

Horse "War"

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(Wordsworth)

On behalf of my crew I came to represent it
Joints make your grandpa wild for 3 minutes
The flow, not every show, got police in it
Got us banned from every town that we visit
Punch and words made ya bed, now sleep in it
Stole half my style, you could at least finish
Cheap images stuck with weak gimmicks
I always get game, I fucked up, but keep spinnin'
Stop for what, y'all niggas know not to touch
So hot, that the devil live a block from us
If not for us, you wouldn't know how to rhyme sicker
I rapped on your demo, and helped you get signed
quicker
Besides that, we the only live act
Have you thinkin' bout your career, your hour drive
back
Why ask, when you gon' hate the answers
No way to escape, don't take a chance 'causeâ€¦!

(Chorus)

You don't really wanna go to war (you don't wanna go)
You don't really wanna go to war (don't even try to do
it)
You don't really wanna go to war, (why??!?)
Cause yo ass is 'c'est la vie (say la vee)
(Stop playin' wit' me)
You don't really wanna go to war (you don't wanna go)
You don't really wanna go to war (don't even try to do
it)
You don't really wanna go to war (why??!?)
Cause yo' ass is 'c'est la vie (say la vee)

[Punchline]

Punchline
Stay on the run from 1-time
Fuck dark in daytime I do crimes
I got 2 wives, and live 2 lives
I'm not Gemini but I got 2 sides
Good and bad, some say it's a curse
When I play both sides like auto-reverse

You outta research, on how Punchline'll put it on ya
Can't compare, or come near like court orders
My eyes focus, on those that oppose this
Your new rhymes couldn't fuck wit' none of my old shit
To any emcee that comes out his mouth
I give your shit to the bootleggers before ya come out
Never play hard
You know who the best are
You only sold a few units, cuz of your guest-stars
I spit bars
Punch and Words rap connoisseurs
I learned and mastered the art of war

(Chorus)

(Wordsworth)

Name your favorite rapper
Yea I know about him
I heard the whole album, its hot, but no value
Chill out, battle, don't do it
We the nicest, there's are other things I haven't
included
Like
We tight nothin' less than that
I know you wish this rap was your reference track
And next to that
You' hype 'cuz the spotlights on you
That's quite normal
When Words'll write for you

[Punchline]

Right on you
Lyrically keep it tight for you
I switch to plan b, if the plot foils
Fuck the hoes, gimme dough and mo' fame
Spit the flow till I blow like cole-trane
Y'all know, name
We, Punch & Words
Those beats with the keyboard sounds, irk my nerves
Any battle I entered, never got served
If I should die tonight these be my last words

(Chorus)

[Punchline does adlibs till end]

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