

# Fredro Starr, Thug Warz

(Chorus)

All my real street niggaz throw your guns up  
Throw your guns up, throw your guns up

I'd rather have enemies  
Cause fear last longer than love  
In the streets nothing stronger than thug  
We all bleed the same color  
Weather you a Crip or a Blood  
You want more you'll be comin with slugs

(Verse 1: Fredro Starr)

Yo Yo

The head nigga in charge, king of New York  
Greatest of all time, you wanna talk streets lets talk  
WE ARE THE STREETS  
Forever check my wall report  
Theres no way out except  
Entertainment, drugs and sports  
Feds try to shut us down, without a reasonable doubt  
Supreme cliental legal drug money on paper routes  
Till the death do us part for money, power, respect  
My road to riches dont want dies like life after death  
Its hell on earth, the block is hot 400 degreez  
The truth tell us what envy all eyes on me  
A top-dawg said the game is to be sold not told  
Pulled out the ill-matic 16 shots to your dome  
Capital punishment black trash trapped in crime  
The ghetto's trying to kill me, lisen to ill Kriminal mind  
To understand there was a comin' of age  
We nigga'z fo' life, disaster strikes on Judgement Day

(Chorus: 2x)

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(Verse 2: Napoleon)

I ain't got time for dem lies, I gotta get mines  
Mutha\*\*ka ask Shyne he'll tell you I rise  
Do 'em dirty this time, worked with Phillis this time  
You outta line tryin' to war with us shootin' that nine  
Gotta our back against the wall, so its ball or die'  
Outlaw (wha') cause of course u hate it, watch how we rise  
Nigga I street talk, the gangsta' walk to be like this  
Then I load 'em up, one by one shootin' dont miss  
It's a critical game, we pledge plead for this blood  
If you a thug it don't matter, the crypt fo' this 'cause  
Outlaw mutha, f\*\*ka then bust yo' rocket  
Firestarr ~ n ~ other people attack yo' pocket

(E.D.I. Mean)

Yo' it's serious biz-, we hand deliver this shit  
If you want, it's door to door service  
Hand 'em and scream makes it more worth it  
Hold up I'm lying Cause shit I'm gettin' money now  
So I drop fifty thou. and take a trip back to the isle  
Come back to the states like "shit what a vacation"  
My mind on Makaveli and this money we taken'

I'm gonna bust 'em and then vacate the scene  
Before the siren's scream, 2001 look how my team gleam  
Comin' up quick, like we out there pitchin' them birdies  
Terrorize the whole game, with my nigga'z from Jersey  
And if you in tha way well shit you be there long (huh)  
We head strong, so f\*\*k it nigga let'z get it on

(Chorus: 2x)

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