

# Avogadro "True Warchild"

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Yeah Avogadro: a true war child

## Verse1

Attack was very rapid  
It started as hit and run a military tactic  
Hit once & retreat, on a mission to defeat  
A big force, it succeeded but now innocent ones bleed  
And kids take arm to the streets  
U already know the outcome  
U may walk around & get hit by a random  
Bullet, a true definition of a dead man walking  
In a place where u wont hear dogs barking  
Going that direction, u better know how to duck  
Snipers play a game called "go-find-your-luck"  
Up on a bridge of Anzaloti  
Aiming at ya head whenever they pop it (blauuw!)  
Shoot u dead first then see what u get in ya pocket  
Nobody keeps their cruelty in check  
Just live by the day, not knowing what to expect

## Chorus 2x

My story is realer check out my background  
Hey! What u rap about?  
A true warchild, it aint in me to back down  
Naah! Nothing to brag about

## Verse2

Not once in a blue moon  
But every afternoon I used to tune  
Into a special English of the VOA trying to be  
semanticist  
Now Im the soloist  
AVO thats how I abbreviate  
My name, I came with the truth activate  
Your brain cells in order to elevate your mind,  
Dont be captivated by the smile  
I led life more corrupt than FBI files  
So called emcee's grew up in peace, smoke trees  
Then talk about guns & what the fantasize

Telling us they wise & nice  
But I never feel it not at any price  
This ain't no tough talk but I seen 'em all  
I seen hard ones turn into a soft  
When the sound of a bomb goes off  
I witnessed highest degree of hatred  
Seen cats trying to make it (what!)

Chorus 2x

Verse 3

Just tell it how it is, no regrets no justification  
Im feeling like a leader betrayed by his own nation  
Propaganda is just another type of war  
If u dont know what u fight for  
U aint get the right to talk about struggle  
I aint trying to knock ya hustle  
This is real talk, never meant to pour a scorn  
On ya action, I see rappers going to a war torn  
Country, how can they relate to u? U never seen  
A war, I get it  
U just nothing but a program on the screen  
If these labels get ya back, u can play any role  
Yeah u can keep what u stole  
But once u get caught they cut ya hand off  
My roots go back to the land of (where?)  
Poets: S-o-m-a-l-i-a!

Chorus 2x

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