

Ghostface Killah & Trife Da God

"War"

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[Intro: sample]

War in the east, war in the west

War up north, war down south

[Trife Da God]

Uh, welcome to Jam-rock

Where niggaz get popped, buried in sandlots

New York niggaz, triple they money hitting the grand spot

West Coast bang for they colors and they demand blocks

Stuffed in niggaz barbeque grillings, sizzling hamhocks

Can't forget my mid west niggaz out in the Chi

St. Louis and Tennessee, where them killas is sure to ride

Shout out to my Ohio players, clocking that paper

To all them fly pimps in Detroit, rocking them gators

Riding around, with the top down, heat in the lap

Stay balling, with the plush leather seats in the back

Down in Houston, sidding sideways, chucking the deuce

Popping them bottles, getting blasted over cups of that juice

Dizzy stukes, niggaz blowin' off Bobby, like Whitney Houst'

Grey goose with a touch of grapefruit, indeed, it get me loose

We need to call a truce, for all my fallen troops

Stop the warring, let's do more recording

Sit back and count this loot

[Chorus: Trife Da God (sample)]

(War in the east) To all them dealers in the tri-state

(War in the west) For all them niggaz out west, raising the crime rate

(War up north) To all them killas up north, locked in the bing

(war down south) For everybody down south doing they thing, come on

(War in the east) To all my greasy east niggaz getting

that clock right
(War in the west) To all my jackets catching them fools
at the stop lights
(War up north) To all the heavy bidders repping in jail
(War down south) To them votes, shouting the dirty
south, electing that meal

[Trife Da God]

You can find me in the 'west', like Kanye, blowing on
bombai
With the killas on Crenshaw, serving up entrees
Or lounging with the homies from Northstar, popping
out of sportscars
Niggaz wilding out in the sports bar
No matter where I go, I'm still repping New York, pa
You know we get it cracking when we up in the
courtyard
Sipping on forties of Ale, pouring liquor out
For all the O.G.'s and shorties in jail
And when I'm out in the Carolinas, blessing that
marijuana
Down in New Orleans, my niggaz wrestling anacondas
Clapping them tools in Baton Rouge, provoking drama
Getting it crunk in Atlanta, searching for baby mommas
Philly and D.C., V.A. to B-More in a G4
I-95, making them detours
South Beach, Memorial weekend hitting the sea shore
And every other city we go, I'm promoting T-Dore

[Chorus 2X]

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