

## Hillingman

### "War Party"

Visit "[War Party](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.