

Jaymalik

"War Gamez"

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This is Il Duce
Five star general
Ray Luv
and I brought some real thugs with me
General EDI Amin
General Napoleon
General Kastro
and General Noble
Soldiers in the game

[CHORUS]

Fuck the cops, they'll never stop us
Not even with batterams, full-metal jackets and
helicopters
We got choppers, we young mobsters
Money, power and star fame
Die or ride, nigga, in this war game
Fuck the teachers who couldn't reach us
They try to police, cell at the jail house, seat ya
Don't wanna see ya, it's the teacher's the one to blame
Now I'm havin star fame
Fuckin off money in this war game

[VERSE 1: Ray Luv]

Pull out my weapon, now I'm steppin, bringin foes my
heat
We challenge number one contenders and blow holes
in the weak
It's been a while, now we finally got our turn to bust
Bitch niggas got rich while the homie burned to dust
Got me madder than a bag of fuckin sherm and dust
You wanna kick it (but can't hang with us)
Now we gon' see who got the biggest fuckin nuts in this
thang of us
Talkin shit, but nigga, you ain't came to bust
Make you pull out the gold cuff links and the pinky
rings
(These niggas don't know who they fuckin with, man)
Big Eddie eat a muthafucka like spaghetti
In the formation we ready, freebasin the competition
for fetti

Shoot your shit up like civil war Gettysburg
(What if they hit us back?) Don't be absurd
We put it down like a fat-ass crew of construction
workers
(Fuck with us now, nigga, there's gon' be a murder)
And that's for certain, catch the muthafuckin curtain
call
Workin y'all, smokin big, hurtin y'all, Link 'Lawz serve
em all
Break a muthafucka off, soldier, raw dog
Smother everything livin for the muthafuckin cause
I'm a rebel without a pause
A untouchable, better keep your paws off
Or meet the sawed off
We all balls, nigga, and all hog
Westside till I die, rough, rugged (real raw, nigga)

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2: EDI Amin]

Now who the fuck want trouble
Me and the 'Lawz bring the drama on the double
Bustin out a bubble, gettin you for a bundle
Stickin you in the trunk, too, fuck you
You thought we wouldn't touch you? We rushed you
EDI Amin died, I watch a young nigga rise up
Born a fuckin rider, ain't gon' stop till I gotta
Fuck coppers and the world, bang back till they feel us
My freedom come with a mag, so they probably gon'
kill us
They only gon' hear us when we there heavy metal
So take (?) my niggas, we got a score to settle
War games, but it really ain't a game
Muthafuckas is sprayin, body parts hangin
Gangbangin, turf wars or whatever you wanna call it
We're all dyin for it

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Young Noble]

Nob layin back in a Ac seat, blast my heat
Watch theses niggas run like they in a track meet
Smash my past beef, got blasted on the last street
They all weak if you ask me
Still a deuce slugger, Outlaw like a muthafucka
Doubt y'all like a muthafucka
You need to raise up
Before you fuck around and get blazed up
Before you fuck around and get chased up
By some Jersey thugs, don't care who you thought or
Heard we was, I murder your blood

Or your next akin, hop out on your blcok
In a stretch Benz, protect the neck your best friend
Just to fuck with ya, you're hardcore, do your thug
thizzle
Nigga, these Outlaw streets, they love (?)
And Khadafi, cause niggas cock the hammers sloppy
I'm there when y'all callin, ain't down without me
Outlawz

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 4: Kastro]

Hey yo, I don't play fair, warfare never been fair
Make a giant non-violent, turn a bear to a queer
This thug life we stuck with it, born, sick and tired
And tired of bein sick, I'm torn and I ain't lyin
In this deadly game of death could be no fun at all
Sleepin on your feet, pistol deep against the wall
Day one and day none is how I do it, do it all
True and truer than y'all, yellin, "Fuck the law"
(?) where it's darker than a thousand nights
Although we walkin under sun in a thousand lights
Wantin a thousand stripes, findin a life of your own
Livin ill or in prison alone on the bone
It's a hard thing, sho' as hell ain't no card game
It's all plain and all pain in this war game

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