Shawnna, R.P.M.~feat. Twista & Ludacris

(Shawnna)

Shawnna kick hot shit for bitches that got they baby daddies locked

in the pen' gone; fittin 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

Bangers - niggaz that with them real motherfuckers like whoa!

(Chorus 2X: Ludacris)

It's real real - on the block I been up for days

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)
Twista kick hot shit for hoes and thugs

in ghettoes and clubs that get crunk; for 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

To my niggaz that ain't hoes; if 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 off; you wanna party

full of hustle niggaz killer niggaz gangsta niggaz chill niggaz

Baller niggaz thug niggaz player haters real niggaz

(Chorus)

(Shawnna)

I'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

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!

(Chorus - repeat 2X)

Flows in yo' dome in an instance