

Ray Luv "War Gamez"

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feat. Outlawz
This is Il Duce
Five star general
Ray Luv
and I brought some real thugs with me
General EDI Amin
General Napoleon
General Kastro
and General Noble
Soldiers in the game

[CHORUS]

Fuck the cops, they'll never stop us
Not even with batterams, full-metal jackets and
helicopters
We got choppers, we young mobsters
Money, power and star fame
Die or ride, nigga, in this war game
Fuck the teachers who couldn't reach us
They try to police, cell at the jail house, seat ya
Don't wanna see ya, it's the teacher's the one to blame
Now I'm havin star fame
Fuckin off money in this war game

[VERSE 1: Ray Luv]

Pull out my weapon, now I'm steppin, bringin foes my
heat
We challenge number one contenders and blow holes
in the weak
It's been a while, now we finally got our turn to bust
Bitch niggas got rich while the homie burned to dust
Got me madder than a bag of fuckin sherm and dust
You wanna kick it (but can't hang with us)
Now we gon' see who got the biggest fuckin nuts in this
thang of us
Talkin shit, but nigga, you ain't came to bust
Make you pull out the gold cuff links and the pinky
rings
(These niggas don't know who they fuckin with, man)
Big Eddie eat a muthafucka like spaghetti
In the formation we ready, freebasin the competition

for fetti
Shoot your shit up like civil war Gettysburg
(What if they hit us back?) Don't be absurd
We put it down like a fat-ass crew of construction
workers
(Fuck with us now, nigga, there's gon' be a murder)
And that's for certain, catch the muthafuckin curtain
call
Workin y'all, smokin big, hurtin y'all, Link 'Lawz serve
em all
Break a muthafucka off, soldier, raw dog
Smoth

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