

Disturbing Tha Peace "We Got"

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I-20

Yeah, I'm on the block that pistol-play a cold blooded
killa/ n*ggas recognize my name/ I-dub, the young
dealer/ you better tell ya' man that wit' the gauges I'm
nice/ I'll shoot up ya'll white shirts until ya'll look like
dice/ but I'm through wit'all the talkin' time to show all
you n*ggas/ I-2-0/ I'm like J-Lo/ goin' through n*ggas/
DTP, we ain't playin' if you try to get our pay & ak's get
2 sprayin' like...../ Bottom line that mean I'm bout it/
any n*gga want it, doubt it/ bust you in the broad day/
on a street that's fully crowded/ find a whole inside ya
chest/ just 4 thinkin' it's rap/ and tell that pretty bitch
thug we got some pretty big gats/ Shawka say I'm shot
out/ & I tend 2 agree/ so you should watch what you
sayin' if it's intended 4 me/ So be careful what you
startin' let my fingers do the walkin'/ & that uzi get 2
talkin' like!.....

Titi Boi

Hammers, jam 'em, snatch 'em, grab 'em, can the
anna'(animosity), f*ck 'em, damn 'em, press 'em, man
'em, scan 'em, tan 'em, heat 'em up/ bake 'em, take
'em, beat 'em up/ I hate a hater, I eat 'em up/
A,B,C,D,E,F/ Shawty is you a G or what?/ Now it's just
me & my nuts that's all I got in this world/ I'm pullin'
pistols out my stomach & throwin' them b*tches up like
"earls"/ servin' the club head shots/ scattered,
covered, run, scramble I'm thirty-eight, Hot wit' a pearl
handle...../ and I'm throwin' techs/ like a NBA ref/
I got all gold guns like they came from Iraq/ artillery/
could it be/ I got all kinds of these pistols/ I point my
gun at ya' homeboy make ya' own folks hitcha/ & ain't
takin' no more pictures if you snap I'm a click any way/
plus I got bullets in the clip the size of Lil' Fate/ & I'm
wavin' choppers like helicopters/ You gon' need hella
doctors when the Glock go!.....

Chingy

Uh, Stay on the set b*tch!/ better watch yo' lip that tech
spit quick/ 20 over thur, Titi over thur, Luda over thur/
Ain't no exit trick/ Us you don't mess wit'/ we got them
guns like action flicks/ Reload wit' the next clip/ I'm the

wrong n*gga 2 flex wit' b*tch/ Come on & test this/ My gun I'm havin' sex wit', sh*t/ Put a bullet in, shoot it out, got them long horns like Texas b*tch/ Look at my necklace/ Make me hit a n*gga, disrespect this clique/ my pistol grip sounds like this...../ Now what?/ Who want they day f*cked?/ When I cock unload that "K" bust but/ Ya'll cowards play tough/ & my peeps we come 2 spray stuff up/ Ya'll lives made up/ like ugly hoes wit' make-up bruh/ We 'a shoot you up then toss yo' ass in a lake tough nut/ My wrist rocky like Sylvester Stallone, so thur4 you should invest in a vest 4 ya' dome/ Cause I know you marks plannin' on gettin' me when I'm landin'/ Peace 2 Nick/ but my cannon go!.....

Ludacris

F*ck a medic we gon' call yo' ass a taxi cab/ Bleedin' so hard you'll need a life size maxi pad/ So flip tha script & tell yo' woman it's yo' time of tha month/ AK47 for tha n*ggas that's really lookin' 4 heaven & a nine 4 you chumps/ Got killas on my squad and I'm tha nicest 1 in my group/ But I got bananas 4 you n*ggas and I ain't talkin' bout fruit/ I'll peel ya cap back/ Wit' tha black mac/ 'Til ya back crack/ Cock tha gat back like.....Clack! Clack! Clack!/ Swallow a hollow/ Make 'em digest wit' tha 50 caliber/ Your future's not lookin' so good/ Tomorrow's not on your calendar, I/ do away wit' tha amateurs they breathin' too long/ I leave 'em coughin' like tha sound effect you hear in this song/ My shotguns are cold and hard but my desert is easy/ & my triggers are always talkin' about some, "squeeze me, squeeze me"/ & 4 these fakers talkin' greasy I'm startin' tha show/ My uzi got a drum roll it goes!...../ Uh, Yeah!

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