

Shawna, R.P.M.

(feat. Ludacris & Twista)

Shawna kickn hot shit for bitches that got they baby daddy locked in the pen gone
Finna rock cuz he did wrong
Run up on the cops & he hit em wit the glock wit his wig gone
Sellin rocks in the big phone
In the projects niggaz run up on set wit the tech' out
Leave u wet wit your chest out
Killa niggaz, realer niggaz, have a nigga fill a never realer nigga
Drill a nigga, fuckin wit a villian never spill a nigga
Fuck dat! Nigga bust back, we in the 'Lac
Me & my bitches all strapped
Puffin the sack & we be sippin on 'gnac
Finna react & pop a nigga 4 dem stacks (ooh ooh)
Niggaz I'm wit they put the 5th in yo whole melon
Now wit hte murderers & known felons
I gotta pop a nigga, drop a nigga, rocka nigga, shock a nigga
Lock a nigga, fucka nigga, cop & flop a nigga
Roll 4 my bitches dat be droppin in the strip clubs
Tryna get 'em a lil something
If u gotta take it off, take it off like a boss 4 the big ones
Then u get u a big gun
Mothafuckas from the Chi like 2 put it in yo eye if it's on bitch
Put it straight 2 ya deyon't miss
Now u fuckin with dem gangstas, ballas, hoes, hustlas, bangers
Niggaz with dem real mothafuckas like whoa

[CHORUS x2:]

It's real real
On the block I been up 4 days
I gotta keep the steel steel
In case a nigga wanna get in the way
So now wat's the deal deal
On the street u got nothing 2 say
So when I see 'em I'ma get 'em (wat) drill 'em (wat) fill 'em fill 'em (wat, wat)

Twista kick hot shit 4 the hoes & thugs in the ghettos & clubs dat get crunk
4 my homies locked down 2 whoever hurtin in the hood & ballers wit 22's on big trucks
To my thugs dat call over 2 they mob
And 2 the hustlas dat be servin hydro & cocaine
To my niggaz dat ain't hoes
If dey have 2 they will steal a nigga, touch a nigga, check a nigga, cut a nigga
Pull the trigger, bust a nigga, yellow mothafucka nigga
Ready 2 fill & spill a drink I'm drunk go & weed it up
And I'm talkin about go like I'm smokin the bone full of some shit dat damn sho' wouldn't seed it up
Got u feelin the holyghost see your body probably reanimated wit all my legit ballaz rollin up
Up the streets stuffed the beats
So u see dem Navigators, Escalades, Benzes
Beamers, Escursions bumpin systems, tv's & dem 20's spinnin
Mob 4 the niggaz that done come up off a hard time
K-Town, westside, southside murder us 4 the money dat's why I'm known 2 kick a hard rhyme
Watever set u represent throw it up
If u buck & crunk then take yo mothafuckin shirt off
Dealers get ur work off, u wanna party full of hustle niggaz killer niggaz gangsta niggaz
Chill niggaz balla niggaz thug niggaz playa haters real niggaz

[CHORUS x2]

I'ma kick hot shit 4 bitches up in th eindustry tryna compete me
I'm from the hood Southside Westside where niggaz'll put a mothafuckin slug in my enemy
Motown, Puckettown do or die
The difference between a mothafuckin thug & a gangsta
One's thug in a chamber
Get a nigga, stick a nigga, put him in a ditch & den 4get a nigga, hit a nigga, punk a nigga little

Puff pass say u love dat
We in the 'lac put the lemon in the 'gnac
Remy & sacks that got me scummy in the back
Puffin th eraps dat got me layin out stacks
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 bout 2 show the mothafuckas how 2 rush a nigga
Crush dat put it on momma
On e'rythin I got a thang 4 the drama, puff marijuana
Twista & Shawnna gon throw it on ya
Flows who u froze in a coma
We so relentless, u kno Chi up in the business
Flows in yo dome in an instance
Home of the folks & the Mo's & the kings & the fo's & the BD's & the lows

[CHORUS x2]