

Ultramagnetic MC's "War"

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(feat. Gee-Banga)

[Gee-Banga (Ced Gee):]

Uhh, this real New York shit right here man
You already know
Kool Keith, Gee-Banga let's go
(Ced Gee, Ultra, uhh)
Uhh, uhh, yo, yo

I wanted keys in my collection, so I loaded bullets in my
weapon
Put on my gear, gun in my hand, prepare for this 187
See I'm a hustler, not a murderer
But if you get on my fuckin nerves then I'm gon' have to
murder ya
Badder than stores that's from the Saudia{?}
Pull out my tec, gunnin yout neck execution style and
just slaughter ya
Cookin them cracks that you be coughin up
Really don't give a fuck about family or who you the son
of daughter of
You gon' really make me have to torture ya
But that's my second name in the hood, you can call
me the extortion
G to the Danger is the enforcer of, G.K.B.
and gangster shit that the streets could ever offer ya
I always been less fortunate; so I fuck bitches
Party and drink and blow that sticky to get up off of it
When in reality you the talk of it
So don't be surprised me cock back and be demandin
you take off your shit

[Chorus: Gee-Banga]

This is war, son you know we always packin that 4
And we puttin bullets straight through your door
Plus we stayin on point cause we don't wanna fall
If you get caught slippin you'll get killed for sure -
brrrap!
This is war, son you know we always packin that 4
And we puttin bullets straight through your door
Plus we stayin on point cause we don't wanna fall

If you get caught slippin you'll get killed for sure

[Kool Keith:]

I'm international, worldwide traveller beyond that block
shit

You hear about it, y'all can't avoid it when I drop shit

It's like takin a fat-ass sumo wrestler out with a
dropkick

You get they rap careers started, my job is stop shit

Piss on anything y'all spit

Door #1, I can play Bob, Barker

Your bitch can't bid here

Better stay with the cock she picked, with sauce on her
lip boss

I fuck up your lip gloss

Get your handicap games out nigga, cause you gonna
limp across

Like a slow man in the street

Y'all niggaz put up your umbrellas up

Nobody wanna fuck with my sunstroke heat

That's on the strength~! After you leave, the car wash

I shit on top of your Cherokee Jeep

When I knock on the door

Niggaz play like they not home, cause they scared to
speak!

Sleepin under beds, wrapped up in fuckin sheets!

Sega Genesah nigga we finish a nigga

[Chorus]

[Ced Gee:]

Yeah, check it

Dawg you cross me, you might as well take your own
life

See I ain't takin no prisoners son, I'm even murderin
your wife

Slaughterin all your kids, yeah, I'm that trife

Then sit down listen to your rep and give a thorough
sermon

about the wrath of Christ

Drink some hot cocoa, sleep well that night

Then wake up in the mornin, and write some Ultra
elevation

Do a show in Italy dawg, then listen to a standin ovation

Make a couple of songs in Haitian

Spanish and Japanese, bee-da-dong-yong

I'm great son, make no mistake son

You sleep on me all you want, and I bet you they find
yo' ass in a lake son

[Chorus]

[Outro:]
This is war...
This is war...
This is war...

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