

Young Buck, Prepare War

(Chorus)

i got oozi's, and AK's of plenty
I got gadgets and grenades galore
Everynight i make sure that im ready
And prepare for war
I got ratchets, and Tec 9's, and Semi's
Automatics and shotguns galore
If you f**k with me make sure your ready
And prepare for war

(Verse)

I got a heart like 50, and a gun big as Biggie
Some old heads hatin and some young niggas with me
Put a beam on a 12 gauge, buck, shots spread
I can aim for your legs, and hit you in your head
Like a soldier we sleep with our eyes open
We ride 4 deep and we trust no one
Heres the plan, soon as we finish shootin up ya man
We gonn' take it there, and shoot start shootin up some heads
I dont know nothin but guns, i dont hold nothin but guns
I just know I got a gun, all yall better run
Im on the edge, to go out like them niggas with dreads
Do what i said, i come to take the bumbaclot bread
Did you hear that, its like death's in the air
When the wind starts holla'n and the moon light glare
Is you scared?, i can see the fear in your eyes
When we open up the door, and we caught you by suprise

(Chorus)

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(Bridge 2X)

Money, cars, cash and hoes
Thats the way, a gangsta roll
I dont know what you've been told
Where you been before, but thats how it goes

(Verse)

They say thats all i talk about is murder murder kill kill
But if i die today another nigga still will
On the front line marchin, to the battle feild
With a black hoody on and a pair of old Timbs
Ghetto sargent, i think i see the target
I hit them niggas up, but i dont know where they car went
The neighborhood love me, i buy they kids Christmas
And give em all money, to keep em out my business, no witness

(Chorus)

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(Bridge-Young Buck 2x)

Get your camolauge suits, and your combat boots
We aint going to iraq, we just pullin up and shootin
Your life is what I want dawg, you can keep the loot
This is how the G's do, salute (salute)

(Verse)

Put the potatoe on the end of the round
Make the sound quiet down
The block dont eat if a nigga not around
Like a sniper, i keep my chopper low to the ground
Milatary minded, and im South Side now
Got my canteen filled up with henessy nigga
A bullet broof vest, and my tank on spinners
Attention!!, you about to enter a war zone
Why you come around here homie you know its on

(Chorus)

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