

# The War (feat. Young Thug)

Joyner Lucas

I spent a check on a whip, on a bitch, on a grip, on a flip  
Lost a darlin', got it right back, yeah  
I fell in love with a chick that I thought was my bitch  
'Til I found out it wasn't really like that, yeah So I won't be around anymore (Anymore)  
I can hear the sounds of the war (I can hear the sounds, yeah)  
And this ain't goin' down like before (Oh, no)  
I can hear the sounds of the war (Oh) I used to make love to a down-ass trick, you could bend  
her backwards (Woo)  
I don't need much but a badass bitch and a Netflix password (Hey)  
I know that I'm comin' home late, but fuck it, what we gon' do after?  
I'm tryna get head today, go to work like you got rent to pay  
She a daddy's girl, like Reginae (Ah)  
I paid my dues, I ain't gon' lose (Word)  
Hit 'em with the hand, the Deebo  
All of you birds is Dan DeVito  
I'ma die a legend like Dan Marino  
I just blew a check at the damn casino  
Stroll through life like I ain't got rules  
You think I ain't shit if I ain't got you  
But how you gon' walk if you ain't got shoes? Ayy  
Shawty shootin' bullets from the Pontiac (Buh)  
She a ventilatin' hypochondriac (Hey)  
She just wanna know where the Molly at (Woo)  
I just wanna know where the party at (Woah)  
I'ma leave your ass where I got you at (Gang)  
Damn, you done let the dog off the leash  
Can't talk to me, now I'm harder to reach  
You don't belong to me, you belong to the streets (Yeah)  
I spent a check on a whip, on a bitch, on a grip, on a flip  
Lost a darlin', got it right back, yeah  
I fell in love with a chick that I thought was my bitch  
'Til I found out it wasn't really like that, yeah So I won't be around anymore (Anymore)  
I can hear the sounds of the war (I can hear the sounds, yeah)  
And this ain't goin' down like before (Oh, no)  
And I can hear the sounds of the war (Oh)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah I got a Rolls, a pink Chanel, like RIP Prodigy (Prodigy)  
Even when I'm just in at the spot, my wrist is a forty (Forty)  
I'm in New York with five hundred sticks and we sell 'em two thousand apiece (Apiece)  
A hundo for privates, yeah, land in Hawaii, my bitches in Honolulu (Yeah)  
I hopped off a jet and I land in Dubai  
Look like she got red contact in her eyes (Hop off a jet)  
I'm 'bout to ride, you know you can slide

'Bout to ride, but I don't do lie  
Want your body like Nicki Minaj (Yeah)  
Hypnotize the jeweler with these diamonds (Yeah)  
Takin' mine, yeah, that's an honor (Yeah, yeah)  
I fuck with you, but this one done, yeah  
And all my life, I just wanted to be me, babe (Oh, yeah)  
And all my life I just wanted to be free (Oh)  
Said all them nights spent together, we would stay up 'til forever  
You act like you don't remember, but I do (Oh-oh)  
And that's alright 'cause I know what it's gon' be, babe (Oh)  
Said, "That's alright, I found someone else for me" (Oh, oh-oh, oh)  
So when you see us out together, please act like I never met you (Oh)  
I just thought that I should let you know that I won't be around anymore (Anymore)  
I can hear the sounds of the war (I can hear the sounds, yeah)  
And this ain't goin' down like before (Oh)  
I can hear the sounds of the war (Oh)  
So I won't be around anymore (Anymore)  
I can hear the sounds of the war (I can hear the sounds, yeah)  
And this ain't goin' down like before (Oh, no)  
And I can hear the sounds of the war (Oh)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah Mally Mall

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