

# Disturbing Tha Peace, DTP For Life

(feat. I-20, Lil' Fate)

[Chorus: I-20]

It's some real niggaz here, it's some real niggaz here  
It's some real, it's some real, it's some real niggaz here  
It's some real niggaz here, it's some real niggaz here  
All the time we steady screamin' DTP for life!

[Verse 1: I-20]

It's clear who on top dawg, I guess I ain't supposed to count  
A 1/4 mill before the deal, my wife was spendin' most of that (yeah!)  
Niggaz buy the bar out, thinkin' they could hang with us  
FUCK it Chaka, buy the club 'cause we brought some change with us  
But if my money wasn't straight, I'd go right back & rob a nigga  
I'm tryna get that Maybach & goin' back to maul the nigga!  
The glock will scare most niggaz, but some will try to act hard  
SK-32, call that shit my black card!  
& everybody want somethin' you can bet yo' life on it  
Some hoes will try to give you head, others put a price on it  
I-Dub, young dealer, know the name & take it down  
Extacy to cocaine, bag it up & break it down  
& yeah this might surprise you, you are being lied to  
FUCK if he real I need some shit that I can ride to  
Bang bang, shoot 'em up, nigga that's the motto here  
Livin' fo' today 'cause you might not see tomorrow here

[Chorus x2: I-20]

[Lil' Fate: talking in background]

Tell 'em, tell 'em!!! Yeeah (yeeah), look

[Verse 2: Lil' Fate]

I ain't gotta try dawg, I can get gangsta too  
The ground'll be Blood red, your face'll be Crip blue  
Can of whoop-ass I'ma open soon as I spot you  
For talkin' all that bullshit off in them interviews  
We ain't gotta rob you, we gettin' money over here  
No album dropped, still shawty is a millionaire  
Put a price on your head if you wanna take it there  
Funeral, front row, mama cryin' +Right Thurr+  
+Jackpot+ took shots and got dropped all because  
He was poppin' off at the mouth like a hoe does  
Bitch you can't expose us, naw it ain't no love  
When you see us in the streets act like you don't know us  
Slim said, "Don't let up!" so I had to stay on him  
Just to set the record straight - this is Lil' Fate, homie  
Only use if you or don't know me to light up the streets  
Better watch your words when you talkin' 'bout Disturbing Tha Peace

[Chorus x2: I-20]

[Verse 3: Ludacris]

Hailin' from Blacklanta Metropolis & hangin' on the block with us  
You don't need laser vision to see it ain't no FUCKIN' stoppin' us  
Keepin' a gang of niggaz that be layin' down that murder game  
Get that ass flame broiled, you SWEAR we worked at Burger King  
Swervin' mane, up and down the block  
Rock, steady cops  
Heavy on the booty of that Chevy please BELIEVE ME!  
Sippin' on that 'Nac  
I'm ready to put a nigga on his belly or his back  
'Cause we ain't goin' down EASY!  
& that's if we go down at all, I'm quick to throw down & brawl  
I'll punch a hater in his throat for talkin' nonsense (blah!)

& we won't back down at all until you back down and fall  
So tell Osama DTP's about that bomb shit (blah!)  
We convicts like Akon & Young Jeez  
I can blow you off the map with two grips & one squeeze (aaahhh!)  
Just for walkin' on my turf you pay fees  
Or get a bullet to yo' teeth, tell these boys to say, "CHEESE!!!"

[Chorus x2: 1-20]