

Observers

"War Games"

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Uh, yeah, uh, uh, uh
What, Crooklyn Dodger Number 2
O.C., yeah back in the scene muthafucka
Me and Premo, you know, East New York
Bush wick, Bedstuy and all those good places

Yo, my main frame, discipline like a soldier
Ready for war, push ups get my chest swell up
What's the deal Preme? I mean the scape
I think I got it locked in nigga, War Games is the theme

Rap commando, what's my handle O.C. ample to rock
shit
Battle niggas who pop shit green bareen thought slicka
I'm one step ahead, slide through enemy lines like a
black ack figga
Camouflage, runnin' through you zone with detection

'Cuz the dark skinned marksmen run through your
section
Flesh ya bones, physical built like titanium
Bugs cover my grill like Iranians ill gorilla so called
killas
I fear no man but Allah, for the god is he is still in us

The Renaissance Man, I roll with real like grenade
Sharp like gem stars 'cause massive scars
O.C.'s all in it, dope I've been for years
Now I'm back in the scene and I declare War Games

I bust off like a M-16 rippin' through screens from head
to toe
Blood soak up your jeans, rap veteran, earn my stripes,
fought wars
Opposing forces, would O.C. take losses?
Naucious, you feelin' kinda like throwing up

Cautious, watch ya step, land rhymes blowin' up

Havin' a pity for foes, fuck G.I. Joe
He's a sucker, slap the taste outta wild motherfuckas
Design a rhyme, like a plan for the government

Six Million like Steve Austin, costin' apprehended if I am
In times and my body will erupt
M-16 tapecatin', voids filled with ammo
Bust it through a crowd, a bitch nigga sing soprano

When I get you in the square, then I end you career
All MC's lets make one thing clear
You're all the same, I will remain, fuck the fame
Feelin' the lane to shoot, I declare War Games

I declare War Games
For niggas who flaunt figgas for more fame
Gorilla warfare, tactics issue unlimited access to ammo
With fire proof camouflage and power

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Precise pinpoint it, pull it, when I cock back
This here rap will slap you and your team and that bad
bitch
Sleaves from my uncut, raw like cope
Preme dig up boys, roll up and smoke

Then toge it, back to B.I. see I can do this, I'm
professional
Too much weight to weigh any style
Dutch Master superior blend, inhale me right
Young Phillies take a toke of my rap and get the Willies
para

Noid, niggas all non void
Fuck with O.C., get your life destroyed
Like a marine, I'm a trained rap killing machine
Fiend to rock a mic, set from New York to New Orleans

Over seas I conquer, rough like Blanca
Love to eat actors, gotta take for drama
When I flow I get comatose in my own world
From the first verse, you saw my plan unfurl
I mean team same name, never change
My ammo is the demo competition on the mic
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