

## El General

### "Ward Bangin'"

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[L.O.G. and (Fila Phil) talking]

UTC

(9th Ward, 9th Ward)

C.T.C., Cross The Canal

(Press Park nigga, that Florida, A.L.)

We hustlin', New Orleans, down in that boot

(No doubt nigga, what comes up nigga, must come  
down, ward bangin', ya heard me)

(Untouchable, I'mma kick it like this)

[Chorus-Fila Phil-]

I'm ward bangin', ward bangin', everybody ward  
bangin'

Bullets slingin', brains hangin', y'all bringin', we  
bringin'

I'm ward bangin', ward bangin', everybody ward  
bangin'

Bullets slingin', brains hangin', y'all bringin', we  
bringin'

[L.O.G.]

Time to hit the streets, of the U.P.T., tip toe, creep

10th Ward, and 3rd Ward got beef, bring the heat

When we hit the streets, ?????? we meet

Blood gone leak, no surrender, no defeat

No peace, shoot that Thomas got a army mob duckin'  
villains

Willin', to make some killin', gravefillin', cap peelin'

Bustin' shots non stop, they raided the block

One nigga got popped, its the knee he dropped

To the ground, ain't no dodgin' 50 round, clips

Bullets sting like whips, chest play, all rip

Up, what the fuck, man these niggaz got nuts

So the Mac Melph Calio tappin' my bup

And retaliate quick, to leave some wig splits

These boys done hit, ??????? is split

Out, like a drought, so its gone no doubt

So the 3rd took a route, show them boys they bout

Nuttin' but trigga play, mission his head gone

Take niggaz away, pop 'em up, chop 'em up

Bodies skunk, bodies dunk

Brains hangin', fuckin' 'round with them souljas ward  
bangin'

[Chorus] 2x

[Fila Phil]

I said it all started off Downtown in that 9th Ward  
Some killers out that Nina respect a baller from that 7th  
Ward, St. Bernard  
Knock a nigga head off, birds cocked back, and want  
to fuck with Press Park  
Into a, U-haul, full of killers  
Makin' niggaz bleed or straight duct tapin' niggaz, on  
the reala  
Them boys don't play, they trigga spray  
Leavin niggaz in coffins, bodies to get away  
At the same time, 4th Ward niggaz, they got beef  
Bustin' at them lil' niggaz every ???  
Dig deep, you can't roll the streets without yo heat  
Desire, they act a donkey, that Florida, they act a beast  
A.L., some crazy motherfuckers that'll buck ya  
Hit ya 50 times up in yo chest and make you suffer  
The consequences, found dead with no witness  
Brains go to the fat, ain't nobody know who did ya  
Nigga we killin' thugs, nigga we poppin' slugs  
Them boys from Downtown, never did it, show no love  
So niggaz thats on the run, stay strapped with tommy  
guns  
We the ones who ??????  
So what the fuck you mean, Downtown get out the way  
We all about that drama, and all about that trigga play  
Don't start no shit, won't be no shit  
Fuckin' 'round with Downtown, ya get ya wig split  
Don't start no shit, won't be no shit  
Fuckin' 'round with that Nina, ya get ya wig split  
Don't start no drama, won't be no drama  
Fuckin' 'round with Press Park, we 'nappin ya fuckin'  
mama  
9's rangin', bullets slangin', brains hangin', we  
camouflaged down  
From the ward, its ward bangin'

[Chorus] 2x

[L.O.G.]

T.C., C.T.C., is the boundaries, all our enemies,  
unsolved mysteries  
Nigga please, concrete shoes, I can't lose  
Givin' niggaz the blues, puttin' niggaz on the news  
Act a fool, with that tool, if you snooze, you lose  
Lyrically I bruise, clans, clicks, crews

Abuse them all, 9th Ward scar, socca ball  
Catch ya on falsed on, ya body get hard off  
Represent it to the fullest, trigga man through bullets  
At yo head, stretched, red, red, now ya dead  
T-Shirts and jeans, that was all was seen  
As I fled from the scene, my team, who bout that  
green, fiend  
For paper chasin', erasin', or war, catchin' capers  
Its the basic way, you gotta make it in New Orleans,  
a.k.a.  
Soulja cemetary, many niggaz get buried, very, so  
often  
That its scary, in my terri, tory, no mercy, no glory  
Another soulja to story, be happy, don't worry  
If you ain't hangin', or slangin', nigga, you ward  
bangin'

[Chorus] 2x

[Fila Phil and L.O.G.]

Tell them boys, they can't handle us  
9th Ward scar, we hits too deep, livin' scandalous  
Tell them boys, they can't handle us  
9th Ward scar, we hits too deep, livin' scandalous

[Fila Phil and L.O.G. talking]

[Fila Phil and L.O.G.]

15 deep-ah, I'm finna creep-ah  
We the fuckin' gangstas put you pussy niggaz to sleep-  
ah

15 deep-ah, I'm finna creep-ah  
We the fuckin' gangstas put you pussy niggaz to sleep-  
ah  
That 5, 4, that 5, 4, that 5, 4, that 5, 4

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