

Shut Em Down

Do or Die

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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
Shut 'em down 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 momma 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
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And if they step on your toes
Shut 'em down, shut 'em down Shut 'em down, shut 'em down, shut 'em down
Shut 'em down, shut 'em down, shut 'em down

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