

Climax Blues Band

"Declaration of War"

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[Scarface]

It's the return of the murderer, maniac madman
The fully automatic M-11 in the handbag
The ending of it, the beginning of the Baghdad
Your brains blowed out, body in a trash bag
Unidentified, chalk him up a John Doe
Got most of the pieces, but they ain't found his arms
though
It's far from a record, I'm different than these rap
dudes
A real nigga, won't hesitate to clap fools
Ski-mask you, come up to where you lay at
Cock back, squeeze, and put him where your face at
The nerve of you niggaz, believin I'ma play games
You know who I'm wit, so I ain't gotta say names
{*blam*} you pussy, {*blam*} cause you a black Jew
Ain't never had love for y'all, make me clap you
And it's a done deal, don't fuck with what the truth is
And hide behind that motherfuckin desk but when the
truth's here
it's on for ya, that mean your lifeline shortens
Death to the niggaz who disrespected the Jordan
I'm not a pop nigga, fuck what radio say
Fuck what video do, but this is all day
hood nigga, I ain't gotta show you what my life like
Cause you don't persecute a motherfucker like Mike
I ain't a house nigga scum like you fools is
I was bred born and raised in this true shit

[Chorus]

Funny how a nigga get caught up in all the glamour
And then they finally come to grips that this can
happen
to anybody, won't discriminate who catch this
Get in the way and you a victim of a death wish
A declaration of a war and it's a warning
Follow the leader but be aware your opponent
is in the window got guerillas where you rest at
And prepared to hit a motherfucker, bet that

[Willie D]

Aight, let's get serious
Fuck the rap game I'm the realest nigga, PERIOD
If you ain't feelin me you know how it goes
Jump bitch, I cain't wait to kill one of you hoes
It's on if you got beef
You can be a cop, a drug dealer, or a pro athlete
Bottom line, I don't give a fuck about'cha
If I pop you in the neck, I bet some blood come out'cha
While your label only behind you greasin his dick
Your stupid ass on a video, cheesin and shit
J ain't shorted me a dime if he owe you bucks
The way I see you a bitch and you deserve to be fucked
Willie D is the nigga that'll bloody your clothes
Don't think you know me cause you know the hook to
"Baldhead Hoe"
I light you up with a sawed off; and stab yo' ass
in the leg, in the chest, in the back and mouth

[Bushwick Bill]

Aight nigga; stab him in the leg in the chest
in the back and mouth, let 'em haul him off
Give me a motherfuckin handy shotty
and a plug of PCP, I'll kill anybody
Bust him in the ass 'til he's still
I'm Chuckwick bitch, your achilles heel
A short nigga quick to give a tall ass-whoopin
Got a chip on my shoulder bout the size of Brooklyn
Lookin to start shit, I ain't scary like Scooby and Shaggy
Piss me off you better Duck like Daffy
Even if you in a rest home I'll pop ya
Even if you got a vest on I'll drop ya

[Chorus]

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