

Puff Daddy F/ Jay-Z

"Ready for War"

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Intro:

Check it out, it's the lunatic Domo, uh about to blow for
the 9-5, 9-4
check it out. Got Big Pretty in the house. Rollin' 6-5 for
Tunes
representin'. C'mon. Check it out.

Verse 1:

Fuck that mother fuck that like this
So how many niggas wanna get hit with the fifth
Black gats I pack lunatic always stay strapped
Now you will get your wig pushed back
The lunatic Domo is all about danger
6 in my clip and always leave one in the chamber
Pain I'm givin', bad that's my livin'
A ill nigga that flip on your moms if she bitchin'
The pressure pushed you know I deal I'm not a cowboy
Keep a ice grill you never see me on some smile shit
Bacdafucup, watch out, no it's not the Onyx
It the Domo comin' through with a bag of chronic

Hook:

Tonights the night and me and my crew ready for WAR
(x3)
Tonights the night and me and my niggas ain't playin'
(x2)

Verse 2:

Watch me get witty I'm terrific
Fantastic I'm high as hell what's why I stay high and
splifted
I be an ill Runnin' Rebel I'm evil
I get 7 demons in my body just like the devil
I kill like Raid, jam like the group shit called Jade
Plus I flip and blow like grenades
I flexed I press like Prince
So if you fuck around I'll have your whole face filled
with dents
I make them jump like frog, I'm chillin' with niggas like
the mob
I'm keepin' it real with Def Squad

But I'm the mad Domo got the shit that might blow your
mind tho'
If you wanna roll can't find those
Other mans with skills always bet broken
If you fuck with my your legs will be broken
But I'm no joken, lye is what I'm smoken
Motherfuckin them bitches I'm pervocin'

Hook

Verse 3:

I rip the rhyme on stage on the regular
I flip it just like the man who plays as the predator
So parlay kid I'm about to ridiculous
Even funky bionic man can't even get with this
Yes I'm the man the number one challenger
Hit you so hard I'll knock your birthday off the calander
(boo-ya)
Back in the days when I was catchin' wreck
And now a threat to any ass nigga wanna step (a-yo)
So c'mon c'mon, come and bring the drama (what?)
My crew is gettin' open from a fat bag of smoka
Yo the shit that you buggin' have you goin' psycho
Hit the skins with Jamino N-E-O-N
Went toe to toe with Michael but yo
The beef is on word is born word to your mother
Word to life I bet you get that ass torn
I got my niggas (yo) and my niggas know how I'm
feelin'
I'm crazy I'll even fuck they lady in the G building
Peace to Mr. Curly now we curly and mo
And I'm a blow and I'm a blow and I'm a blow, word is
born

Hook (x2)

Outro:

Peace to Pillow Productions. Check it out word the mad
domo got griddy.

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