

Z-RO, Go To War

(*talking*)

Yeah, y'all niggaz don't really
Want none of this yeah, hu-hu-hu-hu
That's the sound of the battle cry

[Daz]

Motherfucker break yourself, I come for the fame and the wealth
Beat your ass with a belt nigga, tell me how does it felt
Bruise a whip, I kept it except
Keep it underneath the seat of my ride nigga, you looking at death
Notice the sign on the gate, don't beware of the dog
Beware of the owner, on my mama you's a goner
You just a punk motherfucker, I'm vicious with it
Delicious with it, I'm fresh out of motherfucking prison with it
On swoll, my ambitions is different behold
My attitude is cold, I'll bust your nose
I steal your soul, with what the reaper done sold
Hotter than lava rocks, nigga hotter than cold
I chew the game up, like button strings
And I'm high as a kite, niggaz dying tonight
When my move swang change, I prepare to get bang
Cashing niggaz like change, I steal your chain
Ha-ha ra-dadada-dane, ra-dadada-dane
Listen to my AK, nigga go bang
Jump up and act bad, it's Z-Ro and Daz
For you niggaz with a badge your shit it gets bad

[Hook: Papa Reu]

Y'all niggaz, don't really wanna go to war
Y'all niggaz, don't know what you in for
Y'all niggaz, don't really wanna go to war
(3-57 and nines, are knocking down your door)
Y'all niggaz, don't really wanna go to war
Y'all niggaz, don't know what you in for
Y'all niggaz, don't really wanna go to war
(It's Dat Nigga Daz and Z-Ro, knocking down your door)

[Z-Ro]

Motherfuckers don't wanna go to war
Somebody might follow you home, and kill you in your garage
Better be careful who you beefing with if it's me, your body gon be leaking
bitch
Call the plumber, and see if he could fix
Ain't no closing up the holes, from a 4-4
My advice to the Z-Ro haters, keep it on the low
I ain't playing no games, living under frustration and strain I'm agg'd
The reason, why my darkened pants sag
Blue and gray when I'm in your face, and everytime a nigga pass by
Looking at my ice so hard, look like they got some glass eye
Wish a nigga would, run up and be laying it down
Locate his neighborhood, hop out and I'm spraying it down
I'm a killer for real whodi, I'm warning you
Cause I done connected, with cuz from California
My nigga Da-i-Daz and he gon ba-a-blast, at your body
Before it get bloody, give up the cash everybody
And since it's a stick up on top of a grudge, so game over
I'm sick with it and relentless, you know my name soldier
Who that talking shit, catch your homie cause he fin to fall
He don't wanna box with bullets, bigger than some tennis balls

[Hook]

Y'all niggaz, don't really wanna go to war
Y'all niggaz, don't know what you in for
Y'all niggaz, don't really wanna go to war

(Nine Millimeter, 3-57 this is war for)
Y'all niggaz, don't really wanna go to war
Y'all niggaz, don't know what you in for
Y'all niggaz, don't really wanna go to war
(It's Dat Nigga Daz and Z-Ro, knocking down your door)

[Thug Dirt]

Y'all don't wanna go to war, I got killas that's so hard
Sick with a pistol, even better with a sawed off
Get caught with plex, talking loud on the set
I'ma chop that ass down, while I'm screaming who's next
You in the middle of a battle zone, your cover is blown
We done found out where you live, now you can't go home
Hot lead to your dome, you better run nigga run
When I cock this shit back, automatics fin to come
I'm sitting lovely with a full clip, about to let em rip
Vest on like Vietnam, grenades on the hip
Two extra nines, in the back of the whip
A 25 in the glove, just in case I wanna bring my bitch
You didn't need war but now you got it, somehow you gotta stop it
Like a 16, you bitch nigga I'ma drop it
I got heat like a frying pan, your eggs can't knock it
Thug Dirt got bullets, like rockets blow

[Hook]