

Ghostface Killah "War"

Visit "[War](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Trife Da God)

[Intro: sample]

War in the east, war in the west
War up north, war down south

[Trife Da God]

Uh, welcome to Jam-rock
Where niggaz get popped, buried in sandlots
New York niggaz, triple they money hitting the grand
spot
West Coast bang for they colors and they demand
blocks
Stuffed in niggaz barbeque grillings, sizzling
hamhocks
Can't forget my mid west niggaz out in the Chi
St. Louis and Tennessee, where them killas is sure to
ride
Shout out to my Ohio players, clocking that paper
To all them fly pimps in Detroit, rocking them gators
Riding around, with the top down, heat in the lap
Stay balling, with the plush leather seats in the back
Down in Houston, sidding sideways, chucking the
deuce
Popping them bottles, getting blasted over cups of that
juice
Dizzy stukes, niggaz blowin' off Bobby, like Whitney
Houst'
Grey goose with a touch of grapefruit, indeed, it get
me loose
We need to call a truce, for all my fallen troops
Stop the warring, let's do more recording
Sit back and count this loot

[Chorus: Trife Da God (sample)]

(War in the east) To all them dealers in the tri-state
(War in the west) For all them niggaz out west, raising
the crime rate
(War up north) To all them killas up north, locked in the
bing
(war down south) For everybody down south doing they
thing, come on

(War in the east) To all my greasy east niggaz getting
that clock right
(War in the west) To all my jackets catching them fools
at the stop lights
(War up north) To all the heavy bidders repping in jail
(War down south) To them votes, shouting the dirty
south, electing that meal

[Trife Da God]

You can find me in the 'west', like Kanye, blowing on
bombai
With the killas on Crenshaw, serving up entrees
Or lounging with the homies from Northstar, popping
out of sportscars
Niggaz wilding out in the sports bar
No matter where I go, I'm still repping New York, pa
You know we get it cracking when we up in the
courtyard
Sipping on forties of Ale, pouring liquor out
For all the O.G.'s and shorties in jail
And when I'm out in the Carolinas, blessing that
marijuana
Down in New Orleans, my niggaz wrestling anacondas
Clapping them tools in Baton Rouge, provoking drama
Getting it crunk in Atlanta, searching for baby mommas
Philly and D.C., V.A. to B-More in a G4
I-95, making them detours
South Beach, Memorial weekend hitting the sea shore
And every other city we go, I'm promoting T-Dore

[Chorus 2X]

Visit [Ghostface Killah](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.