

## **Bld**

### **"Walk Like a Warrior"**

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[Hook]

Walk Like a Warrior  
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[M1]

I was trained to defend myself for my brain and my  
mental health  
The white man got the wealth he held back  
We're living in hell black and niggaz can sell crack  
But that ain't gonna change this thang  
If you gonna bang, then bang for change, don't bang  
for crazy thangs  
If not don't bang  
If ya gonna ball play the game how it should be played  
Can you dribble a grenade?  
To save your life you payed the price, mama raised you  
right  
Now how you aint gonna fight?  
For the white man's laws hell naw  
For the cause, because we got to get what's ours  
Gotta struggle for the motherfucking power  
Cuz we're livin in the last few hours  
It's 11:59, I think it's bout time  
We get on the grind, and get out the carbine  
With freedom of mind we can see what we can find  
If you can spot 'em, pop pop pop the po-9  
This is only a rhyme so now don't get scared  
Listen to the message in the word  
Don't let your sight get blurred, you heard this  
righteous words  
You might prefer it from a car mic  
Timeout, I didn't say bug out, ball out, bling out  
All ya'll sell-outs get the hell out  
This year it's RBG so bang on out  
Uh, we people army nigga bang on out

[Hook]

[Stic]

Yo, Yo, what you know bout heart?  
Can't be the weak link in the squad  
Gotta look way deep in your heart  
Anything in the way gotta go straight through  
Take charge  
Can't hide from your flaws when you ride for the cause  
Cuz a nigga will pull your card  
Keep your guard up 24/7 on the street like you're doin  
hard time on the yard  
What you know about heart?  
Can you assemble your heat in the dark  
Take it apart, and clean all the parts?  
Life is a journey, a course, like learning a martial art  
You can't have partial heart  
Gotta get your own, if you drop the bone, dog, we all  
fall  
It ain't over til the problem solved  
Get your back up off the wall

My niggaz is riders, we fighters, we tight as a fist  
RBG's up in this bitch, so bang on out  
If your khakis is saggin, you reppin your rag and you  
holdin the magnum  
Use it for freedom nigga, bang on out  
All my dirtiest dirtys, revolutionaries and visionaries  
Don't be no scaredy nigga, bang on out  
It's a war goin on in the streets, we hollerin fuck the  
police  
Ain't bout no peace, nigga, bang on out

[Krayzie Bone]  
Me so you see fifty niggaz in all black fatigues  
My regime runnin down your street  
At the end of the block, we got the god damn cops  
And they hope we sink, tell me what you see  
I see (bang) buildings burning, motherfuckers trippin  
for a goddamn purpose  
The police is nervous, cuz we done observed 'em  
Now niggaz is thinking about murder  
We ain't talking, no more, and we ain't squashin shit  
with po-po  
And we ain't marchin in the middle of the goddamn  
road  
Cuz Martin got smoked  
Niggaz ready for war, so get the fuck up, we fixin to set  
the city to fire  
This time when we ride we burnin it down, turn this shit  
'round  
Keep your justice, your peace  
And keep blessin the heat, and that there crooked  
officer

We won't stop blazin til they coughin up blood  
Wanna slang my baseball cap to the back and get  
busy, nigga  
You say you a soldier, well get over here nigga we  
under attack  
As soon as they done, they get gone  
Muder mo come, come, they done, me red rum, me  
red rum, they done  
And when we put 'em in they grave  
We toss in a donut, and tell 'em we don't surrender,  
surrender, naw

[Hook]

I ain't talkin bout no hustla  
I ain't talkin bout no gangsta  
I'm hollerin at them soldiers  
Revolutionary culture  
Bang on out

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