

Cretu Michael**"War"**

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(*gun shots*)

[Chorus]

War (nigga), war (nigga), war (nigga), war (nigga)
We'll take your boys to war (nigga), war (nigga), war
(nigga)
In these streets we raw (nigga), raw (nigga), raw
(nigga)
We'll take your boys to war (nigga), war (nigga), war
(nigga)

[H.A.W.K]

War, bullet holes in your car
Right cross to the jaw, like the southpaw
I'm bound to leave a scar, Dead End outlaw
Coldest you ever saw, rough, rugged and raw
A step above the law, but I don't gangbang
I pull out that thang, and I let bullets rain
I pack a straight aim, you fin to scream in pain
Two slugs to the brain, po' mo' in your brain
If it's war that you want, then it's war that you'll get
Talk shit you hit, and get your wig split
I hate to admit, you just a hypocrite
A slick son of a bitch, that sits and rides dick
(bitch), one false move and you bleed
(bitch), nigga you way out your league
(bitch), I got a family to feed
And don't look for me to bless you, if you sleeze

[Chorus]

[Big Pokey]

When it's war, I can go scar for scar
If a nigga turn his cheek, go jaw for jaw
Kick doors, break through bars, me I'm a murder
Raw as me, this crock bull'll murk your street
Cop killas, make em bleed when they hit the fizeet
They gon find you kissing the street, missing your
teeth
Some of these cats is playing, softball
Put that bat down, swing at a golf ball

I can get raw dog, when niggas stud up
Don't get your block knocked off, wig cut up
Kids come up missing, when it's bad blood
Somebody gon find you fishing, full of mad slugs
You'll duck that ass my heat, body bagged with tagged
they feet
Gon be sad, you shouldn't of fucked with me
You know me, always keep my guards up
Cause when it's war, niggas get scarred up

[Chorus]

[H.A.W.K]

I said it I meant it, I don't have to ask the lieutenant
The super intendant, or better yet the U.S. Senate
The rules I'm bending, my soldas are definitely winning
I'm a tank like No Limit, and it ain't no gimmick
I crush the opposition, won't make no proposition
The modest of competition, and murk the politician
Y'all niggas is wishing, and falling out of position
You low on ammunition, and starting that ass kissing
AK must spray, my bullets they ricochet
They scrape your vertebrae, and have you screaming
(mayday)
The General In Charge, of espi-onage
Critiques in camouflage, to catch you off guard
You're just a sarge, and your truth is fraud
I'll take away your strife, cause you cats is broads
My actions are flagrant, the rules of engagement
Are those you ain't since, lying on the pavement, it's

[Chorus]

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