# Gerald Levert F/ Eddie Levert ''Wargames''

Visit "Wargames" on MotoLyrics.com

## [PSC]

I know where the music came from, I ain't a lame dumb

Origin is respected but still we choose to come original Down from my walk to my talkin'

Heads be out to please the king Christopher Walken
A city with fly lingo and bad ass latinas
Got heads on this side biting styles still unequal
Unless you assimilate you never considered great
Demonstrate speech from your birth place you can't
race

Disgraced by false handshakes, these punk rap dudes Talk behind our back but they don't want the feud A few of them seen the ads y'all helped us pay for Now they say what's up in the club! What the fuck whore!?

Listen up bitch, you diss because you can't see Born in California rappin' N Y C Influence is golden but when mics is holding I roll with the oath to spit what's never stolen It keeps us out the mix shows and the tape decks of 64's

Because we in the middle, we strangers to the riddle For DJs who play this the bravest get propers But most won't even touch this unless we sign to Rawkus!

#### [The Grouch]

I met you twice before and shook your hand You didn't feel it

Did it for the cap but should have acted like I'd peel it Now I'm in the corner on the burner in the back Caught between the trunk bump and the motherfucking boom bap

Bring the tune back,

You're craps in the chop shop

Thermometer up your ass

That's the reason that I'm not hot

But I got a fever times three for every CD

Bound to be the missing link

For those who want to meet me at the crossing

I'll be the one semi-flossing

With mega self-respect but a void to go with that

Cause he's employed to act like he doesn't see the free man

Oops that's too much credit, I bet it isn't the plan

Freak of nature, I'm the stranger, you're bad with

names bra

Change your views, I'm giving clues

Strangest news you're about to lose

Blame them fools who got the tools.

## [Eligh]

I'd never consider moving out

When it comes to the coast I'm dwelling on

Hell if I ever switch up the weather

To fit what these other fellas are on

I cause a renaissance

Renovating creativeness on this side of the coast

Self-hatred, radio stations

They play their shit while they brag and they boast

It's not about toe tagging with a rag and a magnum

It's all about respect

Caught in the middle without a clue

Legendary originality here to battle the fallacy

Here to put it down with my crew

Actually I'm open to any option, except belly flopping

Over a sloppy copy of a Primo track, that's a fact

Action taken by middlemen

While you fiddle with pens and pronouns

Trying to pronounce like your pro-eastern affiliate

When I affiliate my style with the golden state

While you're holding hate, claiming to hold weight

Now, once you've walked in these boots

Doing a format like that is so fake

You're a dormant doormat

Wearing a whores hat

With a horrible imitation of what you consider great

When that's only a bite.

Your eyes are bigger than your stomach

So when you plummet into the darkness

We'll be rising into the light.

### [Aesop]

I'm anti, but I'm not anti-social

You can feel it through my soul

My presence through my vocals

"How the fuck they got fans?

Man them niggas only local."

Bitch we chase down the mic

And put you rhymes in a chokehold

I'm a pro bro, comin' fresh ain't a problem so

Cause we're always evolvin'
And involvin' our self in the life of our fans
Revolvin' around them like the earth on its axis
And neva payin' no taxes man
Firm in my shoes where I stand
Or a stranger to this land
With my choice of words I gain respect and proceed
They say if you don't succeed try, try again my friend
Ya must make words blend within the beat then
Make it a part of this world, make your mark on this
earth

Legends' got skills

For what it's worth, evade the demons while they lurk In the envy of the jerks bi-coastal who smirk At the talent and the balance that shine in our work The suckas love to hate us and these girls love to flirt Stranger to the under ground, ya neva dug the dirt True we blowin' up fool and it hurts to be you Still tryin' to sound like them, just to make it through!!!!

Visit Gerald Levert F/ Eddie Levert page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.