

# Afu-Ra, Warfare

[Intro: M.O.P.]

Hahahahahaha

Now it's about to be talked about

[Afu-Ra]

You're gettin slapped by my grammar  
Vocals like a hammer, with roots from Alabama  
I'm under cover, make moves like no other  
In dark alleys, you're gettin opened from your belly  
I rock spots for blocks, I knock you inna skelly  
I know you're jelly, because Fame, Billy & I be  
Mashin out crews of bad dudes for nothin  
Or 'cause they frontin, they corny style, I show 'em somethin  
A buck fifty ear to ear smash and fear  
I'm scrubbin down, this hip hop shit's infested  
Too many niggas sexin the mic, they not protected  
Don't get infected, like a child that's been molested  
The surgeon general rap shit just hit your section  
It's warfare, against any that come up on me  
Even in your dreams asleep you couldn't do me  
It's picture perfect, blaze your mind like it's chronic  
Cause M.O.P. and Afu-Ra, shits bionic

[Chorus]

It's warfare, against any that come up on me  
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Even in your dreams asleep you couldn't do me  
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[Lil Fame]

Brownsville slugger, put it on, come on, bring it on  
It's a new way for this hip hop shit, sing a long  
Who it is, nah bitch the question is, what it is  
It's that back yard bangin shit, that I rocked for the kids  
Clack clack, move son I got nothin to lose son  
There's a million and one ways to die, choose one  
Hit or miss, it won't matter to peel yo ass  
I'm still left with a million ways to kill yo ass  
Now Afu-Ra split em in half with the sword  
You heard it from yours truly, chairman of the board  
Fizzy Womack, I blow back they whole strap committee  
We live and direct from New York City  
I'm a stretch a nigga, so you better get your weapon  
Stop yappin with ya dick in your hand, and start steppin  
Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare  
This is war here, and we gettin it on all year, biatch

[Chorus]

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[Billy Danze]

Let's take a trip down burner bark lane  
Where the innocent get slain  
And what you will visualize will ruin your brain

A lot a blood sweat & tears, pain  
Nobody stop a murder, as a dealer does his muthaf\*\*kin thing  
Bang bang, just like that, the man'll slit up on you  
And put two under your hat  
and as you lay flat, just another nigga whacked  
Before he stepped, he threw three through your chest through your back  
And your outta here, lights out, game over  
You said you wanted to live life as a soldier  
I told ya, we gon' shake the grounds, a lot of ups and downs  
We on force, to run a crash course, and blast off rhymes  
And of course we have emotions inside, yeah  
That's just some shit that we been trained to hide  
You hear, be cautious, nigga walk slow  
Talk low, this ain't no muthaf\*\*kin talk show, this is

[Chorus]  
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[Outro]  
Fire!!