

Young Noble, Gatz Up

Chorus: Young Noble

War
Gats up
War
Gats up
1, 2, 3, march
War
Gats up
War
Gats up
1, 2, 3, march
(Now march)
1, 2, 3, 4
(Now march)
Outlaw, Outlaw
We ready for
(Now march)
1, 2, 3, 4
(Now march, march, march, march)
Outlaw, Outlaw
Ready for war

(EDI)

Now what the fuck is a soldier? Some of y'all don't know
Yellin it in your raps but you ain't ready for war
Me and my team trained to bring pain when they come for us
The scene change, you bleed, mang, when you try to cross us
Huh, let it be known that when we come we let it be shown
Real soldiers ride till they gone, come on
Now Makaveli be the general (all hail)
And for them niggas who wanna test (you gon' fail)
Yeah, give em hell, nothin but hell when we first come
Claim to survive many battles but this is the worst one
First one bust, the rest bust next
And when we 'bout to drop it's more pleasure than rough sex
Huh, must collect from all these fakin muthafuckas
It's Nineteen-ninety-grind and we gon' break you muthafuckas
Huh, all gats up, small ones to the big ones
When aimin at these haters make sure you fuckin hit one
Huh, keep bangin until the mission gets done
Makaveli lives on, don't believe, listen

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(Young Noble)

O-u-t-law, who the fuck want work?
Us against y'all, who the fuck gettin hurt?
Know we the holiest, sick of the phoniness, you bony bitch
Soldier shit till it's over with, you can count on this
March to this, start shit to this
Show your heart to this, spark, blizz to this
Muthafuckas ain't fit to go miles with us
Young niggas love the Outlawz, yo child with us
Ain't fuckin up, even though we hate this world
Young niggas rise up, we can take this world
Back, cause it belong to us, stay black
And all the other minorities that's under attack
Fuck the government, cause they don't give a fuck about rap
They sellin the most crack in my hood, in fact
They want us coked up, doped up, drunk as fuck
So we won't have no clue what's goin on around us
Get down with us, if you remember all the lynchin
Muthafuck the cops, includin Sean Nixon
We schoolin y'all, listen, my word is bond
One love to Geronimo, the war's still on

(Now march)

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(Napoleon)

Nigga, it's doomsday, me and my AK
Got a chest full of hate, we finna bomb on the fake
Sip through the cracks of your hallway, march to your house
You or your wife about to witness what the church talk about
Put up your squad like in Vietnam, all demons come out
You need to stay yo ass in the fuckin house when the freaks come out
The game ain't changed, you did, nigga, you ain't real with this
Pac told us some shit that'll make these young niggas kill to this
You can pop them pills to this if that's gon' release yo stress
The last nigga that fucked with us, he seen Pac in his rest
You tryin to argue with death, nigga, you know you in the wrong
Fuckin with me, I know your mama live, nigga, get gone
You face the strength of the strong, my nigga EDI said clear
You either ride or collide with these niggas over here
So drop dead, you been dead when you was runnin yo mouth
Rap-A-Lot done brung them Outlawz to ride down south
So come on

(repeated 3X:)

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