

Fry Stephen

"Rumors and War"

Visit "[Rumors and War](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro:]

Two blocks from the war niggas die for that infantry
If I lay me down to sleep, I die for that S-C-T
Mo' murda's jumpin' on that Clairside for the late night
Rumors and war just cannot fuck with them soldiers,
boy

[Verse 1: Tombstone]

Boy tried to ride, yeah he died
The trigger just slipped up under my fingertips
Now, another nigga dead
Cause that lead speak for itself
And murder be said, the nigga had me in red
But I be damned if the murder (...?...)
These warriors and rebels, we never failed to slug yet
Don't get get until we get the snitches that's hatin' the
playas
Never knew Tombstone worked to slay ya
Trick ass niggas, we comin' to lay ya
Don't think po-po can save ya
The Yard's ready to grave ya
Snap, cripple, then I popped his ass, to whom it's
concerned
The lesson to be learned
You'll get burned to a crisp
They cleanin' your urn
And you're about to achieve
But I'm sick and tired of you niggas talkin' shit
I'm sick and tired of you niggas startin' shit, rumors
and war
Just cannot fuck when them soldiers, boy

[Verse 2: Gates]

Put 'em all in the dirt when my glock pop slugs
I'm slippin' up out this chamber
When my glock cocked, danger
This hustla, just givin' on up to the gangsta shifter
Clair soldier, gonna stalk ya, pulls the lever
Do a homicide, a murder,
That's the way Mo Thugs gonna serve ya
Ya takin' a buck and closin' that trunk

I'm sendin' that body to Hades
I'm slangin' mo slugs 'round Mo Thugs, bitch
These niggas, them crazy, insane, see
Is this nigga when I handle that chrome
We stayin' home to escape the murderous game
We pray them soldiers live another day

[Hook 1]

Hello, hello, infantry
You niggas can't fuck with the S-C-T's
This click too muthafuckin' strong
My niggas be thuggin' all year long

[Verse 3: Sin]

Straight for destruction, pray they comin' for eternal
torture
Mental forces cold deformin' and then distortin'
Set a nigga up for a slaughter
Wicked illusions keep confusin', dilutin' my (rage...?)
Try to duck and dodge, don't never want to be a
casualty
So, stop, take a breath
Brought a gauge
Cause a nigga be damned if I go back in that cage
Pump 'em off with a slug, I'm a thug
Got to buck 'em, coppers off in that grave
And it's much too late, I can't be saved
I tried to pray, so death is the only way
Deep in hell is where I stay
I suffer tortures, all them wars and stompin' soldiers
Infantry movin' in, then we come to destroy ya
Lure ya into a trap and snap that back
So ya better be equipped and pack that gat
Don't slack
Them skulls they crack and work in the dirt
Now my [party] laid back

[Hook 2]

We are Mo Thugs
Mighty, mighty warriors
Gauges loaded
Ghetto bound soldiers

[Verse 4: Flesh-N-Bone]

(Credit hustlas, them bouncin' the top)
I'm chillin' off on my block, feelin' nasty
Droppin' down to them SCT's
Pullin' triggers on bitches stay down on Double-glock
Me kill ya
Murder plots for the money, servin' em bloody mo
redrum

Wet 'em in a battle, had a little nigga gun gun blast
Buckshot blows you too with a forty-four magnum
And it was laughin' at you
Mad for the dash for safety
Bet you this spray on this one in his head and gone
Runnin' through this Mo Thug town, dumpin' bullets
[check the time]
What the fuck? they wanna test Flesh Bone
And I make 'em all bow down.
(?) givin' up (?) praise to the Wastleland
You see its so shitty when the people keep deep in the
creep up
And make it, man
And if you claim you untame us, stay down for your shit
Let your nuts hang
Better believe a gang of Mo Thug-ass niggas
They true to this shit, let us reign home
My chrome, decapitate a playa hater, pap, pap
Peelin' is life, and I'm rollin
Always remember soldier boys
We packin' two blocks from the war
Cockin' 'em back, poppin' em, bitch, you be foldin
We told you

Visit [Fry Stephen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.