

Eric Heatherly

"Warfare"

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[Intro: M.O.P.]

Hahahahahaha

Now it's about to be talked about

[Afu-Ra]

You're gettin slapped by my grammar
Vocals like a hammer, with roots from Alabama
I'm under cover, make moves like no other
In dark alleys, you're gettin opened from your belly
I rock spots for blocks, I knock you inna skelly
I know you're jelly, because Fame, Billy & I be
Mashin out crews of bad dudes for nothin
Or cuz they frontin, they corny style, I show 'em
somethin
A buck fifty ear to ear smash and fear
I'm scrubbin down, this hip hop shit's infested
Too many niggas sexin the mic, they not protected
Don't get infected, like a child that's been molested
The surgeon general rap shit just hit your section
It's warfare, against any that come up on me
Even in your dreams asleep you couldn't do me
It's picture perfect, blaze your mind like it's chronic
Cause M.O.P. and Afu-Ra, shits bionic

[Chorus]

It's warfare, against any that come up on me
It's warfare, against any that come up on me
Even in your dreams asleep you couldn't do me
It's warfare, against any that come up on me
It's warfare, against any that come up on me
It's warfare, against any that come up on me
Even in your dreams asleep you couldn't do me

[Lil Fame]

Brownsville slugger, put it on, come on, bring it on
It's a new way for this hip hop shit, sing a long
Who it is, nah bitch the question is, what it is
It's that back yard bangin shit, that I rocked for the kids
Clack clack, move son I got nothin to lose son
There's a million and one ways to die, choose one
Hit or miss, it won't matter to peel yo ass

I'm still left with a million ways to kill yo ass
Now Afu-Ra split em in half with the sword
You heard it from yours truly, chairman of the board
Fizzy Womack, I blow back they whole strap committee
We live and direct from New York City
I'm a stretch a nigga, so you better get your weapon
Stop yappin with ya dick in your hand, and start steppin
Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare
This is war here, and we gettin it on all year, biatch

[Chorus]

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It's warfare, against any that come up on me
Even in your dreams asleep you couldn't do me
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[Billy Danze]

Let's take a trip down burner bark lane
Where the innocent get slain
And what you visualize will ruin your brain
A lot a blood sweat & tears, pain
Nobody stop a murder, as a dealer does it's
muthafuckin thing
Bang bang, just like that, the man'll slit open you
And put two under your hat
and as you lay flat, just another nigga whacked
Before he stepped, he threw three through your chest
through your back
And your outta here, lights out, game over
You said you wanted to live life as a soldier
I told ya, we on shaky grounds, a lot of ups and downs
We on force, to run a crash course, and blast off
rhymes
And of course we have emotions inside, yeah
That's just some shit that we been trained to hide
You hear, be cautious, nigga walk slow
Talk low, this ain't no muthafuckin talk show, this is

[Chorus]

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It's warfare, against any that come up on me
It's warfare, against any that come up on me
Even in your dreams asleep you couldn't do me
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[Outro]
Fire!!

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