

Hill Faith

"War Party"

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I'm that dope up in your brain with syringes
Comin through, kickin doors off the fuckin hinges
I'm in this, like forty fiends on seven day binges
Comin with my felony offenders, drinkin Guinness
The slender of a never ending back bender
My agenda be the legal tender, blue fox in the winter
Say it with me, yes, mad style in the streets
Bitches that be blowin up my hip with mad beeps

Murder me? You musta never fuckin heard of me
I get thank you letters from emergency for fillin
vacancies
And don't even mention surgery, because they
awarded me
For bein the man to do the most abuse to industry
Injure me, see the evil spirits enter me
Larry Single-tary, now who majesty, an entity (uuhhhh!)
If I cut you do you not bleed
If I bust up in a guts, you should not bear seed that
resemble me

I hear the sound of dope fiends' screams
It's gotta mean somebody's scheme, on the stash
again
I'm spittin hollow points like phlegm
I'd probably bring a friend but these days
I'm driftin off into galaxies
Feel the sea breeze throughout vicinities, eeaaaww!!
While prophecies that kick the sky splits
Omigod, droppin clips is this the end?
Forever I'll be never injured, why because the devil had
me shook
I'm shakin, this evil spirits takin flesh is bakin in

Here's a, special delivery, of the pain and misery
Can you maintain it? The degrees of temperature can
be caused
I'm the guy that pulls the wool over your eyes, and
move
at war speeds, do 45's in the skies, and be
Whatever y'all call that, that bridges the gap

And in suspended animation and reality rap
Picture like Kodak, and wax flows clean as Kojak
And you know that, all front row wigs get blown back

Deacon, comin up the rear with the wicked
Two felony convicted, Colin Ferguson
Murderin, open up your guts kid, what?
I'm diesel like three fifty, woke up with mad cuts
and don't give a fuck
I snatch the soul out your back, so how you figure
You could hold your fuckin own, you're a clone
Alone in the world, know I tend to be
Once a friend of me, now we're known as bitter
enemies

Check it, check it
We charge up like a nine volt, drama beef
You better hold I pack a 45 Colt with a mad kick
Cause when I lit, the ho's got snitch
You better duck quick before you get your shirls
knicked split
I blaze knock this one, it's on it's on, for reals
Steel pull out, call my bluff, a nigga fade to sear
In a second or a minute I reckon I be in it
Full-on flanks for high banks, tanks ???

Enough of this S and M
Them leather wearin bitches whippin men
From a corner of a dead end, I can't forget my dead
friends
And that's what makes my brain sporadic
Plus I got a bad habit, of mixin alcohol with automatics
Who got static? I came to set it off and get this party
started
Those who provoke, is gettin choked, I aint no fuckin
joke
My friends won't go anywhere with me, anyone in the
vicinitiy
Charged with conspiracy get death by electricity

Niggas get confused, not knowin what I'ma do
I sit and wait for niggas to make an ill-advised move
I save the way that could be from here to there
Bustin shots, some secluded spots you don't know
where
So where art thou, where art thou
Talkin about your dead family members, pal, don't fuck
around
Or for cryin out loud, tellin' you now from Jump Street
Whoever steps up I'm leavin them bleedin' profusely

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