

Janet Jackson

"War"

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[Intro]

Yeah! yeah! Right back niccass huh?!
Yeah that bounce we need, ya know
Marcy where we at huh? Right here
Let me hear some new shit, yeah niggaz
Just Blaze you a muhfucker wit these beats boy
Let me hold it down though, yo

[Verse]

Let the hood know, that Bleek ain't changed
Anywhere in the world, I don't tuck the chain
And I walk like, yeah I need the 'cane/caine
But dawg that's the shotty, trust me I ain't playing
War, I'm ready for it to go there
Anybody that know me know I love when it go there
Dawg, and yeah that's wassup
Four dimes, all mine nigga that's wassup
Yeah, wifey wanna curse me out
You won't get me cause the chain's like it's workin out
But E's - still wit the Roc-A-Fella gang hoe
Whole crew got cheese like mozzarella mayne
Top come off, top stay on, whatever
Got rid of the five I don't like the leathers niggas!
Six is better, more room and there's more wood to
cover my interior

[Chorus - repeat 2x]

This is war! Enough of them words we wan't war!
You throw a couple of shots, we throw more!
You gettin that money, we got more!
We got more nigga, this is war!

[Verse]

I warned her, man should not fear man
If you violate man then you die by hand
And it should be fine, behanded that man
That man I am and you don't understand
But I hear the talking like "Bleek where you been?"
It's unfortunate I'm in beef again huh
Niggaz is rappin and clappin I'm still laughin
Sat back in my hood and tried to live average

But - you still want me to bang at em
Stack lil paper, send a lil gang at em
But I see you wanna stop my chill
Trips to oddy earth, meetings wit McNeil
Or - round table meeting wit Hov
You want me in the hood still over that stove
Nigga, I got soldiers in Doves
It ain't nothing to a boss we'll go in your clothes nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse]

This is - not for children, not for lames
Only for real niggaz that can feel what I'm saying
If it's - too blatant then it's not for you
You do a hit, throw up later, it's not for you
So - just quit you bitch, making me sick
You never pimped you only friendly wit chicks and
I've been away for a minute
Jay beat up the drum now they whinin like women
I'm right back nicca, where you at nicca?
Keep the mac nigga, spit it like that nigga
And I tried to chill, even though
I got to spit everyday like I ain't signed a deal nigga!
Mama's still in the hood, work steel in defense
I got a flow like I'm still on the bench nigga
Got a delivery like Sunday's paper
I lay that down and I get that paper nigga!

[Chorus]

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