

## Cappadonna "War Rats"

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[Verse 1]

Less seen and less heard, It's the pillage  
live where we die for trade, orphans of the industry,  
rise up against  
pretense, DJ's of segregation come together plottin' on  
the Nation  
cats got the puff powder dance  
underground economics, take a chance at the crackpot  
speak at the ones on top  
at the gay bar your best rap star caught not keepin' it  
real  
whats the deal wit' ya'll wanna be MC's when Ghost hit  
you  
the struggle is official with this  
chill 'cause we don't mix wit' yall uncle Tomers  
we rock those real black leather bombers  
for real, Park Hill not Beverly Hills  
ya'll better be still  
my brains come out of my ball pen for my origin  
I put the work in, any predicament  
in fact it don't matter to me  
the rap Oprah Winfrey with less currency  
but rock beautifully, no security with me  
hard times and prophecy  
one idea, two children and three for virginity  
pure energy whenever you confront me  
I'ma take yours, star wars.

[Chorus]

Star Wars, storm troopers, evil rulers  
New manuevers, Black German Luger laser beam

(repeat Chorus)

[Verse 2]

The tables turned now, enter Shaolin where it's cold  
now  
let the Teck blow now  
more Jungle nails, Parkhillbillies pour gas on Phillies  
blocks where the Babies pick locks  
and Women make love to other Women  
it's the pillage, your Mother's Sons

no more cold war, it be the poor ones  
no radio play, from the hallway to the doorway  
they banned us, cease to understand us  
rap criminals segregated, player hated  
underrated, project recipients  
Cappadonna, bag with the marijuana  
I'm a late-comer, I spread love last Summer  
photographs with the Hummer  
a young dumber, bound to get dumber  
I speak the real CB, pillage monopoly  
talk a XYZ, ain't nothin' like WB  
O.T.F., a bag of Uno Sixty  
I love how the weed get me  
see me whole style tricky  
gats under the table, the tables turn now  
life is too short and too foul  
fake Brothers will get exiled  
Staten Island style, chicka-Pow!

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3]

I drop paragraphs of information  
my mind starts racin'  
I'm in the lot dancin' with the hard-headed  
I start to attack on every track when I react  
dancehall style, ain't nothin' nice  
I came to regulate, Cappachino the great  
comin' from all sorts of angles  
I close in, my team be the chosen  
authorized like a hat tucked in  
you get sucked in, catch a repurcussion and crushed in  
paralyzed, open your eyes, it's us again  
O.T.F. hit you like the blow of death  
pulled while you was 'sleep  
with or without the gold teeth  
crunch and lounge, Q guardin' the door  
it's like Comstock, we in the Belly similar to clock  
Boys to Men buildin', in the street  
Oatmeal and Cream of Wheat  
thugs smoke leek, it's like the penile in the ghetto  
Palmetto, chocolate trees, crying Babies  
rabies to the ringworm, take a turn and get burned  
tryin' to be this, realness  
Shaolin barracks is very high tempered  
sensed it in the water sorrouded by the fairy boats  
hallways with pissy cut throats  
we forever live, gotta protect the orphanage  
the beast men, learn to fight back with the poilcemen  
Star Wars...Star Wars.

[Chorus] - 3x

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