

Street Wars (feat. Clipse & Block McCloud)

Vinnie Paz

Yeah, bout as real as they come*
Still pushing base like an African drum
The only other hands that it touched before Young
Was a Guala out of Dallas with shag like Tum Tum
Back to the hood where niggas started detoxing
Till I hit them corners with that motherfucking sheet rock
The rollers back bitch, the seal's on the back bitch
The six-three highlights the difference like an asterisks
Yes, the re-up game never dies
Soda makes the brick multiply
Push tons of monster with the pie
Keep water from the villain
Remember what it did to them gremlins?
Oh God, street wars when the heat warms up
In summertime niggas know what's up
Heavy armour, heavy drama, heavy karmas
Be the reason haters scared of us fucking their baby mamas
Soon as this product hits the street
You know they will be strung
They'll be dancing to the beat of this drum
Listen, It's addiction hey You know we got em hooked like fiends
They open like a drug
They'll be dancing to the beat of this drum
Listen, It's addiction Yeah, I told Pusha, I told Mal
Vinnie move more white shit than a snowplough
Everybody knew the guinnie was so foul
The SKS with the bayonet, oh wow
I'll rob everything and leave you with a hungry gut
The hollow tips leave you looking like you got a Gumby cut
You think you fucking with the God then you's a funny fuck
Rambo knife cut your stomach like a tummy tuck
All you see is darkness when the gun bursts
The G36 melt your brain like a Pun verse
I act wild but I handle my funds first
I'm drunk all the time, blood quenches the son's thirst
I don't talk about the money I got
Because if money want my money then money gets shot
Rap shit don't work then I dumb on the block
With Pusha and Mal cooking up the drums in the pot
Still with the coke man, same as it ever was
Re-up game, we the shame of America
Eighties hysteria, the 'caine be my legacy

The feds got our names, they hang us in effigy
Best believe it come back like it never left
I write rhymes but I'll bet I'd make a better chef
They can't wait for it to dry, they like it better wet
And I'm heavy with the D like Eddie F
I whip it good, real good then I let it rest
Then I scrape the sides then I let em test
Yes, I got weight like Creatine
A gem star hit that chopping block like a guillotine
Know what I mean? Sitting on chrome rims
Not only paper, we stack brick like Stonehenge
Go against us? Haters got no wins
I trust no one and I don't need no friends

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