

Young Buck "Prepare War"

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[Chorus]

i got oozis, and AK's of plenty
I got gadgets and grenades galore
Everynight i make sure that im ready
And prepare for war
I got ratchets, and Tec 9's, and Semi's
Automatics and shotguns galore
If you fuck with me make sure your ready
And prepare for war

[Verse]

I got a heart like 50, and a gun big as Biggie
Some old heads hatin and some young niggas with me
Put a beam on a 12 gauge, buck, shots spread
I can aim for your legs, and hit you in your head
Like a soldier we sleep with our eyes open
We ride 4 deep and we trust no one
Heres the plan, soon as we finish shootin up ya man
We gonn' take it there, and shoot start shootin up some
heads
I dont know nothin but guns, i dont hold nothin but guns
I just know I got a gun, all yall better run
Im on the edge, to go out like them niggas with dreads
Do what i said, i come to take the bumbaclot bread
Did you hear that, its like death's in the air
When the wind starts holla'n and the moon light glare
Is you scared?, i can see the fear in your eyes
When we open up the door, and we caught you by
suprise

[Chorus]

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[Bridge 2X]

Money, cars, cash and hoes

Thats the way, a gangsta roll
I dont know what you've been told
Where you been before, but thats how it goes

[Verse]

They say thats all i talk about is murder murder kill kill
But if i die today another nigga still will
On the front line marchin, to the battle feild

With a black hoody on and a pair of old Timbs
Ghetto sargent, i think i see the target
I hit them niggas up, but i dont know where they car
went
The neighborhood love me, i buy they kids Christmas
And give em all money, to keep em out my business,
no witness

[Chorus]

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[Bridge-Young Buck 2x]

Get your camolauge suits, and your combat boots
We aint going to iraq, we just pullin up and shootin
Your life is what I want dawg, you can keep the loot
This is how the G's do, salute (salute)

[Verse]

Put the potatoe on the end of the round
Make the sound quiet down
The block dont eat if a nigga not around
Like a sniper, i keep my chopper low to the ground
Milatary minded, and im South Side now
Got my canteen filled up with henessy nigga
A bullet broof vest, and my tank on spinners
Attention!!, you about to enter a war zone
Why you come around here homie you know its on

[Chorus]

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