

## **Kool G. Rap, Ghostface Killah, Tash Mahogany, RZA**

### **"Whar"**

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[Kool G. Rap] You ain't sayin' nothing slick to a can of oil  
Tell your man to tell his man that his man's a girl I  
holds weight, ya'll niggas skinny like Olive Oil We  
throws atleast half a ki' in the pot to boil Royal niggas,  
rags to riches Because your boy breaks bitches like  
glasses, dishes Burn money like I put it in some grass  
and spliffed it If I don't get my man that's passed, it's  
not misses Female donkeys, ya'll niggas ass and  
dickless Hard white rap, just some foil like chiclets  
Never had a wife, you better settle for the mistress The  
truth like Al Capone dying for the syphilis Cross me, you  
name flying on the hit list Ya'll niggas buck, won't even  
pop a clutch on the gear shift That ain't the hard pose,  
nigga, you just scared stiff I'm on my grizzly, you  
might walk right into bear shit You rock your pants too  
tight, get off that queer shit No turning back when it's  
on, I ain't tryna hear shit Like the coast guard, I got  
them choppers than can airlift [Chorus: Tash  
Mahogany] Sword, dont you know what you bring? You  
destroy everything - all the blood that you give to men  
There's, no excuse I could give - we just all want to live  
All the war that you bring to men War - is comin' home -  
takes families War - I'm not a great big fan of it War - is  
something that is scandalous Oh no - oh no War - is  
comin' by air, land, & sea War - is man's insanity This  
world.. for sure.. Must stop - this world of war  
[Ghostface Killah] Tell ya fake niggas don't get me  
involved, my back is chunky Four-five hanging out the  
jeans, is crunchy Facial hair beard, looking like Abe  
Lincoln Stand next to you and my jewels look like ya  
cage is shrinking Love sweets like a dope fiend,  
nodder wit fat hands Keep birds around me, they be  
calling me Batman Precisely I pop like cheap luggage,  
prefusely bleeding Word on the streets is you lost three  
buckets Fuck it, you keep dying, I'm into red diamonds  
Rob me, bitch, I have your whole hood crying Lighting  
candles on the street like, 'why you trying?' Oh lord,  
why you had to lullabye him His jewels is cursed, his  
seeds is first When he do shows, he pop a wheelie off  
his murst Six three, medium built, tall like Lurch While  
ya'll faggots be sleep, he be putting in work [RZA]

That's his absorbance stance, I got it down to a glance  
It's war, I got the biggest gun down my pants, pants  
Got a rock, rocket in my pocket For to knock ya head  
right out the socket Turn teardrops to smile, been  
glanced this spare child Sprayed ya gallon of mace in your  
face, burn off your 'brows No phone home, you  
dribbling, we stone ya sibling Get my bloods from  
Tilden, to burn your building Poison tip dagger sword,  
chop through your collar bone No, you don't got a  
fucking chance to holler home Nice dream, your sliced  
spleen, cut through your ice bling G-O-D, heats, melts  
you like it's ice cream I'm not vanilla, I'm black panther  
chinchilla My cousin's an orangutan, my brother's a  
gorilla The other's a ape, he turn a rainbow straight Get  
you trapped in the jungle now you can't escape War it  
is, that's the biz, glock pop, plops the feds Split your  
wig, crack your whip, smack your wiz, blast your 'quip  
Chains and whips, planes and ships, guns, swords and  
flintstones And bricks, munch, clothes and kicks, you  
know it's [Chorus]

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