

# 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: Quadecca]  
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)  
Cleaning up rappers this shit a chore (sweep, sweep)  
Yeah, If you want war then it's war bitch (then it's war uh)

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