

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)

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 2: Napoleon)

I ain't got time for dem lies, I gotta get mines
Mutha f**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)

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

(Chorus: 2x)

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