

War Ready

Vince Staples

Softly as if I played piano in the dark
Found a way to channel my anger now to embark
The world's a stage
And everybody's got to play their part
God...with the signal clear as day
Put my Glock,

Put my Glock away I got a stronger weapon
That never runs out of ammunition
So I'm ready for war, okay
Put my Glock away I got a stronger weapon
That never runs out of ammunition
So I'm ready for war, okay
Put my Glock away I got a stronger weapon
That never runs out of ammunition
So I'm ready for war, okay

Born ready, war ready
Born ready, war ready
Born ready, war ready
War ready, your boys lost already
Born ready, war ready
Born ready, war ready
Born ready, war ready
War ready, your boys lost already

My bitch look like Mona Lisa
Hammers busting like a soda in the freezer
Think of heading to Ibiza
Need a breather from the tripping
Either that or my brains to the ceiling
Bite the bullet, tryna fight the feeling
Fuck around and pull it, push it to the limit
Ain't a thang to a G

Life give you lemons, nigga hang from a tree
Cold game all came in a dream
Woke up feeling like the walls caved in
Fought to the death, never gave in
Write that on the grave that I get laid in
Heaven, Hell, free or jail, same shit
County jail bus, slave ship, same shit
A wise man once said
That a black man better off dead
So I'm, war ready

Born ready, war ready
Born ready, war ready
Born ready, war ready
War ready, your boys lost already
Born ready, war ready
Born ready, war ready
Born ready, war ready
War ready, your boys lost already

Learned the power of words when we was younger
Saying fuck the sign on his curb can make him hunt you

Turned the African into a nigga then they hung him
Said it earlier in the verse, sometimes I wonder
Who the activist and who the Devil's advocate
Or do it matter? Shit

They only fucking with the rapper
If the rapper rich
Or got a platinum hit
A chain or two
Seem the music interchangeable
Raging bull, what you headed for?

Heaven doors, or hell below
I write directions for the road to let you know
Edgar Allen Poe
Tried to warn 'em of demise
And all he seen was crows
Feel for 'em, words, we kill for 'em
Leave the bitchin' to the birds, we still war'n
Born ready, you boys lost already
All in 'til the lord get me

Put my Glock away
I got a stronger weapon
That never runs out of ammunition
So I'm ready for war, okay