

Disturbing Tha Peace, That's My Shit

(feat. Field Mob, Perfect Harmony, Playaz Circle)

[Chorus: Sean Jay]

This the hardest beat I ever heard
That's my shit, that's my shit nigga, that's my shit
You see them 24's on the curb
That's my shit, that's my shit nigga, that's my shit
You see them big blunts full of herb
That's my shit, that's my shit nigga, that's my shit
Everything I got I worked for
That's my shit, that's my shit nigga, that's my shit

[Verse 1: Sean Jay]

Sean Jay the type to break a hoe, young chasin major dough
Cut the check with DTP now chickens try and play me close
Ballin in the mall with Chaka, shoppin for the latest clothes
Turn your lady to a bopper, watch how I take your hoe
Niggaz see I get that money, now they wanna wait to blow
Underground grindin, perfect timing in a crazy flow
Put Georgia on your mind and now I'm ridin on the radio
Your ass ain't no DJ, my advise stop playin me fore

[Verse 2: Smoke]

I'm ridin in my drop cut, these 24 inch not scrubbin
In my plastic sack, I got more purple than baby bops buddy
So materialistic, we're chopping early today
What rolls around my throat, arm wristed in a bouquet
15's in the back blasting, Peep the candy as I pass em
Watch the chamillion paint flop like Chingy's last album
Cocoa Chanelle frames on woodgrain
Old grain blown thangs on my hip but that's the clips

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Playaz Circle 1]

I'm married to the streets and this beef shit's apart of it
Jumped out with heat, niggaz didn't want no parts of it
Pull up in the club, looking like they wanna start something
Fuckin all these niggaz hoes, that ain't ever dawned on me
Tired of the fussin, bitches blushin, bumrushin
The car treat me like a star but I ain't done nuttin
Summer almost over with but I ain't done frontin
They hate we gettin money, we gon make these niggaz love it

[Playaz Circle 2]

Pay my dues, takin crews, just me and my haitian dudes
Makin loot, even made the news in my gator shoes
Three fifty seven glock, nine, a tech twenty two
Everything I ride in on at least twenty twos
It's hustler music is what you hear in them drug zones
They play it in their chevy loud plus it's a club song
That seven fourty five, that's my whip
The biggest house in the neighborhood, that's my shit

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Perfect Harmony]

I get high like cooling, ruling with the toolin
On a 22, still got that uzi in that hoopty
Niggaz all flashy, showing off their jewelry
Til I shoot it through their heart like cupid
Give it to 'em raw like sushi when I'm back on the groupies
Young nigga with a gun nigga, Norfclk where I'm from nigga
Shut up and roll that blunt nigga and I don't even stunt nigga

Quiet cause I hit them lips, roll up on a nigga with a clip now that's my shit

[Verse 5: Ludacris]

I may be rich but never satisfied, making hoes camera shy
Comin down topping blades, call me The Last Samurai
I'll cut cha, gun butt cha, Knuck ya then buck ya
It calls for Hammer Time if you think we can't touch ya
Cause we too legit to quit, nigga run up on your click nigga
Not action heroes but we all making six figures
So put your choice to it, women get moist to it
A songs worth a million once I lend my fucking voice to it

[Chorus]