

Puddle Of Mudd

"War"

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(*talking*)

This organization was built on me
What I put together, that no man come in between
I am the foundation, and I will weather the storm

You don't wanna go to, you don't wanna go to
You don't wanna go to war with us
You don't wanna go to, you don't wanna go to
What...

[Chorus]

You don't wanna go to war with us
My niggas be too dangerous
You don't wanna go to war with these
Soldier boys we bout it bout it, so nigga please whooa
You don't wanna go to war with us
My niggas be too dangerous
You don't wanna go to war with these
You hating my click, well nigga please whooa

[Magic]

See I'm sick dog, and I rip your lip off, if I get pissed off
Or ripped off uh-huh, that's when the shit starts
I'm vicious, I didn't get all of my shots
When I bite I lock, and I won't let loose until the bones
pop
And I watch you, until your vital signs stop
And walk off in the night, with no worries fuck the cops
This shit is real dog, play with us and watch how many
pop up
In the junk yard scattered round, bodies all chopped up
If I flip out, I take a quick flight up out the country
Better ask somebody, Mr. Magic he acts a donkey
I spit shit that make the average, not stand a chance
And I keep spitting until the top dogs, know I'm the man
I'm running you back to the streets, go and hustle the
corners
This time I'm playing for keeps, so I think you wouldn't
wanna
Four c-notes turn to dimes, and dimes turn to ones
Your pockets is getting young son, so

[Chorus]

[Magic]

Close and personal with the sorrow
Connected with the, crooked to fire your hips
Whole nation regretting, that their punishment raised
killas
You forget about having this, the game not fair
No trusting in one another, when the love not there
I promise thug life, niggas control this track
Since you niggas twisted the game, we just twisting it
back
I'm related to hurting, hurting by material praise
Settle for less, and let the stress make us forget about
better days
Have mercy, these demons wouldn't guide us right
We come if nobody's trying to make it, to the guiding
light
I'm a victim of living, pay me what you owe and hate
And let me die, with a smiling face
Just me and my people thugging forever, we no longer
bleed no mo'
And who so ever approach us, don't wan breathe no
mo'
Give a blessing to every nigga, that held us down
My people issue in hell right now

[Chorus]

[Magic]

I'm a ridiculous lyricist, you hear the fire in my vocals
You can't keep up, and oh well got me some more
sales
25 years old, but I'm young and I'm still learning
This shit just pours outta me, keep the c.d.s burning
Fuck gold, I'm trying to sell a couple of mill
If this ain't my year, then somebody is getting killed
Excuse my anger, but I feel like I'm being cheated
I won't be denied, I refuse to be defeated
If we broke we jacking, anything got cash
If I can't make it in this rap, y'all better kill my ass
Cause I click off knock your dick off, and leave you
stuck out
If I let you live, then pray nigga cause you been lucked
out
Ahh I abuse you, and the shadow behind you
Beat you both to death, where they mama she couldn't
find you
And them people that signed you, got to charge it to
the game

Still the same, ain't a thang changed

[Chorus - 1/2]

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