

Ghetto 211

Silkk the Shocker

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Master P]
We ain't got no money
so me an Silkk gon' hit a crack house for some dope, haha
Muthafuckin police ain't give a fuck,
niggas robbin niggas in the ghetto...
Armed robbery[Silkk the Shocker]
I got twin glock like Tamira and Tia
Nigga tries to step, try to flex, an you'll get X-ed just like Mia
See, I be a gangsta like T, a murdera like C,
when you see me bow down, address me a master like P
My murderistic tactics got niggas stackin off in the bushes, trees
Tryin to get me some G an dope to the hookers
It's time for you to puch out, I'm tuggin up in your time card
WHy you do what you do, because like times hard
It's like here, nigga hop, nigga clips... to the glock
I hits yo' block an watch his shit every stop (It don't stop)
Bitches be like aw, off of some dumb shit, I runs this
Nigga T-R-U's my click when I come thick I cruise wit
(TRU!) a gang of niggas
that be down to ride on yo' set
Niggas be trippin, cock the teck, an we ride wit yo' bet
Best believe I clock G's, nigga no dice, I time the blast,
I smash, I'm up in your houseChorus:
'cause I'm a hustler, 'cause I'm a killa, who gives a fuck
if I murder another ghetto nigga
'cause I'm a hustler, 'cause I'm a killa, who gives a fuck
if I murder another ghetto nigga[Silkk the Shocker]
Taz tries to hit but I be back up out the back route
Me an P countin G's, choppin up keys up in the crack house
The baddest 2 brothers since Billy an Jessie James
P would you blast
(Master P: Hell yeah, Silkk would you blast?)

if the nigga so much as tests me (Bloom!)
 Hits them wit all between the seem
 (Master P: Dump the bitch like Hakeem the Dream)
 I'ma hit that nigga wit 21
 (Master P: Fuck it, I'ma hit him wit 17)
 I got that K with the beam
 (Master P: Fuck it, I'ma get the cream)
 Ain't no wrestlin but these niggas like tag-team
 Be like, 1 for the money
 (Master P: I be like 2 for the dope)
 be like 3 for all my cash
 (Master P: Nigga fuck it, get yo' ass on the flo')
 One eighty-seven that I peels caps
 (Master P: I murder!)
 Niggas get dealt with, nigga hook 'em,
 how you gon' fuck wit niggas we real black
 (Master P: A ghetto robbery)
 an that's how we ride
 (Master P: On a robbing spree from down South to the Wessyde)Chorus[Master P]
 1, 2, 3, it's yo' birthday
 Ain't no love on this muthafuckin first of the month,
 it's yo' last day
 See I be jackin, my nigga Silkk be packin
 I be puttin niggas in body bags, bitch, I ain't actin
 It's no substitutes on this shit, this is the real shit
 fuck what you heard 'cause, nigga, I'm ready to kill a bitch
 You got my cash, gimme the grass, lovin you hoes?
 Kiss my ass, it's nineteen ninty-skrilla, bitches in the body bag
 It's time to spray ya, spray ya out like Calgon
 Ain't no love, murder muthafucka, this ain't no funny farm
 Down South they jackin,robbed, an they packin
 Puttin niggas in muthafuckas trunks of the car, who jackin
 Wanna take a ride, ride around the block,
 it's time to go, ain't no love where I'm from
 Niggas killin for that white snow, an yo' bitch
 I don't love no hoe don't trust no bitch
 She got Master P on her ass an she'll suck my dick (Damn)
 Y'all niggas mad 'cause I'm famous, it's time to ride,
 It's time to ride, ain't no love on the South SideChorus[Master P]
 Y'all niggas better wake-up an smell the muthafuckin coffee
 I'm not tryin to preach to y'all niggas but I'm tellin y'all niggas
 Watch ya ass an trust nobody
 'cause in the ghetto everybody lives like John Gotti
 Nigga comin up shizort, teck-9's to yo' muthafuckin hizeart
 Nigga live an eye for an eye, you fuck me, we gotta fuck you

An like my nigga Silkk said, it's time to ride
I ain't got no money, I might just pull a jack
but that's what I might do
I'm not tellin you to do that, nigga, do what you gotta do
'cause we Bout It! We rowdy!
But who gives a fuck if we kill each other, nigga
Y'all think about it

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