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XTC

"Star Wars"

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[Intro]

Yeah, yeah, yo, yeah, yeah

[Verse 1]

For niggaz up in they mom's crib listenin To this unadulterated Nas shit wishin it was then Instead a, me on this track on this beach with palm trees

Drinks with umbrellas straws telling it raw Jungle of concrete killers and snakes I was amongst that

Bundles of crack through this funnel that's black I want you to vision through my telescope see the hell I wrote

It's Reynolds when I Wrap it like a envelope package And they would send the dope back then Numbers, pimpin and robbin, well they still robbin and pimpin

But it's small change compare to hip hoppin
And did I mention millions because of lip poppin
Trips expensive gift shoppin whip drivin
Benzes, Jeeps, see, them and they bitch got one
It's shockin you thinkin naw it's just rhymin
But all this time it's like organized crimin
For instance, there was a time when there was a line
Between streets and business, but now peep how it's
mixed in

The beef is now sickenin, everybody got paper Words of power, because of it the cops hate ya The government watchin all of those who thuggin it They wanna lock us up cause they kids are lovin it Not knowin that most rappers are straight ass The shots ring out, whenever we clash it's Star Wars

[Chorus]

We call it Star Wars What happens when the shots ring out, Star Wars We call it Star Wars

[Verse 2]

Caviar never, I rather the Cajun blacken

Catfish no snails simple nigga to please
Met a bad bitch dimples in her cheeks
She remembers Busy B battles when it was peace
Caught myself driftin in thought, cause now it's
different I thought

Niggaz was raised off the shit I record Like I was brought up off that Planet Rock Kurtis Blow, James Todd Smith, Shannon Scott, LaRock in the jams

Why would they fuck with a don, Jehovah witness Him and his co-defendants, I eat 'em like Lucky Charms

With two percent low fat milk, five percent pro black built

It's nothin mother had a motherfucker
I don't think about it niggaz talkin there's a lot of gossip
That I'm a prophet or I can't go back to my projects
Can I? Does a plant grow from a plant yes
Do trees grow from a forest MC's y'all are clitoris
Y'all niggaz roll with any click that's winnin any crew
Doin whatever's trendy, even they leave me too
Ain't enough room in this town
What is beef between ghetto word spitters with crowns,
Star Wars

[Chorus]

Cause this is Star Wars, shots ring out everywhere, Star Wars

Cause this is Star Wars, shots ring out

[Verse 3]

This ain't, no Oscars or MTV or Joan Rivers fashion police

Not what you read in tabloid seats

These are MC's that live by the code, it's hard for me to spit it

Because the game was supposed to be sold we livid Came from the streets we the voice of the youth America's nightmare was given a the mic booth Nike boots, leathers and jean, jewelry, cribs and cars Rappers not dependin on your nine to five jobs Entertainment, this is our world this is our language Different regions speakin east and west gang shit You got your positive shit like, Common Sense But even he had drama with the Don Mega Cube Acknowledge the words get twisted at times it's rules What you think is different from the block whenever we feud

Fuck your pictures and your plaques your tours and autographs

Don't trust bitches and niggaz who tell you your all of

that

Cause, they'll be in your enemies face, sayin it's safe To run in your release party sprayin the place Or catch you when you least on point, putting your keys in the door

Behind you with your seeds in Kay Bee Toys store Maybe the words get disrespectful now your niggaz check you

You 'gon let that nigga play you, you know we 'gon rep you

Next mornin every news channel and front page Headlines another rapper was slayed, this is Star Wars

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