

4th25 "Lace Your Boots"

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V1

I know im not what your used to
Too real for all that fruit stuff
Revealin purpatrators though they hide
Just throw your truce up

No time for all that new stuff
Frontin on that who what
I could give a fuck about you niggaz
Pick your tools up

Its war, lace your boots up
Its real, fuck the rules bro
Close contact one hand combat
Or long distance fuck you fools up

Back in the saddle now
back up in the battleground
if its in your heart when it sparks
act according now

the object man slaughter now
the order shut these fools down
the target, anything movin
women and children catchin slugs now

no love so don't come around
run for the border now
headshots are the standard
got no time for no second rounds

down from the start to finish
niggaz talk it but I live it
true to the heart though its hard
im still up in it

business is my personal
pain if I touch a few
fuck your life my nig
and look here, take it personal.

V2

I keep my boots laced tight as fuck
In god I trust
These mofuckers cant be stupid enough
Not to throw they truce up

But fuckem, No this is not love
This is death bout to touchem
This is anything movin
Becoming the new focus of my weapon

This is with each breath I take in
Bein the last one they takin
This is me askin gods forgiveness
For all the souls at his gate waitin

All the clothes we left on lifeless bodies
White flags could a saved em
But they refuse to chose to waivem
So I refuse not to sprayem, fuckem

That's why they stay
With they face to the pavement prayin
To god they don't get weighed in
Cause we are not playin

We are on top of this foodchain

And they could never evolve past us
And though we'd see this solved peacefully
They mistakenly come after us

But they never seem to be able to handle
The repercussions afterwards
When the dust settles and they finally realize
They should have been pacifists

But its too late to switch
After this full metal jacket grabs em
Look we toldem this was war
And we toldem we get at em
This is war...

V3

I don't been to war in all seasons
Gave a whole new meanin to block bleedin
I done seen some of the hardest cats shot
On the ground screamin

Exercising these demons
From the souls of my enemies
My mouth never moves

But my finger moves repeatedly

Casket closed friend or foe
When its my time I'll never know
Don't catch bullets always
let my bullets go

squeeze till its nothing left
protect my buddy protect my self
gotta make it home so i
fight till my last breathe

never mind these fucked up rules
if he can breakem so can you
if he talk shit best believe
that im gone killem fool

a dead man cant talk
fuckem is what im talking about
only story getting told
is the story comin out my mouth

its war, aint no rules here
my enemies made that real clear
explosives under the street
the only thing that I'm fearin here

no time to make my first mistake
be on point wit each chance I take
gotta stay focused just to
make it to the next day

my eyes are open never shut
holdin a weapon blowem up
when my boots are laced up
best believe im not given a fuck

I'm givin all my rounds away
Hell naw I aint stingy bro
He can takem all or he better
Throw his truce up, its war

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