

John Forte

"God Is Love God Is War"

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Forte' Spoken Words]

Recently I was compelled to tell the tale of two men
Not long ago in a club in the dead of winter
They'd come into conflict over mistaken identities
Brought forth by the pursuit of a woman
She ultimately became the scapegoat for an ego
maniacal environment
There are two sides to every coin as well as every story
Balance is a way of life...Be it for better or worse....

[Forte' - Chorus]

Right, Left
North, South
Two sides balance out
Black, White
Either or
God Is Love, God Is War

Right, Left
North, South
Two sides balance out
Black,White
Either or
God Is Love, God Is War!

[Forte' - 1st Verse]

In peace, live by the sword
God Is love, God Is War
Most cats out on the streets don't know what they're
fighting for
Buckwild, despite the law
And nobody like to run
Hit holders with shoulder chips up in the club
Yo, that's the wrong man money
and you rubbed his bitch
And that man make money, have you seen his clique?
Every member flying iron and their knights with it
You feeling pressure, like a black where only whites

can sit

Well you ain't want a situation , but you've got one here...

You don't want to see the bin, you've been out on year...

How you trying to play it off up in this club if you dare to

You walk beside the mix, and your mens ain't near you

You want to holler names, knowing well that they won't

hear you

And this nigga here really got to learn to fear you

You're feeling your conceal knowing that you've got to

tear through

In their room,

holding onto life like an heirloom!

[Forte' - Chorus 2x]

[Forte' - 2nd Verse]

Hey yo my back is on the wall

And I pray that god bless you

I'm running out of patience, and you're blatant disrespectful

My crew never played, we was babies getting paid

Spots locked from Coney Island to the Brooklyn

Promenade

Took lives and stealing I.V.'s, very few niggas like me

The Devil in your midst, and what you don't know could hurt you

My squad terrorize everything outside their circle

Shit! These mens are worse, and they all is thirst

But it's more than just the woman, my respect comes first

Man I, burst buffoons when I curse with coons

If you survive, may your Mother come and nurse your wounds

Only to, catch it again

Rule one, no friends

This club shit'll make you careless

My burners leave you airless (Yeah)

Seconds away from your last day (from your last day,

seconds away

everyday, all day)

[Forte' Chorus - 2x]

[Forte' - 3rd Verse]

Well, like my pops said, "you play, you gotta pay"(True-true)

I dig your sham, but my man's on the real (But who you?)

My sons put me on, and I heard of the name
But you got 1 second left, out of 5 for fame
Though outnumbered, I want it
You the hunter, getting hunted
By a younger predator, if you want it
And son if it come down to the wire, and my mens ain't
'round
we gonna do what we gotta, 'cause I can't back down
It's too late now, expect you, when your man through
A little verbal attitude, and I found that rude
Now what to do? I know your crew, and each one got
stripes
But I'm young see, and one thing you not -- Hungry!
It's either or, in the game from the door
Lets see who'll be the first to find the floor! (That all!)

[Forte' Chorus - 4x

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