

## 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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