

Ultimate Shutdown

Do Or Die

Verse one:

This be those zero mutherfuckers and I'm full of that liquor
Man fuck your team fo' they don't make paper
Better roll much quicker
Niggas think I'm token
Cus I'm not workin
And he ain't gonna setup shop
If I die tonight then I pay the price
But he ain't gonna take my block
Mutherfuck them down
Just give 'em them pack
They'll keep on comin
If a nig try to clown
Then I swear on mom
Better keep on runnin
Ya call yo' man
I'ma call me man
Then see what an eye fo' an eye fo'
Kill one i'ma kill ten
And thier whole damn mob
Prepare to die fo'
Keep one in the hole
Better get your jack
Cus I'm real when I roll
When I'm up in a bowl
Woulda hit him in the dark
And in the light
I still wont miss
With a gat an ???
Muthafucker I'm a go-getter
Hit a nigga in the spot
And that's so bitter
If a nigga ain't a man
He'll fo' fitter
All them eyes on yours
So you know strillah
To a po' killa
Think I'm doped gettin hype
Trippin fiend bout to explode

Dressed up black clothes
An layin them hoes
Tight when the bus gonna get low
Cus ??

Let's work from the fo' fo'
Blew the mutherfuckin' head

Like a mojo
She smelled like ho-bo
Shes scattin' dirt
Gettin work for the po-po
Shut em down

Chorus:

Go on nigga nigga do 211
Game mak-make 'em do 187
Shut that bitch down
Shut that bitch down
Were dat nigga now
Were dat nigga now

Go on nigga nigga do 211
Game mak-make 'em do 187
Shut that bitch down
Shut that bitch down
Were dat nigga now
Were dat nigga now

Go on nigga nigga do 211
Game mak-make 'em do 187
Shut that bitch down
Shut that bitch down
Were dat nigga now
Were dat nigga now

Go on nigga nigga do 211
Game mak-make 'em do 187
Shut that bitch down
Shut that bitch down
Were dat nigga now
Were dat nigga now

Verse two:

Now it's my ??? brother
Older niggas and g's
For sellin weed on my spot
But how in the fuck
You gonna work my block
Im supposed to be supreme chief
In this area
And since you didn't get up with me

Mutherfucker im'a bury ya
The bigger the merrier
I stack more g's
So I'm ahead of ya

Im bettin ya
The average field of a thousand niggas
Ain't scared of ya
So you have that nerve
To cross the nation with your bitch ass
Only got one proof
That's why you kiss ass
Cover your face
While you get blast
Them unseen murderer's
Come in a dark mask
So drop your glock before
That toe done tagged
Or get smashed
I'ma make them
Feel a hundred of berrettas
Through they sweater
I told you I was goin' get ya
And knock you out the picture

Chorus

Verse three:

Now gettin my sack
Get a mutherfucker whacked
Kill a mutherfuckin nigga
Over two keys
If the bitch got beef with a nigga
Its the nigga ? ?
And I'm all in the face with uzi
Shut the trick down
Where the bitch now
? ? ? cuts them all and the bitch down
Lookin for the young punk
Put em all in the trunk
Get assault with pump
Cus they trick made
Nigga all them flyin
Dope fiends shy'in
Callin security
It's just ya punk ass
Just ain't feelin me

Where dat nigga now
Shut that bitch down
Shut that bitch down

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