

## **4th Avenue Jones**

### **"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 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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