

# Memphis Bleek, War

[Intro]

Yeah! yeah! Right back niccas huh?!  
Yeah that bounce we need, ya know  
Marcy where we at huh? Right here  
Let me hear some new shit, yeah niggaz  
Just Blaze you a muhfucker wit these beats boy  
Let me hold it down though, yo

[Verse]

Let the hood know, that Bleek ain't changed  
Anywhere in the world, I don't tuck the chain  
And I walk like, yeah I need the 'cane/caine  
But dawg that's the shotty, trust me I ain't playing  
War, I'm ready for it to go there  
Anybody that know me know I love when it go there  
Dawg, and yeah that's wassup  
Four dimes, all mine nigga that's wassup  
Yeah, wifey wanna curse me out  
You won't get me cause the chain's like it's workin out  
But E's - still wit the Roc-A-Fella gang hoe  
Whole crew got cheese like mozzarella mayne  
Top come off, top stay on, whatever  
Got rid of the five I don't like the leathers niggas!  
Six is better, more room and there's more wood to cover my interior

[Chorus - repeat 2x]

This is war! Enough of them words we wan't war!  
You throw a couple of shots, we throw more!  
You gettin that money, we got more!  
We got more nigga, this is war!

[Verse]

I warned her, man should not fear man  
If you violate man then you die by hand  
And it should be fine, behanded that man  
That man I am and you don't understand  
But I hear the talking like "Bleek where you been?"  
It's unfortunate I'm in beef again huh  
Niggaz is rappin and clappin I'm still laughin  
Sat back in my hood and tried to live average  
But - you still want me to bang at em  
Stack lil paper, send a lil gang at em  
But I see you wanna stop my chill  
Trips to oddy earth, meetings wit McNeil  
Or - round table meeting wit Hov  
You want me in the hood still over that stove  
Nigga, I got soldiers in Drovers  
It ain't nothing to a boss we'll go in your clothes nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse]

This is - not for children, not for lames  
Only for real niggaz that can feel what I'm saying  
If it's - too blatant then it's not for you  
You do a hit, throw up later, it's not for you  
So - just quit you bitch, making me sick  
You never pimped you only friendly wit chicks and  
I've been away for a minute  
Jay beat up the drum now they whinin like women  
I'm right back nicca, where you at nicca?  
Keep the mac nigga, spit it like that nigga  
And I tried to chill, even though  
I got to spit everyday like I ain't signed a deal nigga!

Mama's still in the hood, work steel in defense  
I got a flow like I'm still on the bench nigga  
Got a delivery like Sunday's paper  
I lay that down and I get that paper nigga!

[Chorus]