

War! (feat. Dax)

Quadeca

[Chorus: Quadeca]

These shoes are from Christian Dior yeah (huhh)
I'm not a kid anymore (no, I'm not bitch)
Look at what I did to the store (what I did, yeah)
They don't make this anymore uh (they, do not!)
They don't make shit like this anymore (they, do not!)
If you gon' try to diss, best be sure huh (best be sure)
Cleaning up rappers this shit a chore huh (sweep, sweep)
Yeah, If you want war then it's war bitch (then it's war uh)

[Verse 1: Quadeca]

You ain't a part of this, using my artifice
I put my heart in this
Look where I started, I ain't need a starter kit
I've been a starter since in kindergarden
And who are you harder than, you are not harder than me (huh?)
I changed my numbers I'm harder to reach
I tell my pages I'm harder to read
Say you know me, but I find that hard to believe
Yeah, oh

Sorry I'm not nice (sorry)

They like:

Oh He just came through in some Nikes, but these shits is Off Whites
They all be buggin' when I go up off of the top like I got lice
I turn this shit freaky friday, I'll make you think you on the wrong life

You in the wrong life bitch
Media painted the wrong light
Hard to hide up in the spotlight
She do anything for me
I'm a Klondike bitch
I live two lives when I'm online
Offline, everything on the line
Fuck all the clout
This is not 'bout a dollar sign
Bottom line that's just the bottom line
Pulled up you stood sayin nothing
Just like you forgot your lines

[Chorus: Quadeca]

These shoes are from Christian Dior yeah (huhh)
I'm not a kid anymore huh (no, I'm not bitch)
Look at what I did to the store (what I did)
They don't make this anymore huh (they, do not!)
They don't make shit like this anymore (they, do not!)

If you gon' try to diss, best be sure huh (best be sure)
Cleaning up rappers this shit a chore (sweep, sweep)
Yeah, If you want war then it's war bitch (then it's war huh)[Verse: 2]
Dax!
Niggas want beef?
Put it in a caption
Niggas want tweet?
Never 'bout rapping
I was in the trap when they ask me what happened?
I gripped on a tech
Sorry man, now I'm blasting (HAHAHA)
What I said when he panic
Blood on my shirt?
Yeah, new fashion
Just bought a whip and I ran to the mansion
And Flex on a bitch, and I pop with this handgun
One shot and you dead
HB, two pencil ass nigga
'Cus I always got lead
Two free throws, two shots
One chest one to your head
911 speed dial, man down that's what I said
Who you know, was a janitor went and got rich
Copped a whip that you peel of the lot
Who you know be a thug, who would murder a nigga
Then talk and go move like Barack
Who you know got a jumper like Curry and dunk on a nigga like Shaq on the block
Who you know, got a-
You don't know nobody[Chorus: Quadeca]
These shoes are from Christian Dior yeah (huhh)
I'm not a kid anymore (no, I'm not bitch)
Look at what I did to the store (what I did)
They don't make this anymore uh (they, do not!)
They don't make shit like this anymore (they, do not!)
If you gon' try to diss, best be sure uh (best be sure)
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