

## Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

### "Post War Syndome"

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[Verse 1]

I cocked my mind back mental magnum spit hollow  
point venom vigorously  
so you can respect my way of closing people lyrically  
rappers be plantum and call on me level high skill is  
my criteria  
with prize for smashing on men for the inferior  
it's nefarious not biggie, nas or jay-z  
fact not non-fiction I'm truly living this ghetto legacy, it  
was blast for me  
wen the source neglected the don killuminati  
can shoot a stri lyric unease so they can ride past me  
I'm a vigilante equipped with infinite lyrical arson  
deliberate and intentional this is war I hope you taking  
it  
personal not reversible, dispersible  
I need a batik semi automatic  
blasted, blast quik x-raided the rhyming achromatic  
I done had it up to here with these pathetic fabricated  
war stories  
being spit by these over exaggerated master of  
cermony's  
polly proolly want a cracker cause you parrots parrot all  
you hear  
prepared your day of reckoning is all to near

[Hook: 2X]

If you disrespect that my cock take back and shoot till it  
jams  
post war syndrome sticking it on like blue to the dance  
so many of my men gone died in the war didnt make it  
home  
never at ease I'll never step on my g's in this warzone

[Verse 2]

Miscellaneous elements create this magnum opus  
optimist prime suspects knowing I'm the illest lyricist  
rhyme catalyst, hella bent and extremely hazardous  
chemically war in balance the rare and the dopest  
have me on hiatus politically exiled x-raided  
nefarious eliminating rapper's cause it contract

madated  
penetrated the game with stolen no limitations  
black market's mad man 5 star generals stripping ya'll  
maggots  
holding all ar's hostage by the flocks cock glocks  
with ransom notes demanding mad man's increase in  
stocks, poisoning as ham locks  
specifically delivered to you  
x-raided wont pay ridiculous revenue  
for a record review if the truth, rearview  
reflections of a misanthropist past this  
now my squad dominating bill board top 100 hit list  
criminologist the culprit Jon rambo bound  
original jacka mysterious murder glove never found

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Infiltrated I crossed all the enemy lines  
obliterated many infiltrates like secluded land minds,  
conscious minds  
shoot at hypocritical politcal factus  
evious gats systematically killing ignorant rappers  
unsympathically expressed briefly pressed in options  
gotta spit your mind  
from the highest elevation on earth can top this  
I'm relentless steadily brain bashing weak mc's  
please I question if you really klack gats and push  
key's, unexpectedly  
the rap game dictated ya'll tragedy, heavy arterially  
infiltrated what you claim flawlessly game tight I  
profess my ghetto star exquistely  
I'm pulling hoe cards of all wack rapper's within this  
industry  
prepare for the impact of my catastrophic clarity, you  
cant damage me  
nor defeat this post war strategy  
I sit on the strong of the western hemisphere yelling  
who got my back  
all literal under achievers suck my testical sac

[Hook]

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