

## Outlawz "Secretz Of War"

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It's as simple as that for me and my niggaz  
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War Time

War Time, it's either yourz=s or mine  
Outlawz be on a grind, and a mission to shine  
And ride on em', leave em' stuck and fucked from the  
gate  
Set it straight, regulate wit' a bomb I'm about to  
detonate (Boom!)  
Hesitate, aww, now you know what  
Ya'll niggaz were here to go  
If you know it was good for ya  
Buncha toy souljahs all dressed in fatigue  
But I'm Edi Amin on a mission to make em bleed  
Nigga what?, Nigga who?  
It was cool? and at you?, what the fuck is gone do?  
Barbecue and boo-hoo  
Ride or die, get money all at the same time  
Split the pie with the homie, ball at the same time  
Any nigga splippin', fall at the same time  
We all laced in the chain, tryin' to gain, do time  
We all see the sunshine  
But when you could do yours, we'll bring these  
muthafuckas war

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As I approach the scene, from smokin' green  
Got my eyes closed, niggaz so cold on my foes  
I make em' die froze  
Watch me make em' bleed, make em' G's  
Lord help me wit'it  
Got me paintin' pictures of a mil-ticket  
Help me get'it  
See me and pray for options  
And this pressures, nonstop  
Niggaz get the pistol poppin'  
And watch they body drop

I'm a lethal threat, watch me hit your set  
Flash on, blast on them bitch-made niggaz wit' my  
mask on  
Do it for profit, plus I'm, lookin' for punks to bust on  
If you ain't screamin' WestSide, you can get the fuck on  
I'm seein' demons hittin' weed  
Got me hearin' screamin'  
Scared to go to sleep, watch the scene like a dope-  
fiend  
Probably be punished for it, though you can't ignore it  
I live the life of a thug nigga, and die for it  
Niggaz pass the cush and watch me bring em' to the  
floor  
I got some shit that they ain't ready for (What you got?)  
I got the Secretz of War

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We do this thug life shit, like 4, 5, 6, dick em'  
Down wit' no rounds left up in the pound when the  
sounds (Here we go)  
Squeeze the lead off, I blow his mutha fuckin' head off  
Signal all the other outlawz to get this shit set off  
Yaki Kadafi, it ain't a cop here to stop me  
These streetz is black hockey and raw we get sloppy  
Put a pamper on your silly ass prestyle grammar  
Locked in the slammer, while I'm layed cocked back  
like a hammer  
Ya'll newly weds that in honey moons, times bout up  
Ya'll, that means I leave no trace found with you face,  
bounce, stuck  
Your pig scanners can't come close touch or even hit  
me  
Doin' my dirt, puttin' in work, you see shit, what you  
gonna do?

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Yo, we go to war

We check the murder rate percentage  
Niggaz is finished  
Get blood checks from clinics  
This thug shit is in us  
Flowin' through my system, you a victim  
Blunts, I twist em', fuck the whole world

It's us against them  
You got some teeth?, pull it out  
Cock the hammer if you wit' it, don't make  
No difference if, wit' 20 by the life sentence  
We already doin' life on the streetz  
Like Ali G, niggaz be heated, when they walkin' the  
beat  
This shit is flaky, makin' backs shaky, niggaz hate me  
Scared to face me, knowin' that the Outlawz blaze me  
Pull me up on game, put me up on a hustle  
Once I suck my money muscle, all the G's got devils  
Movin' shit like a dollar, beatin' niggaz like Rodney  
Turn a killa like Kadafi, and a nuke stream to stop me

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We go to war

Bring it on  
And all you lil' young ass souljahs  
You play this shit back about fifteen times  
You'll have enough game to roll up in a club or  
somethin  
Teach these bitches a lil' somethin', you know what I  
mean?  
Secretz of muthafuckin' War

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