

Claudio Baglioni

"Ready 4 War"

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[Intro: Frukwan (Lady Tigra)]

Oh shit, I don't believe this shit, yo babe
(What's wrong honey?)
Yo babe, we gotta get the fuck out of here
Get the kids, get your shit (Where are we going?)
You hear that shit, it's on, shit is goin' down
(What is goin' down?) We gotta get the fuck out of here
I gotta protect mines (But we in this together)
Fuck that, I ain't tryin' to hear that, now lets go, lets go
Yo, yo

[Frukwan]

Top breeze, in fill smoke chokin' your lungs
Heart rate gozzle, like you was drunk
Panic spreadin' wide yo, it's gettin' dark outside
Walls of crime, ready to strike, ain't much time
Secondary flares, so get prepared for the heat
Gears and metal shells that be breakin' the streets
Concrete ready for war, yo, word to the mother
Fuck around, it's the real band of brothers
Out flank, position and rank, M1 tank
Diggin' the trench, look out for the land mines
Walk The Green Mile, and I snipe the crook
Fuck you bitch, givin' up my life for this
Cause and effects, dead souls won't regret
Live to learn, dues that I paid to earn
Civilize in response, yo I'm wrong to trust
Ain't no one alive that could fuck with us

[Chorus 2X: Frukwan & Lady Tigra]

My brothers ready for war? (Yeah!)
Ready, knock down the doors? (Yeah!)
Time to find their heads on the floor? (Yeah!)
Can we keep it one for all? (Yeah!)

[Lady Tigra]

Ya'll niggas wanna test my skills
I aim squeeze and cock deals, set you on a burning
chill
Get you shaking up the side, cause of the words you
feel

Wanna sell out for the bucks, pluss the house on the hill
Got no time for the truth, so you packin' the steel
Got a bullet for your boss, 'fore them quiets reveal

[Frukwan]

Lookin' for scraps, bottom dead corpse for maps
Plenty more layin' flat, yeah I'm after that
Creepin' the fridge, so I lay await in the ditch
Flippin' the switch, throw your fuckin' ass to bits
All alone in the world that be cold as ice
Sacrifice, images is rushin' my site
Actin' strange, at times be forgettin' my name
Walkin' over skulls and brains, part remains
Blood is spilt, see it on my homeboy's kilt
Feelin' the guilt, wakin' up in cold sweats
Toasted, fuckin' with the rats and roaches
Make a brother cry when you see a man coverd with
flies
No lies, no disguise, no alibis
Just lettin' off a smell that be worse then hell
Stick it with hits, bullets strip, this is it
So welcome to the bottomless pits

[Chorus 2X]

[Frukwan]

Yo, airborne yo I bomb, word is bond
My spies penetrate, never fail they gather entail
Wanna lick a few silence, kid stop the violence
For the advance, ten inch guns releasin' gas
Move they grind, diminish, completely finish
Raise the flag of the gods, sun, moon, and the stars
Star trooper, black laws, enforced officers
Cugin' up, tossin' off metals of violence
Met at the scholars, feedin' off the greeds of dollars
Propaganda is random, rips and tantrums
Feel me, then drop the anthem, yo

[Chorus 3X]

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