

Juelz Santana feat. Bezel, Violence

[Intro: Juelz Santana]

Huh, okay, put the kids to bed

Put 'em to bed now

I said put 'em to bed now!

Do it!

Yeah, yeah

It's goin' down

DipSet, bitch

Juelz Santana

AY

[Chorus]

Grip to it, kick to it

Fuck that, spit to it

Sorry people, party people

This ain't kids' music

Nope

This is violence (violence, violence)

This is violence (violence)

Violence

[Verse 1: Juelz Santana]

The champ is back

Yup

This is my anthem track

Yup

This wasn't made for to dance or for your hands to clap

This that

Gutter, gutter motherfucker AY

This that

Get your knife, time to gut a motherfucker AY

They hand you the snub

Dismantle your mug

A headshot have you looking like you shampoo with blood

The vandalous thugs

The scandalous thugs

That go to your block, piss on the spot where your candle's put up

This ain't no damn push music

Or no hammish (?) music

This ain't party time it's army time

Ambush music

This that cripple fly, kill a guy, full blown gorilla-fied

Don't go in the club if you can't get your clip inside music

This that half a pound, back 'em down, ask around

Nobody say nuttin', cause they know they gon' get gatted down music

That pop and squeeze, lots of screams, guess what

Coppers, we ain't never forgot about Rodney King music

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]

Let's get ready to rumble (yup)

This that gritty, gritty for shizzy y'all (yup)

For shizzy, nizzy, I'll kill a nigga, he piss me off (AY)

Heat him down, keep the pound, see him now, beat him down

I ain't talkin' 'bout a bush when I say he'll get beat around music

He ain't actin' right, grab and fight, stab him right

Show dude old school snatches at taxes night

Sip sizzurp, smoke weed, x up, coke, please

Dope fiends, get a load of this new codeine

That music, crack music, peel a nigga cap to it

No reason at all

This music is that stupid (AY)

It's the code of silence (no it's)

Spoken silence

Right now I am promoting violence (AY)

Why shouldn't I get the vest and spit the thing (AY)

When y'all promote cigarettes and nicotine (AY)

And y'all hope we stop it
Y'all told me stop it
Y'all the ones that keep promoting violence (AY)
[Chorus]
[Verse 3: Bezel]
This the shit that the gangstas love
Stomp out a gang of bud
Squeeze off a gang of slugs
We gotta vacate the club music
That's how the gangstas does
Shanking O.J., a thug
Go get your glock, and let it pop
Just like Bacon does music
We the few left that does what we do best
This here, get clear
Illegal in the U.S.
I overdosed the injection that leave you posted and deaded
This so gangsta, they can't make a radio edit
This that act correct, cause I ain't got to pack a Tec
I could just snap my hand and have a nigga snap ya neck
This the talk is cheap, so I let the luger speak
Pump the torch, then dump the corpse off in Dawson's Creek
The O.G. killer is back
So if you're living is whack
Come see me, little nigga, I'll give you a gat like
Here, here's a hammer nigga
Here, go hurt a nigga
Here, go jam a nigga
Here, go murk a nigga
[Chorus - 2X]