

## Afu-Ra "Warfare"

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Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha  
Now it's about to be talked about

You're gettin' slapped by my grammar  
Vocals like a hammer with roots from Alabama  
I'm under cover, make moves like no other  
In dark alleys, you're gettin' opened from your belly

I rock spots for blocks, I knock you inna Skelly  
I know you're jelly, because Fame, Billy and I be  
Mashin' out crews of bad dudes for nothin'  
Or 'cuz they frontin', they corny style, I show 'em  
somethin'

A buck fifty ear to ear smash and fear  
I'm scrubbin' down, this hip hop shit's infested  
Too many niggas sexin' the mic, they not protected  
Don't get infected, like a child that's been molested

The surgeon general rap shit just hit your section  
It's warfare, against any that come up on me  
Even in your dreams asleep you couldn't do me  
It's picture perfect, blaze your mind like it's chronic  
'Cause M.O.P. and afu-ra, shits bionic

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Brownsville slugger, put it on, come on, bring it on  
It's a new way for this hip hop shit, sing a long  
Who it is, nah bitch the question is, what it is?  
It's that back yard bangin' shit, that I rocked for the  
kids

Clack clack, move son I got nothin' to lose son  
There's a million and one ways to die, choose one

Hit or miss, it won't matter to peel yo ass  
I'm still left with a million ways to kill yo ass

Now afu-ra split 'em in half with the sword  
You heard it from yours truly, chairman of the board  
Fizzy Womack, I blow back they whole strap committee  
We live and direct from New York City

I'm a stretch a nigga, so you better get your weapon  
Stop yappin' with ya dick in your hand and start steppin'  
Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare  
This is war here and we gettin' it on all year, biatch

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Let's take a trip down burner bark lane  
Where the innocent get slain  
And what you visualize will ruin your brain  
A lot a blood sweat and tears, pain

Nobody stop a murder, as a dealer does it's  
muthafuckin' thing  
Bang bang, just like that, the man'll slit open you  
And put two under your hat  
And as you lay flat just another nigga whacked

Before he stepped, he threw three through your chest  
through your back  
And your outta here, lights out, game over  
You said, you wanted to live life as a soldier  
I told ya, we on shaky grounds, a lot of ups and downs  
We on force, to run a crash course and blast off  
rhymes

And of course we have emotions inside, yeah  
That's just some shit that we been trained to hide  
You hear, be cautious, nigga walk slow  
Talk low, this ain't no muthafuckin' talk show, this is

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Fire!

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