

Disturbing Tha Peace, Family Affair

(feat. Field Mob, I-20, Lil' Fate, Norfclk, Playaz Circle)

[Shareefa:]

Feel like niggaz taking us as a joke
Gotta show 'em whose boss
My team gotta eat

You niggaz be stupid, you come with that beef shit you losing
my squad of Guerillas no questions don't like us then sue us
a natural disaster I follow the footsteps of Luda
it's my time to shine
Don't need no co-signer I speak through my music I'm tighter
than any female in your camp, see I'm taking the title
these ghetto streets, these snakes hating on me
time to expose these chicks underlining me

[Lil' Fate:]

Cheah! Lil' Fate, nigga
G-Road, Southside

You niggaz can't compete, I do this in my sleep
dream about money, laying on million dollar sheets
Look at my feet, Louie, Gucci
to me bathing ain't cheap, truly who he?
Banky ears looking all fruity
ghetto-ass nigga got some money and turned bugee
Look at all them groupies, bopping, jocking
Fuck that shit, Lil' Fate's a problem, and you can't stop him

[Tity Boi:]

I got a buncha shit
I got a buncha shit

Buncha flows, buncha dough, me and a buncha hoes
drop some elbows on to ya, call 'em *Dusty Rhodes*
I done bought alot of ice, I don't fuck with clothes
I was a felon, you see me fail
Now the truck so big I need CDL's
only child that's poverty stricken
Project lifestyle, I will get rid of you nigga
quicker than a sack off in the trap
Do it like the dons do it
serve the next car that come through here

[Dolla Boy:]

We defeated the odds, my squad is the realest
end up reaching the stars, they say the sky was the limit
from the start to the finish the hardest that did it
anything different is not realistic, we're not listening
this is now a intro of a click called DT
Punch you in your shit folk, get wrong, silencer hit home
ugly when they hit home
tell them sucka niggaz we from Southside we been on, we been on

[Brolic D:]

Now I'm the hood's best I dun travel the long road up on this rap quest
strap vest young'n, North Carolina accent
Don't act amped, Mac 10 bring truth with its back stance
black bands on the money knots when I'm in the spot
posted whipping pigeons in the kitchen for them lemon drops
I'll fix ya when I hit ya clip hit ya for your lemon pop
nowadays I ain't on the block pitching but I'm in the spot shifting
for the top and the 6 is from the lot

[Perfect Harmony:]

Oasis of this desert, rap mirage higharchy
KN guns play for the your Suns like Barkley
So don't bother me, we got choppers like west coast or Orange County
born with that norm about me
They be high up like a balcony
inspiration get it out of me especially when they doubting me
I'll never go back to the Bedford Drive way of living
cuz I thrive on precision you're high off wisdom
Yes I am a Christian, I make niggaz listen
how my intermission one time found it's way in prison
cuz I don't act up, make you take a needle on
beam in the mattress. Ya hear me? Yeah!

[Small World:]

Since I been wit a DTP, man everything just been better man
better whips, better chains, better grip in the bank
Extra clips cuz the young boy gun got better aim
Young veteran, let me spell my name, S-M-A-L-L-W-O-R-L-D
you are on to me, cover y'all niggaz in dirt like pottery
My influence on this earth's surface is certain 4.4 certain to blow
you who it's curtains fo' when it's for Kurtis Blows
This here for the world to know, we fixing to blow like Merlin's nose
Twist chicks and curl they toes, then twist and twirl the dro

[Smoke:]

They say roses are red so is the gold on my neck
they say violets are and my diamonds are too
DTP, got me on the bubble like court top
since I met Luda I been playing diamond like shortstops
Sold rock, whiter than Caucasians
yellower than a coward tar hills in my red chain
bluer than Smurfette's face, see through like an X-Ray
thanks to Chak and Jeff lots of wealth
blocks and bells and stock and shares, I'm outta here

[Shawn J:]

Man, when it come to getting head I'm the local champ
the only male that get licked more than a postage stamp
It's the house and my garage, bought caine wit a green card
it's European that means that you're a pe-yon
Punch lines bruise egos, rap Zab Judah
don't get *Furious 2 Fast* and *Crash* like Luda
Get dashed on, Bobby Johnson that ass
got potatoes for haters, niggaz want beef, they get mashed on

You ain't know? Some motherfuckers say DTP, FBI, every motherfucker

[I-20:]

It's the verse that you been waiting on, from the nigga they be hating on
20 is the anchor every bitch is conversating on
Your crib got square feet, too much for me to talk about
you saving for your car note, my driveway's a parking lot
Eastside OG, they hate it when a nigga leave
I'm coming up in this world, you niggaz dry heave
This is my speed I been here from the first day
y'all niggaz can't take our spot, y'all just valets

[Ludacris:]

Motherfuckin right. You betta understand it man, it's a Family Affair
Disturbing Tha Peace. Ludacris on the microphone
And as I told you before, we just getting started
That's right. We don't die, we multiply, nigga
So whoever want it, come on and get it
Whatever you want, we could supply it

That's right dammit
Oh wait a second y'all thought I wasn't gonna rap on this motherfucker too?
I'm the boss nigga, look...

Motherfucker, I'm a monster in this game, I thought I told you before
fans so geeked up you think I sold them some blow
they sowed on the flo', this rap game I'm closing the do'
5 years in a motherfucking row, who want it? I got it
Cuz my raps are chaotic, your face blue like Hypnotiq
cuz I'm a multi-millionaire who still using Ebonics
or country grammar we gon' bananas in South Atlanta
Jesus was a carpenter so we're proud about cocking them hammers. Nigga

I'ma leave you with that, think about. Let's go..