

## Circle Jerks

### "Ready 4 War"

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[Intro: Frukwan (Lady Tigra)]

Oh shit, I don't believe this shit, yo babe  
(What's wrong honey?)  
Yo babe, we gotta get the fuck out of here  
Get the kids, get your shit (Where are we going?)  
You hear that shit, it's on, shit is goin' down  
(What is goin' down?) We gotta get the fuck out of here  
I gotta protect mines (But we in this together)  
Fuck that, I ain't tryin' to hear that, now lets go, lets go  
Yo, yo

[Frukwan]

Top breeze, in fill smoke chokin' your lungs  
Heart rate gozzle, like you was drunk  
Panic spreadin' wide yo, it's gettin' dark outside  
Walls of crime, ready to strike, ain't much time  
Secondary flares, so get prepared for the heat  
Gears and metal shells that be breakin' the streets  
Concrete ready for war, yo, word to the mother  
Fuck around, it's the real band of brothers  
Out flank, position and rank, M1 tank  
Diggin' the trench, look out for the land mines  
Walk The Green Mile, and I snipe the crook  
Fuck you bitch, givin' up my life for this  
Cause and effects, dead souls won't regret  
Live to learn, dues that I paid to earn  
Civilize in response, yo I'm wrong to trust  
Ain't no one alive that could fuck with us

[Chorus 2X: Frukwan & Lady Tigra]

My brothers ready for war? (Yeah!)  
Ready, knock down the doors? (Yeah!)  
Time to find their heads on the floor? (Yeah!)  
Can we keep it one for all? (Yeah!)

[Lady Tigra]

Ya'll niggas wanna test my skills  
I aim squeeze and cock deals, set you on a burning  
chill  
Get you shaking up the side, cause of the words you  
feel

Wanna sell out for the bucks, pluss the house on the hill  
Got no time for the truth, so you packin' the steel  
Got a bullet for your boss, 'fore them quiets reveal

[Frukwan]

Lookin' for scraps, bottom dead corpse for maps  
Plenty more layin' flat, yeah I'm after that  
Creepin' the fridge, so I lay await in the ditch  
Flippin' the switch, throw your fuckin' ass to bits  
All alone in the world that be cold as ice  
Sacrifice, images is rushin' my site  
Actin' strange, at times be forgettin' my name  
Walkin' over skulls and brains, part remains  
Blood is spilt, see it on my homeboy's kilt  
Feelin' the guilt, wakin' up in cold sweats  
Toasted, fuckin' with the rats and roaches  
Make a brother cry when you see a man coverd with  
flies  
No lies, no disguise, no alibis  
Just lettin' off a smell that be worse then hell  
Stick it with hits, bullets strip, this is it  
So welcome to the bottomless pits

[Chorus 2X]

[Frukwan]

Yo, airborne yo I bomb, word is bond  
My spies penetrate, never fail they gather entail  
Wanna lick a few silence, kid stop the violence  
For the advance, ten inch guns releasin' gas  
Move they grind, diminish, completely finish  
Raise the flag of the gods, sun, moon, and the stars  
Star trooper, black laws, enforced officers  
Cougin' up, tossin' off metals of violence  
Met at the scholars, feedin' off the greeds of dollars  
Propaganda is random, rips and tantrums  
Feel me, then drop the anthem, yo

[Chorus 3X]

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