

# Violence

## Brigada Flores Magon

Huh, okay, put the kids to bed  
Put 'em to bed now  
I said put 'em to bed now  
Do it, yeah, yeah, it's goin' down  
DipSet, bitch, Juelz Santana, ay  
Grip to it, kick to it  
Fuck that, spit to it  
Sorry people, party people  
This ain't kids music  
Nope, this is violence  
(Violence, violence)  
This is violence  
(Violence)  
Violence  
The champ is back  
(Yup)  
This is my anthem track  
(Yup)  
This wasn't made for to dance  
Or for your hands to clap  
This that  
Gutter, gutter motherfucker  
(Ay)  
This that  
Get your knife, time to gut a motherfucker  
(Ay)  
They hand you the snub dismantle your mug  
A headshot have you looking like you shampoo with blood  
The vandalous thugs, the scandalous thugs  
That go to your block, piss on the spot where your candle's put up  
This ain't no damn push music, or no hammish music  
This ain't party time, it's army time ambush music  
This that cripple fly, kill a guy, full blown gorilla-fied  
Don't go in the club if you can't get your clip inside music  
This that half a pound, back 'em down, ask around  
Nobody say nuttin' 'cause they know they gon' get gatted down music  
That pop and squeeze, lots of screams, guess what  
Coppers, we ain't never forgot about Rodney King music  
Grip to it, kick to it

Fuck that, spit to it  
Sorry people, party people  
This ain't kids' music  
Nope, this is violence  
(Violence, violence)  
This is violence  
(Violence)  
Violence  
Let's get ready to rumble  
(Yup)  
This that gritty, gritty for shizzy y'all  
(Yup)  
For shizzy, nizzy, I'll kill a nigga, he piss me off  
(Ay)  
Heat him down, keep the pound, see him now, beat him down  
I ain't talkin' 'bout a bush when I say he'll get beat around music  
He ain't actin' right, grab and fight, stab him right  
Show dude old school snatches at taxes night  
Sip sizzurp, smoke weed, X up, Coke, please  
Dope fiends, get a load of this new codeine  
That music, crack music, peel a nigga cap to it  
No reason at all this music is that stupid  
(Ay)  
It's the code of silence  
(No, it's)  
Spoken silence  
Right now I am promoting violence  
(Ay)  
Why shouldn't I get the vest and spit the thing?  
(Ay)  
When y'all promote cigarettes and nicotine  
(Ay)  
And y'all hope we stop it  
Y'all told me stop it  
Y'all the ones that keep promoting violence  
(Ay)  
Grip to it, kick to it  
Fuck that, spit to it  
Sorry people, party people  
This ain't kids' music  
Nope, this is violence  
(Violence, violence)  
This is violence  
(Violence)  
Violence

This the shit that the gangstas love

Stomp out a gang of bud

Squeeze off a gang of slugs

We gotta vacate the club

(Music)

That's how the gangstas does

Shanking O.J., a thug

Go get your glock and let it pop

Just like Bacon does

(Music)

We the few left that does what we do best

This here, get clear illegal in the U.S.

I overdosed the injection that leave you posted and deaded

This so gangsta, they can't make a radio edit

This that act correct 'cause I ain't got to pack a Tec

I could just snap my hand and have a nigga snap ya neck

This the talk is cheap, so I let the luger speak

Pump the torch, then dump the corpse off in Dawson's Creek

The O.G. killer is back

So if you're living is whack

Come see me, little nigga, I'll give you a gat like

(Here)

Here's a hammer nigga

(Here)

Go hurt a nigga

(Here)

Go jam a nigga

(Here)

Go murk a nigga

Grip to it, kick to it

Fuck that, spit to it

Sorry people, party people

This ain't kids' music

Nope, this is violence

(Violence, violence)

This is violence

(Violence)

Violence

Grip to it, kick to it

Fuck that, spit to it

Sorry people, party people

This ain't kids' music

Nope, this is violence

(Violence, violence)

This is violence

(Violence)  
Violence

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>