

# Disturbing Tha Peace "Posted"

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**(feat. Shawna)**

*[Shawna talking]*

Posted... aah... mo'fucca...

Posted... ah-ah... mo'fucca...

Posted... haah... mo'fucca...

Posted... c'mon... yo...

*[Verse 1]*

I ain't dat bitch dat'll be in the club

With niggaz actin' like itz sweet in the club

I'll bust a mo'fucca meat in the club

And bitchez steppin' on my feet in the club

Tryina see who they can freak in the club

A mo'fucca wanna speak in the club

Like a mo'fucca really know me in the club

Got my fitted on, chiefin' on leaf in the club

Look around, gotta see who want pee in the club

See them lame niggaz sippin' Don P in the club

When you smellin' 'gnac, matterfact, we in the club

White tee's and them Air Force, deep in the club

Throwin' up a sign, nigga wha, street in the club

Make yo head nod cuz my joint beat in the club

For them niggaz that'd spend they whole week in the club

And the bitchez dat be drunk and wanna beef in the club

And them hataz that'll see they blood leak in the club

You can't breathe in the club

It's called...

*[Chorus]*

Posted...

Post in the back, post in the front

Posted up outside, smokin' a blunt

Post in the window, blowin' tha indo

Post with my kinfolk

Post in the cut

Post in the back, post in the front

Posted up outside, smokin' a blunt

Post in the window, blowin' tha indo

Post with my kinfolk

Post in the cut

*[Verse 2]*

Yo... this nigga said this sound like some ole' N.O.R.E.  
shit  
Yea, I'm fuckin' wit that N.O.R.E. shit  
I'll be dat bitch in the drop-top, aqua-blue, gourmet ??

E'rry nigga finna swore they here  
We on the block and I'm *[Grindin']* Jack  
With a 50-pack and some 20's  
Helicopters on dem hot Bentley's  
Ain't got no time for these bitches cuz it's over now  
You ain't leavin' out in stitchez cuz I'm sober now  
Hittin' Hot 97 with a hundred thou'  
Bring yo main bitch up in it, I'ma run her style  
Yea I'm cocky, thinkin' I plan, well bitch watch me  
Post in the game, my niggaz on bricks got me  
Put it on my kids, I did it for years, mami  
Send it to my nig'z who doin' they biz, papi  
Mo'fucca betta recognize some shit  
Cuz god damn, Def Jam shouldn'ta signed a bitch  
That's why I'm....

*[Repeat Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

When I'm posted in the hood, I'ma bang my shit  
Only real mo'fuccaz get to hang in the brickz  
This fo' ??  
All my thug mo'fuccas keepin' weight on dem Kedz  
It's called posted, nigga betta act like you know the  
gutter  
Posted, niggaz see the Ac and the peanut butter  
Posted, hoody with the black bandanna under  
Posted, lookin' through the back for the undercover  
Posted, even when I'm flippin' the spots  
See the cops on the next block, checkin' my watch  
Coupla shortiez in the parkin' lot, holdin' them rocks  
It's a hood thang nigga, gettin' blown to drop  
We all posted, keep it true, neva forget it  
Nigga, post up, show them mo'fuccaz the bizness  
I'ma post with my niggaz sippin' Remy and Guinness  
All my real mo'fuccaz in the game gone feel this  
It's called...

*[Repeat Chorus 2X]*

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