

Celine Dion % Andrea Bocelli

"War"

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Yeaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh (that right)
Yeaaaaaaaaahhhhhhh (Yeaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh)
JT Money, God dammit
Bout time, spin this bitch
(Niggaz waitin on yo muh'fuckin ass, let's ride)

(Hook) x4
Heychayaya, heychayaya, heychayaya (Drop them
boes on 'em)
We drop them boes on u hoes nigga

I got em goin crazy
Tryin to lock down Jay baby
Them suckas don't wanna pay me
Them niggaz must think I'm crazy
They must do business shady
Or they think that I can't count
Don't need a big bank account
Fuck that bullshit I'm out
Tryin to start my own shit
Muh'fucka I own shit
When I'm on some grown shit
And I stand on my own, bitch
Get yo hands up outta my pocket
Y'all greedy muh'fuckas betta stop it
Y'all niggaz can't play wit my profit
So you might as well back up off it
Money man don't fuck around
Boy I will shut you down
You don't wanna bust it down
Now I gotta stop bussin clown
So please don't fuck with mine
And I won't have to fuck wit yours
Cuz when I bring them toys
We knockin down them doors
And anything else in my way
Interferin wit my pay
Y'all niggaz gon' learn today
Don't fuck around wit Jay
I don't see awards or them plaques
Or them stanky car tracks

Matter fact
Fuck That
All I want is my stack
Aiiiiiiiiiiiigggggghhhhtttttt

(Hook) x4

Y'all don' wanna fuck around wit this
Only bitch-ass niggaz ain't down wit this
Y'all crowdin that nigga
Stop houndin this
For you fuck my first
Get a pound wit this
Y'all fake-ass niggaz betta recognize
I'll work ya niggaz out like exercise
I'm this shit muh'fucka I flex my mouth
You gotta short piece I'll wash yo mind
Nigga I ain't lyin
Muh'fuckas don't know bout Jay
And this damn thing hold by Jay
Fuck around be D-O-A
Nigga that's fo' sho okay
You don't know this ganky shit
Plus I won't ganky trick
Y'all fuck niggaz think y'all slick
Lemme tell y'all niggaz ain't shit
But when them killas come
That's when all y'all fuck niggaz run
Still nigga like me boots up to none
So all y'all fuck boys will get done, huh
All y'all sucka niggaz betta take heed
For ya get yo ass smoked like weed
Nigga I don't break I squeeze
Lemme hear ya tryin to take from me
Nigga that's gon be ya ass
Definitely gon be ya last
Don't fuck around
Nigga wit my cash
Unless yo ass want to get blast
Respect tha game
Dread the pain
That I'ma bring
To ya man
Playing games wit ya life
Livin triflin
I'll take them stripes

(Hook) x4

Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh
I'm in this game like a legend
Y'all niggaz peasants

Open ya ass up like presents
Put my weight on it
While you still sittin weight on it
Can't hate on it when Jay on it
Yo don' know rowdy boys shot clothes
Hits from way back
Tryin to top those
Love to chop hoes
Quick to drop boes
On my foes
To pop though
When I don't stop though
Wanna pose
Can't fuck with Jay
I'm the ear-shake
Gotta make big pay
Don't stop
How'm I off the top
But who that drop nigga say I went pop
Lemme pop real shit in ya ear
Pop off on all fuck-boys
So stay in tha clear
Pop bitch in the mouth
Talk too much shit
Pop three lil' gids that don't fuck with
Pop on a nigga when I see ya hate
Pop a gat in his mouth
Send him to Satan
Pop the question
Who next to die
If you it don't wanna to be you don't fuck with mine
I ain't a rap-ass nigga bitch that spit game
In tha big thangs
Don't take some shit man
All bread suckas soft ass cookies
Don't ever compare me to no rookies

(Hook) x4

[Talking]
Drop it on ya ass
Playin on muh'fuckas game
From here on out
Shop clothes
Talk all that shit
Rapper-ass nigga
Yeaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh

