

Brokop Lisa

"Warzone"

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[Intro: dubbed voice]

There's some sick shit goin' on in here
A bunch of niggas is goin' crazy
Y'nahmean? Straight up and down
What the fuck is goin' on yo?
I can't believe it
Niggas is the nicest y'all
Division/CCF, Darkman

[La the Darkman]

Yo I flash jewels, wear no tattoos
I'm hard like statues, thirsty for Cash Rules
Son I send a wild dime piece to lick you
Then wid your pants down nigga I stick you
Clever, so I tell poems quick, Cellphone flips
Beside sellin' grams I sell you a whole brick
Plus my flow's sick, then a bitch with AIDS
And my bullets twist niggas like Spreewell braids

[Prodigal Sunn]

Street slug incinerator, Brooknam generator, fuck
haters
Design with the rhymes to shine across the equator
Spit gravitation, these bitch niggas stay fakin'
Got no time for playin, guns sprayin', bodies layin'
My son's pockets achin', an everyday hood situation
We live on revelations, fuck contemplatin'
And yeah, many hung in the jungle
Stamina black panel I jack with the hammer attack
Now where your sons at?

[Chorus: Freemurder (ShaCronz) {*with 60 "aww"ing in
the background*}]

Get off my niggas, shit on your niggas
Click on your niggas, get off my niggas
(Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah) Hatin' Don't Pay
You wanna live off our riches?

[ShaCronz]

It was devil one great in 7-1-8, let it be him
State rapper insect, corporate DMs

In the Lex or the BM, niggas get stress when they see
'em
Bust Techs in the BMs, sex, European checks
or Koreans wrap tight like durags
Crackin' white and blue bags, about to cop the new Jag
Off the lot or on the spot, I rap for Ju-maicans
And pawn shops, Cronz hot, I got the block on lock

[Break: Terra Tory]

Aiyo Cronz I told you my nigga (Fuck y'all!)
Y'nahmean, we gonna do this shit right baby (Yeah
yeah!)
We gonna make this shit jump baby (the buildings
comin' down my nigga)
When niggas get in their car they gonna see a black
whole
In that whole is just how Division come to

[60 Second Assassin (Freemurder)]

Rhyme spit (it's a), it's a Time to click (gotta)
Comin' out your pocket with your money plus lint
(gimme that)
I got a .22 and a .25 spit (what you spittin')
I'm lookin' at a potential slip (I wanna flip)
Go 'head my nigga go 'head and flip
Already done, emptied the clip (I'm gonna)
Catch a tour and then split (yeah), I got 20 years in
head of this shit
(You just a..) international pimp (60), every verse in the
script (yeah)

[Timbo King]

Shoot a fair one, you need help shoot a flare gun, blap
blap blap blap
Emergency, my team emerge with me
I got the game on DVD, so watch me now
The sharper the metal the deeper the wound
'Bout to pop somebody's balloon up in this room
Puncture, internal bleedin', let the horror begin
End of the world is near, men followin' sin

[Terra Tory]

Terra Tory shatter your dreams as bad as it seems
The only thing that matters is that the cabbage is green
Splatter your team, Jack of all trades in the shadow of
Kings
Snakes in the grass rattle for schemes, all out battle for
CREAM
Everybody seekin' national gleem
Actual facts is seen to spray stats on screens
Beat competition by a wide percentage

Create more rackets than tennis
This rap menace attack the track 'til it's finished

Chorus x2

[Outro: dubbed voice]
Hahaha, yeah yeah
Like I told y'all
It's some shit goin' down
Respect this straight up
CCF and Division
One

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