

Disturbing Tha Peace, N.S.E.W.

(feat. Shawwna, Tity Boi, I-20, Lil' Fate)

Just get on down [x8]

[Chorus]

North, North, South, South, East, East, West, West [x4]

Shit, Got a nigga gone off a fifth of Fayo and apple juice
Throw up a deuce, Keep my hat banged to the left and ain't scared to act a fool
So what you gone do, you betta not speak unless spoken to cause I bust that shit'it
Dump that Philly, I could back dro wit a lac wit a yak, gettin drunk off in it
Through the Chi like North, North, South, South
Niggas talk shit put that work in they mouth
In the East, East, West, West, niggas bust back put a slug in ya chest
Cause I'm hood, hood, gutter, gutter
Shauna got juice like a muh'fucka
Hood of the hustlas and bloodsuckas
Back in the bricks wit that good

[Chorus]

Fep, in the spot, buyin yak wit my balla camp
All them bitches holla'n bout is (Where them fuckin dollas at)
Yeeah, I got them hos, I got them O's, I got Air phones for those hos
And yeeah, I got white phones, got black phones, I got crack weed in the floor
So get on the grind, Get on some lime, Get on mine, let ya mind take course
Got dip in the ride, Switchin the tires, Whippin the fire 85 Chevy Sport
See if you got 16's, I will make that pliz'ay
And I'm dressed like a dope boy, throwin up them triz'eyes

East side, whole Masterfield rainbow
Flight soles, kinda roll where them thangs blow
Good wood, not wastin that payroll
Five hos trapped, boys got rapers
My size got air nigga rep that
We ride, rock sells and I bet that
Car is a gutless, pistol is a must bitch
Let a nigga know that his head I will bust quick
Some slum niggas know what I'm talkin bout
Lil rob fillin hos in the parkin lot
Gimme head while I'm bustin that two track
It was trill, hit the fence, never looked back
Big thug, hit clubs in the fifth book
Dollar Boy, let em know how to rip folk
If a bitch broke, gotta let her slide, though
2-0 represent East side ho

[Chorus]

Hell, I'm up in the club, 4 whippin up, just throwin up pitch forks to (what, what)
Tupac, I'm a rider, hoppin out, Gangsta crip disciples (Yeeah!)
Wilin on the side of the club and dressed in blood colors, waitin on a sign to (Yeeah!)
Pull out the gats and attack on them boys that thought that
(they thought it couldn't happen)
They blastin and screamin, we ain't friends, ain't no need to pretend
(Shawty!) Split the mens, for my homey that got killed last weekend
His brains was left leakin while his body got cold
Now it's y'all life that y'all owe
Time to even the score, case closed

[Chorus x2]

[Scratching]