

Southside Playaz f/ H.A.W.K., Big Pokey, Al-D "War Born"

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[Hook]

War born, stuck in the storm with no alarm
Bringing harm, witness these days of nigga'nam
Dropping bombs, you don't wanna fuck with us
See my click is too thick, we armed and dangerous

[Mr. 3-2]

It's a brand new era, no time to slow down
Me and my niggaz, come to get you like bloodhounds
Spitting rounds from the K, on a mission to set it off
You don't want problems, with the number one mob
boss
Lost in convoy, twenty vehicles deep
Looking for trouble, getting head in the backseat
These niggaz be bumping like hoes, they need to quit it
Hitting up a nigga dick, and lying just to kick it
I'm way too wicked, and focused on my paper
Spitting Gulf Coast game, I'm a big old heavyweighter
Southside Playa, Mr. 3-2
Governor of the game, us real G's pay dues

[H.A.W.K.]

I hit with hard blows, you niggaz like free throws
I'm fucking you niggaz hoes, and spitting these raw
flows
I'm down like ten toes, with work and condo
And with my snub nose, haters fall like dominos
What I say goes, my neck and wrist froze
I love to rock shows, and count up zeros
I love to write rhymes, fuck in my spare time
Meet my deadline, and commit these petty crimes
A Southern juggernaut, the chicken is in a pot
I'm giving it all I got, space age like an astronaut
My temperature boiling hot, the fire is heated
And in this day in age, H.A.W.K. won't be defeated

[Al-D]

Sworn to bring harm, like the force of a storm
Leaving my enemies torn, while they whale and scorn
You know the deal, it's kill or be killed so keep a strap
Fuck that vest on your chest, bitch I'm aiming for your

back

I attack with art of war, and it's swarming on my foes
Leaving holes in they clothes, from they head to they
toes

Got a close on beam, feddy in my team
Fucking with my family, that's a dangerous thing
We want war blood's on, bitch you ready to die
Bitch you ready to die, fucking with the G.I.
We mash niggaz ass nigga, nigga fuck your crew
And anybody else bumping bitch, fuck them too

[Big Pokey]

I can't slack off all day, sit around and jack off
Keep my heat ready, to knock a bitch back off
Mash for mine, put up numbers like Stackhouse
My spizzot got the same scope, as the Shaq got
Hardest Pit hit, same way as a crack house
Go in snatch your c.d., come right back out
Pull this crack out, and sold it for three
Shot to the studio, ripped the track with Mike D
You know me, untamed gorilla
Hit a nigga when he sleep, put his brains in the pilla
Fo' peeler, stunting in Hummers and fo' wheelers
A thousand proofless, daddy fa sho nigga

[Clay-Doe]

The young and the oldies, we're chunking the cheese
Bringing worse robberies, bagging for heroin on they
knees
I'm Clay-Doe, cop the peso
And I say so, you bitch it's Waco
I'm riding by drive down, report to the front line
Nigga got the torch hot, ready to do' mine
All the time, the quicker better cheddar getter
The rubber grips and extra clips, ready for whatever
Y'all say y'all thick, but shit y'all numbers the norm
When we step up in the club, that's when that bitch get
warm
War born, hand over fist stuck in the storm
Ready to ride up drop down, drop a motherfucking
bomb

[Mike D]

Play it how it go, lay low stack that paper
Play it how it go, while I pull another caper
Play it how it go, no time to play games
I'm a young Jesse James, Corleon's my name
You wanna-be ballers, ain't stopping a Hogg
I'm on a million dollar mission, to get it all
Ready to buck a hoe, so lay it down on the flo'
Nigga this is my world, and I'ma play it how it go

You smidget digit midgets, out there stunting for fame
Talking down on a Hogg name, sparking up old games
Chunk me the keys to the Hummer, time to ride down
your block
And it's stopping we won't stop, short stoppers get
dropped

[Hook - 2x]

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