

Chops f/ Kev Turner**"War"**

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[Kev Turner]

Who in the world want war
With this thorough Philly boar
Underground like the earth's core
I took the elevator up to the first floor
What in life do you search for?
What have you been put on this earth for?
How much of America's money are we getting paid to
work for?
Corporate conglomerate, ?? link becoming dominant
I'm an MC you don't wanna have a problem with
I speak spuriously, sign and shine gloriously
Spitting vomit that's thicker than mucous
Paint oil pictures of the future clearer than George
Lucas
To the day that we all become human computers
And freedom of speech will be obsolete cause we be
muted
Yo, I eats, sleeps and breathes raw inner city music
The flow that I spits is not to be confused with
Commercial radio rap put out for your amusement
God gave me a brain so I'ma use it

[Hook *scratched*]

Who in the world want war (7X)
with this thorough Philly boar

[Verse 2]

I gets do-o-own like the diabolical B-I-Z M-izza M-izza-
A-R-K-I-E
Trapped behind these bars of life, can't say that I'm
free
Cause when I wake up, hell on earth every day I see
In this 360-degree sphere of fear, beware
Of things falling near, and stay prepared for the worst
So much vital information you could find in each verse
Before I die I bury my rhymes beneath the dirt
Indestructible, ? on God's green earth
Your local war machines, like me, can't be hurt
Catch me in the Library of Congress doing research
In DC, in a P.E. "Fight the Power" t-shirt

Copyrighting everything I write, so y'all can't bite
I'm here to shed light, ain't no stopping with a red light
Hip-hop heads get hyped - it's Kev Turner
No relation to Ike, when I strike I might murder

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Q dimensions stay coming off
Like female porno star's panties and bras
Pop Dukes, old school, straight "son"ning y'all
With new school lyrical tools leavin you stuck without a
gun to draw
You don't wanna ball with these words, they hit hard
Doin away with ? , then punk bruises and scars
Gang war, you better call it a truce, use your smarts
I'm two thousand and two tons of lyrical art
That'll crush your heart and discourage your courage
Destroy your sole purpose on this earthly surface
The rawest, I'm flawless call me Mr. Perfect
Cock back, my style goes off on the track, straight
murk it
We the current that circles through the underground
circuit
Fill the streets full with serpents that feel life is
worthless
When it's really just as precious as birth is, but first
things first
Drown in the depths of the sounds of these verses

[Hook] *scratched to end*

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