

Mary J Blige F/ Lil' Kim

"Down 4 War"

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Yeah
Buster ass niggas
You niggas don't wanna see a nigga in
Ya'll still don't understand
So fuck em
Know what I'm sayin?
Fuck them niggas
I done made it anyway nigga
Ya'll some bitch ass niggas

WHAT! WHAT! WHAT!

(2x)
We can do like Pac and Biggie cuz I'm down for war
I'm not a player hater but I gotta settle the score
These niggas don't wanna see me in so they talk
through they nose
They tryin to hold a nigga down but they movin too slow

Who that nigga with that wisdom until them haters
come and get me
I be rollin with killers too for any nigga tryin to sweat
me
You can talk that killer shit and watch me walk the walk
I'll be doing the do while ya'll be talkin the talk
I was born in '73 I came up tough made me rough
nigga don't dis on tape, fuck that I do
so nigga what I dis on CD too
bitch we bomb back on that ass
and just like ? we shoot when other countries attack
that's why this goes out to Black Laury and Hardy
I'll say ya'll alias in the future fuck ya'll niggas and
everybody
that you fuck with
who don't like Kingpin Pimp
I hit the streets and projects just like
welfare and food stamps
most of the artists they coppin and fuckin em
they makin the green not givin em shit
they artists been workin so hard
they pause for niggas that flodge and dodge

them boys ain't hard
the rules of the mob
I'm livin that life
I'm dealin with drug dealers
wiseguy niggas know the biz
drag you to the river kid

(2x)

I'm a playa,baby
I thought you knew
any hater that try to cross me ain't no tellin what I'll do
mack in the year in this bitch
I see more presidents in the black house
nigga that shoulda put me in tryin to put a nigga out
I make your ass say "Kingpin!"
I make your ass say "No!"
Keep buggin and screamin nigga stop puttin that ho
shit in your flow
When us killers (genate?)
all them haters they fake
these trife ass niggas can't fuck with us
I'm talkin bout bank and rank
evil tats on my body from that triple six curse
cover my flesh forgive me God for sin and when I see
dirt
too many motherfuckers be around me talkin bout
take off his neck
but I be business bout this shit
where my motherfuckin checks?
watch them hoes cuz they slick
and they out to get ya
ya'll get richer and scarier
I'ma touch ya and split ya, even when I first met you
you know if you ever swing I'll put that ass in a stretcher
it's finna rain, pain

{over chorus}

How the fuck ya'll niggas gon stop me nigga?
Some of ya'll niggas I wrote ya'll nigga reps
Motherfuckin writer to you buster ass niggas
When ya'll started writing ya'll own shit
then we all started turnin into busters
Ya'll can't stop me nigga not one of ya'll boys
Ya'll gon hate me for this shit nigga
Ya'll gon be madder than a motherfucker
Ya'll gon say that nigga crazy

