

R.P.M. (feat Twista and Ludacris)

Shawna

[Shawna]

Shawna 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, Puckatown, 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

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