

Ibn Inglor

"Old War"

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Fairy tales I told farewell to these fairy gales
Everywhere nigga worldwide feeling fat
Keep inside, uh, tell them move aside
I'mma... I'm that crazy nigga
With the tunes of a late grade, 80s niggas..
Places that you're calling, I waited and waited often
you're hating
You better pray.. that niggas is hell of anxious for
hating
We're hella talking and we're often
Feeling... of a voodoo doll
Poking the true hoes that be holding another god, bitch
White as hell, fly as hell, spitting rot shit
I'm this complicated artist!
Moving more than a...
Tell a big bomb shit, I'm in it
Steven King got a scene, all hoes, all enemies
Tell them pull a trigger, if he ever think he killing me
Flow... full of nigga team
Ha, ha blow this if you're feeling me!
She felling me and my dick, and even begin to breath
No shit, oh shit, no, this is just my old bitch
Remember when we loss something she hold there
I remember ... they didn't think that I noticed
These niggas think that I'm whacked
But they probably my old shit
Niggas, this age is off the average
With a coffin address,
Let them lay, drift away, but they're all..
And we were raised in our often bastards
Remember me? Old wars, old enemies
Tell them pull a trigger if they ever niggas killing me
Cause I don't fuck around with these whack niggas!
Me and myself is all I fucking got, nigga!

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