

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Art Of War"

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[Lynch Talking]

Art of War nigga, (nigga get in)

The art of war, (I know where he at)

Dedicated to the niggaz

That feel they need to make a living off niggaz

You know, check it out

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

I smell pussy push me, I got a hard dick for killin'

Go head and start shit wid the villain

And get your heart split in a million pieces

You need Jesus I can tell by your releases please

He suck nuts for cheese somebody grease his knees

If you suck nuts for a livin' trust me at least it's these

Lynch haul all up in ya mouth tryna release the steam

And you can rub it on like Visine

And you can dub it all in high speed and watch that

bitch nigga scream

And it's nothin' it's no thing I hit the corner

You was lucky and nosy nervous at the corner

I woulda grabbed the body stabbed the body

Then cut the body up like meat and eat 'em ganja

leaves

Grab the shotty and get away got away scott clean

So you grab the body I'm in the Mozarotti

Smashin' down I street, all the way from the jail house

Gave it a chance and then I had to bail the hell out

Tight shit but I don't wanna go through that

Sittin' wid my celly like, how did I do that?

See I had to leave 'em blue black, the fool's back

Wid spits like jackler when ya runnin' wid two gats

[Hook: scratching of these lines]

"There's a war going on outside"

"The way of life is the way of death"

"Coming from the thirty six chambers"

(x2)

[Cos]

Seems like I can't mash these days

Cause everybody wanna try to blast C way

Like everybody wanna pass these days

But talk shit about my click we gon' blast these K's

These niggaz gay cats jay cats walkin' cross the street

When we see

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