

# Shut 'em Down

## Do Or Die

Sip on some gin and act the fuckin' clown  
If chiefs ain't gonna get them bitches  
Then watch how fast I shut 'em down  
Since half a block and they gonna said I'm shot  
Like they ain't seen a mothafucka  
Standing out all night, slanging rocks  
Oh, I suppose to say and fuck the hoe  
But they don't know Beelow gonna  
Take this glock and introduce it  
Through they fucking door  
It's time for war well, I ain't backing up  
See one more nigga serving rock  
Is the last time 'cuz he's packing up  
A guerrilla shit nigga where your heart is at this shit for real  
Serve a nickel or dime, I'll mob on, bitch, you betta shoot to kill  
Or walk the fuck off alive shut down your spot  
Don't smell the fuck off your scent, from blocks and blocks  
Money to be made and we gonna make it  
But how in the fuck would I let you  
And finally let no other mothafucka take it  
So I'm taking packs like I was off the shit  
Nigga he balled a fist, the one on the right  
Came with a swing so I can toss the bitch  
Lesson 3, put on sheet so they can take 'em off  
A real killa and although I know his dick is soft  
17 shots, cause family visited his fucking town  
In the city of Chi, where mothafuckas born to clown  
17 shots cause family visited his fucking town  
In the city of Chi where mothafuckas  
17 shots cause family visited his fucking town  
In the city of Chi where mothafuckas born  
Go pound for pound and mess with clip, let's go to war  
Over money and power you got to know just what you dying for  
I know this shit is just some ground  
After yours and mines be here when we gone  
But for now you got to shut this mothafucka down  
Now if the bitches try to clown  
Shut 'em down  
And if they step on your toes

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Now if them bitches try to clown  
Shut 'em down  
And if they step on your toes  
Shut 'em down  
Open your eyes to some real shit  
Where nigga be packed with real clips  
And if you flip that clip betta leave your ass in danger  
Increase my anger get more tied you betta close shot  
Niggas at your set ready to kill your whole block  
And this shit won't stop until I give that last word  
Coming at my birds you get what the fuck you deserve  
An empty tip with no customers in your gang ways  
Could avoid that shit and still be out here getting paid  
You let a nigga from that joint run your fucking life  
You tell 'em this it's you that got to pay the price  
So save your life, you got a betta chance to relocate  
Make one mistake I'ma send you to that resting place  
Start having bad dreams, waking up in the mad scenes  
Fuck with this killa, I don't think you know what it means  
This shit I die for, shit I make you cry for  
He ain't such a shit but it's the same nigga you lied for  
Ain't this some shit took ya life with 4 rounds  
Take over ya spot and now we got to shut 'em down  
Ain't this some shit took ya life with 4 rounds  
Take over ya spot and now we  
Ain't this some shit took ya life with 4 rounds  
Take over ya spot and now we got to shut 'em down  
Some bitch be claiming sex  
Now striping 'em down with shit to do for niggas  
You can't be true with a nigga so what you do  
For niggas is come clean  
And I'll be flipping through the bud and holsters  
Search all the working with all with working with no love  
And pop that ass with one slug, ugh  
It's getting outta hand 'cuz you fucking with some idle  
I'll have it all  
So that they ready to fall and put some names across the wall  
How do it feel when you fucking with those veterans  
They told the men shut down his body now we back again  
With about 10 plates to make you vomit in your own hands  
You and all men mamma say stay outta the business of grown man  
The choice was yours and now you're zero in 4 days  
Got nigga from the old days who kill in cold ways  
We giving 'em work and now they wanna bring it to the tape

Mothafuck your name, mothafuck your reputation  
We giving 'em work and now they wanna bring it to the tape  
Mothafuck your name, mothafuck your reputation  
We giving 'em work and now they wanna bring it to the tape  
Mothafuck your name, mothafuck your reputation  
Now what you in is a lot of bullshit  
Got nigga running around like cheated  
With 9 millimeters and a full clip, ugh  
I grab the hitman by his mouth  
I'll ride ya, dodge ya and slide ya to your death with no regrets  
I touch his neck, his pulse is gone  
I shuts him down, I shuts him down, I shuts him down  
Now if the bitches try to clown  
Shut 'em down  
And if they step on your toes  
Shut 'em down, shut 'em down  
Now if them bitches try to clown  
Shut 'em down  
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