

R.P.M.

Disturbing Tha Peace

[Shawwna]

Shawwna kick hot shit for bitches that got they baby daddies locked
in the pen' gone; fittin to rock cause he did wrong
Run up on the cops and he hit 'em with the glock with his wig gone
Sellin rock on the big phone
In the projects niggaz run up on your set with the tech' out
Leave you wet with you chest out
Killer niggaz realer niggaz have a nigga fill a never realer nigga
Drill a nigga fuckin with a villain never spill a nigga
Fuck that! Nigga bust back, we in the 'Llac
Me and my bitches all strapped
Puffin the sack and we be sippin on 'gnac
Fittin to react, and pop a nigga for them stacks (OOH-OOOH!)
Niggaz I'm with they put the fifth to your whole melon
Now with the murderers are known felons
I gotta pop a nigga drop a nigga rock a nigga shock a nigga
Lock a nigga fuck a nigga, cop the floppin nigga
Roll for my bitches that be droppin in the strip clubs
Tryin get 'em a lil' somethin
If you gotta take it off, take it off like a boss for the big ones
Then you get you a big gun
Motherfuckers from the Chi like to put it yo' eye if it's on bitch
Put it straight to yo' dome heads
Now you fuckin with them gangsters, ballers, hoes, hustlers
Bangers - niggaz that with them real motherfuckers like whoa! [Chorus 2X: Ludacris]
It's real real - on the block I been up for days
I gotta keep the steel steel - in case a nigga want to get in the way
So now what's the deal deal? On the street you got nothin to say
So when I see him I'ma get him (WHAT!) drill him (WHAT!)
Fill him fill him (WHAT WHAT!) [Twista]
Twista kick hot shit for hoes and thugs
in ghettos and clubs that get crunk; for my homies locked down
to whoever hurtin in the hood and ballers with 22's on big trucks
To my thugs that call over to they mob
And to the hustlers that be servin hydro and cocaine
To my niggaz that ain't hoes; if they have to
they will steal a nigga touch a nigga check a nigga cut a nigga
Pull the trigger bust a nigga, yellow motherfucker nigga
Ready to fill and spill a drink, I'm drunk go and weed it up

And I'm talkin about go like I'm smokin the bone
 full of some shit that damn sho' wouldn't seed it up
 Got you fillin the hole then go see your body
 probably reanimated with all my Legit Ballaz rollin up
 Up the streets stuffed the beats
 So you see them Navigators, Escalades, Benzes,
 Beamers, Excursions - bumpin systems TV's and them 20's spinnin
 Mob for them niggaz that done up off them hard times
 K-Town, West side, South side
 Murder us for the money that's why I'm known to kick a hard rhyme
 Whatever set you represent throw it up
 If you buck or crunk then take yo' motherfuckin shirt off
 Dealers get your work off; you want to party
 full of hustle niggaz killer niggaz gangsta niggaz chill niggaz
 Baller niggaz thug niggaz player haters real niggaz[Chorus][Shawwna]
 I'ma kick hot shit for bitches up in the industry tryin to compete me
 I'm from the hood South side, West side
 where niggaz'll put a motherfuckin slug in my enemy
 Motown, Puckettown, do or die
 The difference between a motherfuckin thug and a gangsta
 One's thug in a chamber
 Get a nigga stick a nigga put him in a ditch and then forget a nigga
 Hit a nigga puck a nigga little with the rocker nigga
 Puff that say you love that
 We in the 'Llac and put the lemon in the 'gnac
 Remy and sacks that got me scummy in the back
 Puffin the raps that got me layin out slacks
 and it's speakin like, "Wow, that, blunt let me hit the weed"
 Cause I been feelin like
 fuck a nigga bust a nigga Shawwna never love a nigga
 Chi about to show the motherfuckers how to rush a nigga
 Crush that put it on momma
 On everything I got e'rything for the drama, puff marijuana
 To the Shawwna and put it on ya
 Flows who you froze in a comma
 We so relentless, you know Chi up in the business
 Flows in yo' dome in an instance
 Hoes and them folks and the Mo's and the ki's and the fo's
 and the BD's and lows and the fiends and the hoes and God![Chorus - repeat 2X]

Songwriters

Crawford, Shondrae L / Bridges, Christopher Brian / Mitchell, Carl Terrell / Guy, Rashawna
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