

Verse f/ Blaze

"Honor"

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Yo, you think you're a warrior?

You know I die for honor. Uh

I'm a warrior man
Leaving bodies on the floor where they stand
Cause Shambhala is the law of the land
Keep my body with Nuabian brands, it's tattoos
Thinking you can see me is nutty like cash shoes
I'm on another level with money cause cash rules
Everything around me went bloody, I'm mad cool
My female friends are more than fuck buddies, but that
too
Classy like Alicia and soulful like Badu
Respect is past due but I'm a take it by force
I'm a warrior, guess I got a passion for wars
Of course I could whip your ass like Bruce Lee did
Chuck Norris
But it's cleaner to be coarse than leave you bleeding
from your sores
Got a thing for the .44 caliber dawg
And every 200 yards pimp, my vision is raw
Not religion but the glory is God's
My persona is fame, inside the love of the all
We call it Honor, I'm a warrior

[Chorus]

I got to ride for Honor [Verse]

You know I die for Honor [Blaze]

[4X]

Behold my leverage
He holds the medicine
Honor, yea, to my soul my heritage
On the block where niggaz hold barettas kid
Hustling, 'til this rap shit blows like terrorists
A warrior stuck in this old experiment
Box projects and them lonely tenements
Blunt smoke mixed with the coldest beverage
Helps to deal with this life cause its cold as Everest
Went from black power, us holding a leather fist

To white powder exchanged with an open hand
It's like tug of war, pulling with the rope in hand
Tryna keep behind the line of death, damn I hope I can
My niggaz yelling what's good when I'm back
And Brooklyn's wondering what's good with the rap
So I tell them that I did all I could on this track
And when it rains, no umbrella, I got the hood on my
back
Cause I'm a warrior

[Chorus] [4X]

I'm a warrior man
I'm always down to ride for my clan
Cause Shambhala is the law of the land
I'm the Sheppard, we don't sacrifice lamb, that's black
sheep
Nor do we hit our women cause damnit that's passed
weak
But if bitches think they hard they can get it with
tagged feet
It's a jungle motherfucker, I'm letting the mack speak
I don't want to leave nobody deceased, but I will
Shit gets hot when you talk about heat, nigga chill
But I still get a thrill from the freaks, what I feel
With their humping like the fire for me, dollar bills
You can find your boy running the streets, Oxon Hill
To Southeast when I'm down in D.C., leave them killed
Think I'm ill many say that I'm sick, I'm profound
Keep it real dawg, I handle my shit, hold it down
With the skills bitches stay on my dick, the pussy
pounds
And I still live for Honor it's part of wearing a crown
I'm a warrior...

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