  
Middle finga pointin' sayin' fuck Iraq  
If you don't believe me check my combat pack

I got a muthafuckin' story to tell  
Nigga, nigga what?  
A muthafuckin' story to tell (What?)  
Fool, I got a muthafuckin' story tah tell  
And every nigga in the jail cell knows it well  
I shank niggas, bank niggas  
Do mo' fo' show  
Seven cluckas, fake dough  
Stayin' way cut throat  
I hang out, slang out, at hotel rooms  
Up all night gettin' in gun fights  
I strike my head on the wall  
Seven Eight ward  
Eastside, rollin' dubs  
Call me big Snoop Dogg  
Follow me, and you'll see how Gs move  
It's written on my face  
I takes my war wounds  
Been around drama since me and my mama  
Use to listen to oldies  
That's why I'm so old G  
Look, when half of you niggas couldn't come outside  
When ya'll was learnin how tah sing  
I was learnin' how tah bang and ride  
Fo' sho' bro, I told yah  
Im'a gangsta soulja, blowin' doja  
What a story tah tell..