

Gramm Lou

"War Games"

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Intro: O.C.

Uh yeah uh uh uh

What, Crooklyn Dodger Number 2

O.C., yeah back in the scene muthafucka

Me and Premo, you know, East New York

Bushwick, Bedstuy, and all those good places

[O.C.]

Yo

My main frame, discipline like a soldier

Ready for war, pushups get my chest swoll up

What's the deal Preme? I mean the scaze

I think I got it locked in nigga, War Games is the theme

Rap commando, what's my handle

O.C. ample to rock shit

Battle niggas who pop shit

Green bareen thought slicka

I'm one step ahead, slide thru enemy lines like a black
ack figga

Camouflage, runnin thru you zone with detection

Cuz the dark skinned marksmen

Run thru your section

Flesh ya bones, physical built like titanium

Bugs cover my grill like Iranians

Ill gorilla so called killas

I fear no man but Allah, for the god is he is still in us

The Renaissance Man, I roll with real like grenade
sharp like gem stars

Cause massive scars

O.C.'s all in it, dope I've been for years

Now I'm back in the scene, and I declare War Games

I bust off like a M-16

Rippin thru screens from head to toe, blood soak up
your jeans

Rap veteran, earn my stripes, faught wars

Opposing forces, would O.C. take losses?

Naucious, you feelin kinda like throwing up

Cautious, watch ya step, land rhymes blowin up

Havin a pity for foes, fuck G.I. Joe
He's a sucker, slap the taste outta wild motherfuckas
Design a rhyme, like a plan for the government
Six Million like Steve Austin, costin
Apprehended if I am
In times and my body will erupt *explosion*
M-16 tapecatin, voids filled with ammo
Bust it through a crowd, a bitch nigga sing soprano
When I get you in the square, then I end you career
All MC's lets make one thing clear
You're all the same, I will remain, fuck the fame
Feelin the lane to shoot, I declare War Games

Chorus 2X: Organized Konfusion (Pharoahe Monch &
Prince Poetry)
I declare War Games
For niggas who flaunt figgas for more fame
Gorilla warfare, tactics issue unlimited access to ammo
With fire proof camouflage and power

[O.C.]
Precise pinpoint it, pull it, when I cock back
This here rap will slap you and your team, and that bad
bitch
Sleaves from my uncut, raw like cope
Preme dig up boys, roll up and smoke
Then toge it, back to B.I.
See I can do this, I'm professional
Too much weight to weigh any style
Dutch Master superior blend, inhale me right
Young Phillies take a toke of my rap, and get the
Willies para-
Noid, niggas all non void
Fuck with O.C., get your life destroyed
Like a marine, I'm a trained rap killing machine
Fiend to rock a mic, set from New York to New Orleans
Over seas I conquer, rough like blanca
Love to eat actors, gotta take for drama
When I flow I get comatose
In my own world
From the first verse, you saw my plan unfurl
I mean team same name, never change
My ammo is the demo competition on the mic
War Games

"War Games" (5X)

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