Shut Up

Suga Free

Yo it's a lotta niggas bangin' the realest that ain't worth it
You bein' fake
You're fuckin' with Mausberg the Great
The king of the block
Lickin' hot shots to keep the pesticides off my jock
Well if it's on then it's on
I'm bustin' with the black and the chrome
Black tech gangsta, platinum crowns on my dome
You want to rumble, chuck em around with the superb
Come up show, chain tokin' all your herb
I'm'a (?) this nigga with (?) in the game
And this bullet goes out to niggas bitin' my name
Thought it was subliminal, but real doggs recognize them thangs
That's why your chronic bout to change the game
Certified bet, before my album even pop
And fuckin' with Quik, that's certified platinum when I drop
And I'm callin' out competitors, lettin' you know
If you fuck with the Berg I gun ya down fo sho

CHORUS (x2)
Shut up, nigga
You're fuckin' with my name 'stead of my game
Fuckin' with my fame
Shut up nigga
And mind your own
Before you can't find your own

Ey yo I keep a full metal jacket
The opposite of a bad habit
Medicatin' niggas who start static
It's on now, jet line suits and war boots
Marine green canteen (?) and lime juice
Mausberg the superior
You never heard of a more (?) nigga comin' out the urban area
Fake, fraud, and fictitious
Like som parsley in a Ziploc bag
I got the crown fool, it ain't for grabs
I run through the biggest packs of niggas
With my fists cocked back, and ready for combat

And hit ya, with six blows to ya cranium
I'm the dime nigga
Fuck this rap hunch niggas, I'm gainin' em
It's the Y2K, but the glitch is in this bitch niggas
Don't want to ride with they own kinda niggas
Me and Quik bout to take it to the limit
Erasin' all coward ass punks and gimmicks
We the realest for real

Chorus 2x
I'm still sportin' gray jeans with the black and white Polo's
With the chucks cut lo do's
Niggas thought that I was goin' Hollywood
After rhythmalism
But all that taught me was to keep it realism
Give a pound to my real thugs
Use a jimmy when I fuck a bitch
Stay away from unknown drugs
But unlike y'all, bitch made, don't know where you from
Lyin' on your records about niggas you done
Fuck what happened to Cavaricci jeans and backpacks
Where you get them khakis and that dog patch
You ain't no gangsta
You only get in to fit in
Take yo ass to the circus with your family and friends
'cause i'm too rough, too (?), too rugged for y'all kind
And I gotta keep them cowards from crossin' the red line
Pointe blank, niggas'll do whatcha do
But keep in mind when you come across the Berg you're through

Chorus 3x

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