

## Gatz Up

## Outlawz

War  
Gats up  
War  
Gats up  
1, 2, 3, march  
War  
Gats up  
War  
Gats up  
1, 2, 3, march  
(Now march)  
1, 2, 3, 4  
(Now march)  
Outlaw, Outlaw  
We ready for  
(Now march)  
1, 2, 3, 4  
(Now march, march, march, march)  
Outlaw, Outlaw  
Ready for war

Now what the fuck is a soldier? Some of y'all don't know  
Yellin it in your raps but you ain't ready for war  
Me and my team trained to bring pain when they come for us  
The scene change, you bleed, mang, when you try to cross us  
Huh, let it be known that when we come we let it be shown  
Real soldiers ride till they gone, come on  
Now Makaveli be the general (all hail)  
And for them niggas who wanna test (you gon' fail)  
Yeah, give em hell, nothin but hell when we first come  
Claim to survive many battles but this is the worst one  
First one bust, the rest bust next  
And when we 'bout to drop it's more pleasure than rough sex  
Huh, must collect from all these fakin muthafuckas  
It's Nineteen-ninety-grind and we gon' break you muthafuckas  
Huh, all gats up, small ones to the big ones  
When aimin at these haters make sure you fuckin hit one  
Huh, keep bangin until the mission gets done  
Makaveli lives on, don't believe, listen

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O-u-t-law, who the fuck want work?  
Us against y'all, who the fuck gettin hurt?  
Know we the holiest, sick of the phoniness, you bony bitch  
Soldier shit till it's over with, you can count on this  
March to this, start shit to this  
Show your heart to this, spark, blizz to this  
Muthafuckas ain't fit to go miles with us  
Young niggas love the Outlawz, yo child with us  
Ain't fuckin up, even though we hate this world  
Young niggas rise up, we can take this world  
Back, cause it belong to us, stay black  
And all the other minorities that's under attack  
Fuck the government, cause they don't give a fuck about rap  
They sellin the most crack in my hood, in fact  
They want us coked up, doped up, drunk as fuck  
So we won't have no clue what's goin on around us  
Get down with us, if you remember all the lynchin  
Muthafuck the cops, includin Sean Nixon  
We schoolin y'all, listen, my word is bond  
One love to Geronimo, the war's still on

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Nigga, it's doomsday, me and my AK  
Got a chest full of hate, we finna bomb on the fake  
Sip through the cracks of your hallway, march to your house  
You or your wife about to witness what the church talk about  
Put up your squad like in Vietnam, all demons come out  
You need to stay yo ass in the fuckin house when the freaks come out  
The game ain't changed, you did, nigga, you ain't real with this  
Pac told us some shit that'll make these young niggas kill to this  
You can pop them pills to this if that's gon' release yo stress  
The last nigga that fucked with us, he seen Pac in his rest  
You tryin to argue with death, nigga, you know you in the wrong  
Fuckin with me, I know your mama live, nigga, get gone  
You face the strength of the strong, my nigga EDI said clear  
You either ride or collide with these niggas over here  
So drop dead, you been dead when you was runnin yo mouth

Rap-A-Lot done brung them Outlawz to ride down south  
So come on

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