

N.S.E.W.

Disturbing Tha Peace

Just get on down

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Just get on downNorth, North, South, South, East, East, West, West

North, North, South, South, East, East, West, West

North, North, South, South, East, East, West, West

North, North, South, South, East, East, West, WestShit, Got a nigga gone off a fifth of Van Gogh and apple juice

Throw up a deuce, keep my hat banged to the left and ain't scared to act a fool

So what you gon' do, you betta not speak unless spoken to 'cause I bust that shit'it

Dump that Philly, out that back door of the 'Lac wit a yak, gettin' drunk off in it

Through the Chi like North, North, South, South

Niggas talk shit put that work in they mouth

In the East, East, West, West, niggas bust back put a slug in ya chest

'Cause I'm hood, hood, gutter, gutter

Shawty got juice like a muh'fucka

Hood of the hustlas and bloodsuckas

Back in the bricks with that woodNorth, North, South, South, East, East, West, West

North, North, South, South, East, East, West, West

North, North, South, South, East, East, West, West

North, North, South, South, East, East, West, WestStepped in the spot, buyin' yak wit my balla camp

All them bitches holla'n 'bout is (Where them fuckin dollas at)

Yeah, I got them hoes, I got them O's, I got elbows for the low

And yeah, I got white fo's, I got black fo's, I got crack weed on the floor

So get on your grind, get off them lines, get on mine let ya mind take course

See I dip and I ride, switchin the tires, whippin' the Five 85 Chevy Sport

See if you got 16's, I will make that pliz'ay

And I'm dressed like a dope boy, throwin' up them triz'eyesEast side, whole Masterfield rainbow

Flat soles, kinda roll where them thangs blow

Good wood, not wastin' that payroll

Five hoes, trap boys got breakfast

My size got air nigga rep that

We ride, rock sells, you can bet that

Car is a Cutlass, pistol is a must bitch

Let a nigga know that his head I will bust quick

Some slum niggas know what I'm talkin' 'bout

Lil Rob fillin' hoes in the parkin' lot
Gimme head while I'm bustin' that two track
It was 12, hit the fence, never looked back
Big thug, hit clubs in the big boy
Dollar Boy, let 'em know how to rip folk
If a bitch broke, gotta let her slide, though
2-0 represent East side hoNorth, North, South, South, East, East, West, West
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North, North, South, South, East, East, West, West
North, North, South, South, East, East, West, WestYeah, I'm up in the club, 4 whippin' up, stowin' up pitchfork
(What, what)
Tupac, I'm a rider, hoppin' out, Gangsta Crip Disciples (Yeah!)
While the side of the club is dressed in Blood colors, waitin' on a sign to (Yeah!)
Pull out the gats and attack on them boys that thought that the drama couldn't happen
They blastin' and screamin', we ain't friends, ain't no need to pretend
(Shawty!) Revenge on my mind for my homey that got killed last weekend
His brains was left leakin' while his body got cold
Now it's y'all life that y'all owe
Time to even the score, case closedNorth, North, South, South, East, East, West, West
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