

## **Bizzy Bone**

# **"Waitin' For Warfare"**

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*[Bizzy]*

There is no way in hell (marching factions...)  
That the blind can lead the blind (...regime takin' over  
my body...)  
Unless somebody play the dog (...intertwined into my  
soul)  
Split personality, -ality, -ality  
Split personality, -ality, -ality  
I'm in reality (foward march)  
Waitin' for warfare  
Waitin' for warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare  
My army, marchin' factions, regime takin' over my  
body it seems  
Regime, regime (forward march)

*[Bizzy]*

Hear the eruption when I'm pumpin and bustin', gotta  
give a concussion  
Lovin' the lust and plus to touch me, rush me  
Too much, you must be out of your mind  
Trust me, I'm the nigga dumpin', tell 'em lovely  
All the way from the Clair to the PO and down '71  
We on to the C.O. and fuckin' with the B-O-N-E  
Hit the floor and go, and again we hit the door

*[Capo]*

Ammo explode, rappin' in platinum  
Capo ballin' out of control, provoked emotions  
Devotion, capture bankroll, behold the unknown  
treasure  
Cherish your soul precious as solid gold roses  
Thrown over decomposed bodies froze  
Expose who chose to impose sleep  
Deceased, buried six feet deep beneath hollow stone  
Tragedy prolong memories, harmony, sing another  
sad song  
Unsolved mysteries involve society  
Only strong minds survive holocaust victims soft in our  
life die off  
The (?) caught slippin', steppin' in deep shit, (?)  
Ignorance lost (?)  
The pussy wish he had some balls to brawl with us

heartless  
In it'til ya havin' a tendency to empty cartridges  
Off on enemy targets (bitch)  
Regardless of felony charges still spittin' ammunition  
So mission accomplished

*[Bizzy]*

We're movin' in heaven's movie, my lil' nigga, watch  
out!  
Waitin' for warfare  
Waitin' for warfare, warfare, warfare, warfare  
My army, marchin' factions  
Regime takin' over my body it seems  
Regime, regime

Well I'm a soldier, fuck the TV  
See me when they bring back 3D  
Even on Eazy bookin' on me, lookin' at Ruthless now  
she so sleazy, gimme some cheese!  
And I see that you're scheming on the comedians now  
But leave me, bitch  
You better believe can't nobody save you  
When I move my music underground  
And don't deceive me, please, get up off your knees  
I'm all about business, ask Animal  
I ain't your victim and a witness to the sickness written  
Did I piss you off?  
On a mission in the midst of the demons  
Bankin' off my voice and makin' my choices  
She don't even know me and I'm kickin' and screamin'  
Tryin' to get out my dreams, at least to keep me  
breathin'

Even poisoned the noise, got me coverin' my ears  
And save my tears for years, just for the joy  
But I'm tellin' you boy, not here, I gotta get my paper  
Will the rapist pull my plug and fuck the thug?  
Hell yeah, nigga, no love  
I thought you knew and nigga don't shove  
Cause I'm like, nigga what?  
I'll fuck you up you know the rules

Regime takin' over my body it seems  
Waitin' for warfare

I can smell your wicked rigormortis a mile from the  
morgue  
The scorn in your soul may tell you to humiliate your  
enemies  
Have you not read the Art of War?  
Absent-minded to the enduring

Pouring your cup of damnation in the midst of my world  
You gotta be out of your monkey-ass mind  
No more will the look of Medusa seduce the  
predecessors and entrepreneurs

*[Capo]*

Retaliation, I can taste temptation  
Itchin', instigatin' allegations  
Undertakin' sacred assassinations  
Dead presidents, weapons, and nations  
Independence foresaken  
Revelations in the making  
Bitch-made niggas breakin'  
Separate by segregation  
Hatred they motivation  
No relation in this congregation  
Load weapons (B, pass me a clip!) trigger detonations  
Bullet penetrate, men break, strain  
Pain and frustration; abstain  
Chain-reaction tribulations  
Safe to say you can't escape disaster when messin'  
with a master  
Unmask the Ripsta's little riddler, nigga (?) killas

*[Bizzy]*

Gotta get you more money, come on my little brother  
And I brung him - thug on  
I got him fuckin' with the revolution  
All on the retribution and execution  
Shootin', let 'em, do 'em  
Get gone, done made a bomb bond  
None of y'all pinned my strategize  
I heard Bizzy's fried, I heard Bizzy died  
But the word from Bryon:  
Surprise, I'm still alive with a militant mind  
Gotta hit it, will die in a minute, did he feel it?  
Well then get it  
Rewind, you just trippin' on a nigga tryin' to shine  
But I'm a get mine and I ain't lyin'  
Nigga everytime I sign the dotted line it's for the riot  
Nigga what you want to do and I ain't dyin' without you  
In the silence will kill ya, it's the quiet ones who might  
peel ya  
On the realer, on my lonely and I see that you're  
phoney, nobdy  
Phone me and surely I'm out the door and don't you  
come for me  
It's still fuck ? for sure, let it go  
I know and boy I will enjoy a little toe to toe  
But no, you'd probably involve the po po  
And tell them that you went to jail with Bizzy Bone

It's on in the C.O.

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