

War Ready (feat. UnoTheActivist)

Warhol.SS

[Chorus: Warhol.ss]

What, what

Trips 'round town, keep it by the muscle
Real street nigga, all I know is hustle
Mind still rollin', codeine when I'm buzzin'
Talk steady with me, bark and get bit
Couple hoes with you, but they all hit
Gang ridin' with me, take a couple pics
Your bitch poppin' out, know she doin' dick

What, what

I can't feel the pain, but I'm on a tab
Work it like a stain, I can't get attached
Wrist a Johnny Dang, diamonds by the batch
Born so official, raised like a champ
Certified, nigga, hit it with a stamp
Catch a nigga slippin', light him like a lamp
War ready, leave a nigga real damp

[Verse 1: Warhol.ss & UnoTheActivist]

What, what

Speakin' of demons, I roll with a couple
Got 500 shooters, they ready to rumble
He buildin' a empire, we make it crumble
That chopper go off, make a lil nigga shuffle
Say he want smoke, nigga, don't make me chuckle
I walk with a needle, we bustin' these bubbles
We walk in with .30s, won't see us in [?]
Ooh, bitch, he see us, he in trouble
Double tap him, I believe he seein' double
Beat him 'til I see the bone from the knuckle
Knuck if you buck, but, lil nigga, do not buckle
Ooh, what, Pillsbury Dough
Only see the money, damn, it make me choke
See with your bitch in NOBU, I'm a sucker
Suck on this dick, bring the head in like a huddle
Ooh, woah, hit her from the back
Ay, woah, make her pull up covers
He informin', I don't talk to undercovers
NLMB, nigga, never leave my brothers
Woah, prayin' for my niggas
Know they go through struggles
Fuckin' on that ho and pass it to my brother
Chopper on me, hit that nigga and he stumbled

[Chorus: Warhol.ss]

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War ready, leave a nigga real damp[Verse 2: UnoTheActivist & Warhol.ss]

Damn, assault rifles in the minivan

Shh, ooh

Movin' bodies in a minivan

She ain't hard, she just a mini tan

He ain't heard, he just a minute man

My niggas on the beat like Timberland

Feelin' the heat, I keep cool like a ceiling fan

Mystery Van what we sittin' in

Woah, woah, breakin' her back

Ay, she just might need a chiropractor

These niggas talk for they health

But I never see action like he a real actor

Oh, woah, scrape it like Peewee

Ay, water my neck like a Fiji

Water lil pussy, she fuck up the sheets

Breakin' the huddle, we play for the keeps

Can't see these niggas like Stevie Wonder

Wonder if you ever seen a dead body wanderin', ooh

Sometimes I wonder if this life is worth sufferin'

Bullets gon' come fly in flurries

If this shit stop, it's 'cause my gun bufferin'

If I got beef with a nigga then I'm not gon' take that shit publicly

Fuck with Mr. T[Chorus: Warhol.ss]

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