

# Disturbing Tha Peace, Gettin' Some

(feat. Shawnna)

[Chorus]

I was gettin some head  
Gettin, gettin some head  
I was gettin some head  
Gettin, gettin some head  
I was gettin some head head  
Gettin, gettin some head  
I was wit the kinda girl that make ya toes pop

(D.T.P.) I was gettin some head  
(Hustle) Gettin, gettin some head  
(D.T.P.) I was gettin some head  
(Hustle) Gettin, gettin some head  
(D.T.P.) I was gettin some head  
(Hustle) Gettin, gettin some head  
(D.T.P.) I was wit the kinda girl (Hustle) that make ya toes pop

[Shawnna]

You know you niggaz want a bitch like me (Like me)  
Apple bottoms with the wifebeaters, rockin nikes (nikes)  
All the niggaz in the hood wanna call her wifey (Wifey)  
If you got a pretty dollar, then I prolly might be (Might be)  
You niggaz poppin collars while you bitches pop P's  
I'ma do it for my riders who get out and pop E  
Thinkin you can find me, man you need to stop, please  
Catch me flyin through your hood, in a drop top V  
I'm in the pop top 3, and my pops got G's  
See the watch got chilly, and the rocks got freeze  
And ya broads act silly, couldn't jack my steed  
For slippin in your pimpin ma, ya boy chose me  
And now we got 'em "hey lil mama, can you give me a sec  
I got a little somethin somethin bout as big as yo legs"  
This nigga yawnin while he talkin, so I knew he was weak  
And by like six in the mornin, he forgot what he said

[Chorus]

[Shawnna]

You know I keep a 4-5 whoopers in the trunk  
I turn it to the maxim, you can feel it when they bump  
You heard of D.T.P., we give the people what they want  
And when it comes to hustle, yo you know we ain't no punk  
You catch me in the town, we blowin dro and gettin drunk  
And when we hit the party, yo you know we keep it crunk  
Yo nigga actin tipsy on the floor and gettin stomp  
Don't act like you ain't know, now tell yo ho to pass the blunt  
You bitches wanna be cause you know that I'm the shit  
You see me on the TV cause I roll wit Ludacris  
Don't hate Shawnna baby, just be mad at who you wit  
I keep a couple hammers so you know too I'm legit  
Just so you understand, so you know I'm bout the bread (I'm bout my bread)  
And don't you try to play me for a joke about my cash (I'm bout my cash)  
Before I hit the tip and got my heat up out the stash (Up out my stash)  
I hand him on the low, shawty this is what he said (What he said)

[Chorus]

I was... gettin, gettin  
Gettin, gettin some head  
I was... gettin, gettin  
I was wit that type of girl that make ya toes pops

[Chorus]