Closin' Down Shop (feat. Soulja Slim and Magic)

C-Murder

Say Magic Slim bro nigga
We gotta go ahead and close that
Little quarter shop we got on Broad
Fuck them niggas watchin' us, bro
We gotta lay low nigga, fuckI'm closin' down shop so clientel stops
Knockin' at my door, fuck no
I don't have no more delays not bein' sold
'Cause it's too hot plus I'm on paroleI'm closin' down shop so clientel stops
Knockin' at my door, fuck no
I don't have no more delays not bein' sold
'Cause it's too hot plus I'm on paroleIt's twelve in the noon, I'm just wakin' up from a flight
Hicks been knockin' at my door all goddamn night
And my hoe she busted talkin' about she tired of that
Deep and down tell her 'bout how much paper we be stackin'
'Cause they run from that smack and that shit I got raw
Don't ya be a dog, this delay might bust your heart
And the niggas that I get it from supplies the city
They got other niggas with it but they bags be shitty
'Cause they tryin' to put too much cut on the dope
To make a little ends but the only person scorin' is they friendsThey got twenty dollar bags they got ten
But now you going, let your boy move all the ends
Now see my clients, they know what the fuck they be buyin'
They be comin', shop be closed and they still be runnin'
Makin' my shop high and they might come kick it in my spot
But I got my shit got 'cause I ain't about doin' no more time
You got on them bullet proof vests I got on mines
Bullets be flyin', flyin'I'm closin' down shop so clientel stops
Knockin' at my door, fuck no
I don't have no more delays not bein' sold
'Cause it's too hot plus I'm on paroleI'm closin' down shop 'cause my clientels gettin' too big
I got these laws on my balls and they sweatin' my shit
Dope fiends knockin' at my door, they got my spot too hot
These suckas runnin' on my colors on my quarter shop
Two baby mommas, four kids, three mack elevens
Three cars, about thirteen boo boo'sI'm just a ghetto superstar on parole
Convicted felon known for 187's and 211's
A young nigga down to do whatever
First and fifteenth checks fix blowin' up my beeper
BooKoo pages new credit, my shit is cut up and ready

I'm on top never drop, pushin' keys that rock
But I gotta close shop 'cause my spots too hotI'm closin' down shop so clientel stops
Knockin' at my door, fuck no
I don't have no more delays not bein' sold
'Cause it's too hot plus I'm on paroleI'm closin' down shop so clientel stops
Knockin' at my door, fuck no
I don't have no more delays not bein' sold
'Cause it's too hot plus I'm on parole
I'm closin' down shopBitches tryin' to catch the wrong niggas, now tell the truth
You ain't hear we came in strapped nigga, react nigga
Watch for me you don't wanna see me last, keep talkin' trash
I'm gonna be the one behind the mask, blastin' at your pussy ass
What? Boy, you disrespect my click, you stupid bitch
I'm about to jump off in your shit
I rumble in the jungle with the fiercist peice alive
Climb the biggest mountain with the highest peaks it highSpoon the biggest ocean with the biggets pocket fish
If I ever hear you speak these filthy words again
I told you mutherfuckers I was comin'
(What?)
I roll with tight mutherfuckers, stop runnin'
(Laugh, gun cock)
Don't move a fuckin' muscle got no time for no wrestlin'
Got no time for no tustlin
Shut it down

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