

Carmen Consoli

"War Wounds"

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[Master P]

Every soldier got a story to tell

[Fiend]

I done been through it all
Don't ask the way I shoot cuz I done shot (uggh)
Put a tank on my block
Fiend gone get the scene hot
Greens and rocks
Burnin' flesh
Have you ever smelled nigga?
Been tapped up, ready to die from mail niggas
Straight goin' to hell
But livin' the dirty, dirty
Havin' yah mama worry
That (?)
Tired of being blast at, but didn't cast that
I done asked for my life, and right there was laughed
at
But when I backtracked, (?)
Blast back
Told 'em to cast that, take these rounds and add that
But fact is you don't fuckin' choose yo' wars
Or be like me muthafucka and do it with two guns

[Chorus--Master P x3]

Check my war wounds (uggggh)
My war wounds (ugggh)
Every soldier got a story to tell

[Master P]

My adversarys get popped
Got me runnin' from cops
The ghetto life be a dime
Got me carryin' two glocks
My enemies is bad
Chop limes of grass

Drive-bys and rags
And representin' red and blue flags
See I got fools from the ghetto
Like my cousin' Jimmy wear permanent metals
My evidence is satus with hoes
Bloody Polos
Pullin' in car do's
And cut up Jabos

[Chorus--Master P x2]

[Silkk the Shocker]

I'm down tah blast for my homies
And cash for my homies
Even if I'm old G I'll be down to ride and die
If the hood call me
That's why I be hustin' every day
Could you imagine me with no stash?
Like a bank with no cash
Tryna' drive a car with no gas
And fuck one day with no tag?
Shotgun with no class
Window with no glass
Or all you girls with no ass
See I'm a risky rider
Caliope crawler
A Down South Hustla
Plus a head buster from New Orleans
See I gotta be a paid nigga
A made nigga
Be the nigga to bust yo' shit
And the nigga tah be the grave digga
See my tattoos reveal some of the shit I done did
But the move of other niggas that bout it
Feel the shit I do just tah live
See I been scared, popped at, and shot at
But I live an eye for eye
So the enemies I ain't forgot that

[Chorus--Master P x2]

[Mystikal]

It's real, shit's real check my war wounds
This here real life, ain't no fuckin' cartoons
I'm the Saudi Arabian death killin' veteran on the tube
Either me or you right here
Come back and hang out in my room
I done shot my rifle, trained to kill
Got blood on my fatiques

Once you in ain't no turnin' back
Lay yo' ass over seas
Might as well handle your business
There's no overcome to this shit
Be on yo' Ps and Qs nigga
Don't cry like no bitch
You see a weak nigga, that's a beat nigga
And fuck a stead nigga, that's a dead nigga
Tell my mama not to worry bout me why I'm gone
If I die bitch, box me up and ship me back home
Bury me in the N.O. with my stripes on my chest
Tell them muthafuckas that I did my best
Middle finga pointin' sayin' fuck Iraq
If you don't believe me check my combat pack

[Chorus--Master P x3]

[Snoop Dogg]

I got a muthafuckin' story to tell
Nigga, nigga what?
A muthafuckin' story to tell (What?)
Fool, I got a muthafuckin' story tah tell
And every nigga in the jail cell knows it well
I shank niggas, bank niggas
Do mo' fo' show
Seven cluckas, fake dough
Stayin' way cut throat
I hang out, slang out, at hotel rooms
Up all night gettin' in gun fights
I strike my head on the wall
Seven Eight ward
Eastside, rollin' dubs
Call me big Snoop Dogg
Follow me, and you'll see how Gs move
It's written on my face
I takes my war wounds
Been around drama since me and my mama
Use to listen to oldies
That's why I'm so old G
Look, when half of you niggas couldn't come outside
When ya'll was learnin how tah sing
I was learnin' how tah bang and ride
Fo' sho' bro, I told yah
Im'a gangsta soulja, blowin' doja
What a story tah tell..

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