

## Zhi-Vago

### "Take 'Em to War"

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Chorus: [all together]

Shit ain't never gonna change.. FUKKIT!  
Time to load the clips - THEN WE TAKE EM TO WAR  
Niggaz wanna flip - THEN WE TAKE EM TO WAR  
Break a nigga proper - THEN WE BREAK HIM SOME  
MORE

[Grimm]

I represent the murderers and felony offenders  
who either bought time out, to get these legal tenders  
(Surrender!) Nah, I'm goin out with a bang nigga  
FUCK PATAKI, I gotta do my thang nigga  
Forty-four mag, bustin into action  
Brains left in particles, fragments and fractions  
Grimm, the money stacker, heat packer  
I'm lurkin, I'm waitin, attackin like a linebacker  
Fuck what you heard, crime pays  
and always, unorthodox, I hold my pistol sideways  
We kill crews, hearts go numb  
and if retaliation comes then yo fuck it, it just comes  
(Yo who you?) I'm Dr. Death motherfucker ever heard of  
me?  
Close your eyes, cross your fingers, time for surgery  
I'm already dead, so nah, you can't murder me  
cause quantities of entities enter me evilly

Chorus: repeat 2X

[B1]

Since I murder for hire, rapid fire's what I require  
Makin niggaz perspire, so send a message through the  
wire  
cause violence is contagious, it got me bustin gauges  
The '95 Larry Davis and I'm wettin niggaz for wages  
Queens is the home of 1, the known felon  
and ain't no tellin, when I'ma crack your fuckin melon  
For the right amount of chips, I spit clips and hit whips  
Leavin niggaz bloody, the leather seats is where the  
shit drips  
with the pound-seven, I be creepin, rockin niggaz while

they sleepin  
Shots repeatin, leavin faggot niggaz leakin  
When I cock back the iron, niggaz is dyin, marchin to  
Zion  
cause the pound-cake, roars like a lion  
Word son, niggaz be collapsin, cause my weapons is  
ready for action, makin your heart catch contractions  
In the underworld, shootin gallery niggaz lose calories  
cause my salary's based on fatalities

Chorus: repeat 2X

[Kool G. Rap]

Here I come to get some motherfuckin wreck but first I  
gotta  
umm vest check, uncheck, clip one check, clip two  
check, I'm set  
So let a motherfucker move a muscle  
When I tussle they'll be piecin niggaz back like fuckin  
puzzles  
Cause Kool G. Rap is known for bringin mad noise, a  
bad boy  
When I was younger always carried guns, I never had  
toys  
Grimm, gimme the infrared they see me and I'm puttin  
red dots  
on niggaz foreheads to makin motherfuckers indian  
You got beef? Go get yourself a wreath, because it's  
murder  
cause I put holes in my beef like fuckin White Castle  
burgers  
So now I gots to run up on a clown with the fo'-pound  
Cock back, rock black, gun a nigga down  
I see em, he's comin out the fuckin coliseum  
and hopped into a BM, shit!  
Put in my clip and then I dipped into the ride that my  
man had  
Parked on the sidewalk, then we start to glide  
I'm rainin on him (faster nigga) oh yeah we're gainin on  
him  
(oh shit he's with somebody else) fukkit, put his brain  
on him  
Boom boom, no survivors, lifted the nigga out his seat  
When they find him, he'll be a backseat driver  
But I ain't finished with the trigger yet, I'm lightin up a  
cigarette  
Bang bang, I left the other nigga wet  
It's G. Rap baby, you know me, you try to hurt this  
I split your fuckin top and leave a fingerprint on  
purpose!

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