## R.P.M.

## **Disturbing tha Peace**

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Shawnna kick hot shit for bitches that got they baby daddies locked In the pen' gonefittin to rock cause he did wrong Run up on the cops and he hit 'em with the glock with his wig gone Sellin rock on the big phone In the projects niggaz run up on your set with the tech' out Leave you wet with you chest out Killer niggaz realer niggaz have a nigga fill a never realer nigga Drill a nigga fuckin with a villian never spill a nigga Fuck that! Nigga bust back, we in the 'Llac Me and my bitches all strapped Puffin the sack and we be sippin on 'gnac Fittin to react, and pop a nigga for them stacks (OOH-OOOH!) Niggaz I'm with they put the fifth to your whole melon Now with the murderers are known felons I gotta pop a nigga drop a nigga rock a nigga shock a nigga Lock a nigga fuck a nigga, cop the floppin nigga Roll for my bitches that be droppin in the strip clubs Tryin get 'em a lil' somethin If you gotta take it off, take it off like a boss for the big ones Then you get you a big gun Motherfuckers from the Chi like to put it yo' eye if it's on bitch Put it straight to yo' dome heads Now you fuckin with them gangsters, ballers, hoes, hustlers

I gotta keep the steel steel - in case a nigga wanna get in the way
So now what's the deal deal? On the street you got nothin to say
So when I see him I'ma get him (WHAT!) drill him (WHAT!)
Fill him fill him (WHAT WHAT!)Twista kick hot shit for hoes and thugs
In ghettoes and clubs that get crunkfor my homies locked down
To whoever hurtin in the hood and ballers with 22's on big trucks
To my thugs that call over to they mob
And to the hustlers that be servin hydro and cocaine

Bangers - niggaz that with them real motherfuckers like whoalt's real real - on the block I been up for days

To my niggaz that ain't hoesif they have to
They will steal a nigga touch a nigga check a nigga cut a nigga
Pull the trigger bust a nigga, yellow motherfucker nigga
Ready to fill and spill a drink, I'm drunk go and weed it up
And I'm talkin about go like I'm smokin the bone
Full of some shit that damn sho' wouldn't seed it up
Got you fillin the hole then go see your body
Probably reanimated with all my Legit Ballaz rollin up
Up the streets stuffed the beats

So you see them Navigators, Escalades, Benzes Beamers, Excursions - bumpin systems TV's and them 20's spinnin

Mob for them niggaz that done up off them hard times

K-Town, West side, South side

Murder us for the money that's why I'm known to kick a hard rhyme

Whatever set you represent throw it up

If you buck or crunk then take yo' motherfuckin shirt off

Dealers get your work offyou wanna party

Full of hustle niggaz killer niggaz gangsta niggaz chill niggaz

Baller niggaz thug niggaz player haters real niggazI'ma kick hot shit for bitches up in the industry tryin to compete me

I'm from the hood South side, West side Where niggaz'll put a motherfuckin slug in my enemy Motown, Pucketown, do or die

The difference between a motherfuckin thug and a gangsta One's thug in a chamber

Get a nigga stick a nigga put him in a ditch and then forget a nigga

Hit a nigga puck a nigga little with the rocker nigga

Puff that say you love that

We in the 'Llac and put the lemon in the 'gnac

Remy and sacks that got me scummy in the back

Puffin the raps that got me layin out slacks

And it's speakin like, "Wow, that, blunt let me hit the weed"

Cause I been feelin like

Fuck a nigga bust a nigga Shawnna never love a nigga Chi about to show the motherfuckers how to rush a nigga

Crush that put it on momma

On everything I got e'rything for the drama, puff marijuana

To the Shawnna and put it on ya

Flows who you froze in a comma

We so relentless, you know Chi up in the business

Flows in yo' dome in an instance

Hoes and them folks and the Mo's and the ki's and the fo's

And the BD's and lows and the fiends and the hoes and God

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