

# N.S.E.W.

## Disturbing tha Peace

North, North, South, South, East, East, West, West  
Shit, Got a nigga gone off a fifth of Fayos and apple juice  
Throw up a deuce, Keep my hat banged to the left and ain't scared to act a fool  
So what you gone do, you betta not speak unless spoken to cause I bust that shit  
Dump that Philly, I could back dro wit a lac wit a yak, gettin drunk off in it  
Through the Chi like North, North, South, South  
Niggas talk shit put that work in they mouth  
In the East, East, West, West, niggas bust back put a slug in ya chest  
Cause I'm hood, hood, gutter, gutter  
Shauna got juice like a muh'fucka  
Hood of the hustlas and bloodsuckas  
Back in the bricks wit that goodFep, in the spot, buyin yak wit my balla camp  
All them bitches holla'n bout is (Where them fuckin dollas at)  
Yeeah, I got them hos, I got them O's, I got Air phones for those hos  
And yeeah, I got white phones, got black phones, I got crack weed in the floor  
So get on the grind, Get on some lime, Get on mine, let ya mind take course  
Got dip in the ride, Switchin the tires, Whippin the fire 85 Chevy Sport  
See if you got 16's, I will make that pliz'ay  
And I'm dressed like a dope boy, throwin up them triz'eyes East side, whole Masterfield rainbow  
Flight soles, kinda roll where them thangs blow  
Good wood, not wastin that payroll  
Five hos trapped, boys got rappers  
My size got air nigga rep that  
We ride, rock sells and I bet that  
Car is a gutless, pistol is a must bitch  
Let a nigga know that his head I will bust quick  
Some slum niggas know what I'm talkin bout  
Lil rob fillin hos in the parkin lot  
Gimme head while I'm bustin that two track  
It was trill, hit the fence, never looked back  
Big thug, hit clubs in the fifth book  
Dollar Boy, let em know how to rip folk  
If a bitch broke, gotta let her slide, though  
2-0 Represent East side hoHell, I'm up in the club, 4 whippin up, just throwin up pitch forks to (what, what)  
Tupac, I'm a rider, hoppin out, Gangsta crip disciples (Yeeah!)  
Wilin on the side of the club and dressed in blood colors, waitin on a sign to (Yeeah!)  
Pull out the gats and attack on them boys that thought that  
(They thought it couldn't happen)  
They blastin and screamin, we ain't friends, ain't no need to pretend  
(Shawty!) Split the mens, for my homey that got killed last weekend

His brains was left leakin while his body got cold  
Now it's y'all life that y'all owe  
Time to even the score, case closed

Lyrics provided by  
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