

# Violence (Feat. Bezel)

## Juelz Santana

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[Chorus]  
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)  
ViolenceThe 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 head shot 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[Chorus]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)[Chorus]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

Songwriters

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