

Disturbing Tha Peace, Play Pen To The State Pe

(feat. Tity Boi, Dolla Boy)

[Chorus - Tity Boi (Dolla Boy)]

Here's a little story, bout some niggas like me
Never shoulda been let out, the elementary
(Dolla Boy, and I'd like to say)
(That I'm the hardest nigga, from around my way)
Here's a little story, bout some niggas like we
Never shoulda been let out, the penitentiary
Tity Boi, and I would like to say
That I'm the slickest hustler, from around my way

[Verse 1 - Tity Boi]

Ay, yo, since I was a youth, I pump weed out
And I been had cash money, before we bought
Wit expectations, and Fed time facing
When I was hanging wit this kid named Jason, wit an accent from Jamaica
My only concern was digits and consumers
'Cause we had this little city, down in Alabama booming
So we just do it, get it like Nike
And even wit this wife beater on, I still got something up my sleeve
It sound so odd, talking bout these guns
'Cause I got a, 3-5-7, 9, and a Mac ele-ven
Get drip, tip-toeing, bout a minute
Doing six with the clip showing, nigga where ya click going
They spreading out, like buck shots
And ain't nobody dying, still alive around here, but Pac
Now we know this story go, so don't worry
Excuse me your Honor, but could ya holla at my nigga for me

[Chorus - Tity Boi (Dolla Boy)]

Here's a little story, bout some niggas like we
Never shoulda been let out, the elementary
Tity Boi, and I would like to say
That I'm the slickest hustler, from around my way
Here's a little story, bout some niggas like we
Never shoulda been let out, the penitentiary
(Dolla Boy, and I'd like to say)
(That I'm the hardest nigga, from around my way)

[Verse 2 - Dolla Boy]

Well I'm Dolla Boy, I got game galore
You may have a lot of game, but I got much more
In that all blue Coupe, parked and run and shoot
Or late nights, throwing rice, shooting dice wit troops
And that diamond in the back, sun roof top
I'm hanging out that bitch, bout to shut down the block
Mmm-mmm-mmm, AK music
Bomb ass track, we put the detonator to it
Nigga get wrong, put the mask on and shoot him
Street corps. nigga, tell his fam'that we sued him
Used to work track, 1,5, on the ruler
But now I'm dropping off, like I'm down wit the Cubans
Straight 8-Grad, in them hard knocks schooling
Intern work, year-round, brick moving
Get to this money, shit real in this music
So get it how you want it, lame nigga don't confuse me

[Chorus - Tity Boi (Dolla Boy)]

Here's a little story, bout some niggas like we
Never shoulda been let out, the elementary
(Playa's Circle, and I would like to say)
(That we the hardest dropping, from around our way)
Here's a little story, bout some niggas like we

Never shoulda been let out, the penitentiary
(Yeah, Southside, about the homies)
[PC shit, Dolla Boy, Playa's Circle]

[Verse 3 - Dolla Boy]
Nigga wanna know, how Dolla does it
The bag way or gram, I need all of my cousins
Lame nigga flexing bout the work, when it wasn't
Didn't think a nigga call the cop, wit a oven
Got enough heat, to cook the hams and the stuffing
Take 22's, knock the berries out ya muffin
Mama said a son, was 6 short from a dozen
Messy to my pills, man get to this money

[Tity Boi]
A 100 miles and running, and ain't no stopping us
My community service, is picking paper up
If the drought end, it's Glocks and mad men
Tech's are blasting, mixed wit mags and Mac 10's
I played in play pens, and stayed in the state pens
Don't think I ain't bigger, because my weight thinner
On 22's is how I carry myself
I'm like, ohh, I might marry myself, yup

[Chorus - Tity Boi (Dolla Boy)]
Here's a little story, bout some niggas like we
Never shoulda been let out, the elementary
... Niggas when you see 'em shorty
Southside, know what I'm mean (Southside)
Here's a little story, bout some niggas like we
Never shoulda been let out, the penitentiary
... (Out the shit) On the dro
That's how we gon' do it shorty

[Dolla Boy talking w/ Tity Boi ad-libing]
Off the real, out the gate nigga
However, in any type of weather