

Secretz of War

Outlawz

You either ride wit' us, or collide wit' us
It's as simple as that for me and my niggaz
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War Time

War Time, it's either yourz=s or mine
Outlawz be on a grind, and a mission to shine
And ride on em', leave em' stuck and fucked from the gate
Set it straight, regulate wit' a bomb I'm about to detonate (Boom!)
Hesitate, aww, now you know what
Ya'll niggaz were here to go
If you know it was good for ya
Buncha toy souljahs all dressed in fatigue
But I'm Edi Amin on a mission to make em bleed
Nigga what?, Nigga who?
It was cool? and at you?, what the fuck is gone do?
Barbecue and boo-hoo
Ride or die, get money all at the same time
Split the pie with the homie, ball at the same time
Any nigga splippin', fall at the same time
We all laced in the chain, tryin' to gain, do time
We all see the sunshine
But when you could do yours, we'll bring these muthafuckas war

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As I approach the scene, from smokin' green
Got my eyes closed, niggaz so cold on my foes
I make em' die froze
Watch me make em' bleed, make em' G's
Lord help me wit'it
Got me paintin' pictures of a mil-ticket
Help me get'it
See me and pray for options
And this pressures, nonstop
Niggaz get the pistol poppin'
And watch they body drop
I'm a lethal threat, watch me hit your set
Flash on, blast on them bitch-made niggaz wit' my mask on
Do it for profit, plus I'm, lookin' for punks to bust on
If you ain't screamin' WestSide, you can get the fuck on
I'm seein' demons hittin' weed
Got me hearin' screamin'
Scared to go to sleep, watch the scene like a dope-fiend
Probably be punished for it, though you can't ignore it
I live the life of a thug nigga, and die for it
Niggaz pass the cush and watch me bring em' to the floor
I got some shit that they ain't ready for (What you got?)
I got the Secretz of War

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We do this thug life shit, like 4, 5, 6, dick em'
Down wit' no rounds left up in the pound when the sounds (Here we go)
Squeeze the lead off, I blow his mutha fuckin' head off
Signal all the other outlawz to get this shit set off
Yaki Kadafi, it ain't a cop here to stop me
These streetz is black hockey and raw we get sloppy
Put a pamper on your silly ass prestyle grammar
Locked in the slammer, while I'm layed cocked back like a hammer
Ya'll newly weds that in honey moons, times bout up
Ya'll, that means I leave no trace found with you face, bounce, stuck
Your pig scanners can't come close touch or even hit me
Doin' my dirt, puttin' in work, you see shit, what you gonna do?

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Yo, we go to war

We check the murder rate percentage
Niggaz is finished
Get blood checks from clinics
This thug shit is in us
Flowin' through my system, you a victim
Blunts, I twist em', fuck the whole world
It's us against them
You got some teeth?, pull it out
Cock the hammer if you wit' it, don't make
No difference if, wit' 20 by the life sentence
We already doin' life on the streetz
Like Ali G, niggaz be heated, when they walkin' the beat
This shit is flaky, makin' backs shaky, niggaz hate me
Scared to face me, knowin' that the Outlawz blaze me
Pull me up on game, put me up on a hustle
Once I suck my money muscle, all the G's got devils
Movin' shit like a dollar, beatin' niggaz like Rodney
Turn a killa like Kadafi, and a nuke stream to stop me

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We go to war

Bring it on
And all you lil' young ass souljahs
You play this shit back about fifteen times
You'll have enough game to roll up in a club or somethin
Teach these bitches a lil' somethin', you know what I mean?
Secretz of muthafuckin' War