

# War Drums (feat. Guilty Simpson & Phat Kat)

## Quakers

[Phat Kat]

Nowadays the music is free the shows cost money  
No need to ring my phone if you ain't got nothing for me  
My fans told me Kat you been chilling enough  
Now it's time to come and crush 'em with the rugged and rough  
Dirty coach yeah I see you, wouldn't wanna be you  
Smoke more weed than the nigga Wiz Khalifa  
Catch me backstage setting off smoke detectors  
Designer ganja collector, marijuana professor  
??? some shit my man called God's Vagina  
Soon as he fired up you never smelt nothing finer  
Was that your hottest man, send him over, I wanna meet him  
What he said, I couldn't believe him  
Had to fry him, fricassee him  
Little broke ass nigga still working for per diem  
My niggas stay grinding from the AM to the PM  
Get caught at end of the barrel, you wouldn't want to be him  
Fucking with some gladiators in the Coliseum

[Guilty Simpson]

I'm colder than a billionaire's shoulders  
You put stock in him, these slugs are shareholders  
I'm working on my temper, don't tempt me fool  
I make 'em swan dive from balconies in empty pools  
My flavor ride for the faculty, empty tools  
Super soak 'em til shit get fool from the heat  
Oxymoron, vegetables from the beef  
Try saying that slick shit without teeth  
I do the shit the average motherfucker won't do  
And say the shit the average emcee can't fuck with  
You're stupid if you thinking that that bitch want you  
With me she get lucky, with you she get stuck with  
We playing with big budgets  
Spit muskets, hit harder than Dick Butkus  
You sneak out restaurants running out on your bill  
While I'm really 'bout to ante on that house on the hill, ill

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>