

Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine

"The Shivers"

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(Intro: Chain Gang Platune)

Yeah dog man, youknowhat!msayin'?
Fuck all you motherfuckers that wanna call the police
on us
and shit, when we tryin' to get our motherfuckin' loot
youknow!msayin'?
(What, what?) Fuck y'all (What?) youknow!msayin'?

(Treach)

You can rap, you can sing, see it ain't no thing
Cause every nigga in my click is first nigga to swing
Place the call, make you fall, we can break them all
Cause every nigga we control, first nigga to roll

(Chorus: Treach)

So fuck the shivers, the Chain Gang delivers
KABOOM!! The whole room the platune don't give a
nigga what?
Your whole style got too much cut, nigga what?
Pick up your guns now WHAT THE FUCK!?!

(Chain Gang Platune)

I get the fuck up, your truant lifestyle, let's rough
I'm even gon' be rich or poor, dead or handcuffed
Niggas bust (BACK) but miss, and now the war is on
and we gon' celebrate when you get murdered,
deceased and gone
Retaliation is a must when you fuck with us
Tell me what was on your mind when you loaded your
pistol up?
Was it some gangsta shit, that couldn't been it (nah,
that ain't it)
Cause you bust four shots and still missed, now dig
this
Don't know your name, but know your face
You made a mistake now you must be erased
Really though, I'm loc'ed, go, deranged, sick and
insane
Drop rights, to start more fights than Mills Lane

(Chorus: Treach)

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(Chain Gang Platune)

Voluptuous vixen, wear my dime pair, watch it like
Nixon
Niggas mad cause they can't put restrictions
they know we fixin', to put the Chain team in the main
stream
Cut the bad blood like gang green, lyrical vaxine
Injected by this mind specimen, my Oestrogen
make the best of men guess again, I'm fresh in wind
Consumed by the date stamp, tramps get amped
cause they can't cramp the camp, we leave 'em damp
Got them scared stiff like mannequins
Keep 'em panicin', then we vanishin' into the world at
large
The Chain Gang Platune be the head niggas in charge

(Chain Gang Platune)

I serve to protect, self ??? on police premises
Break bones as rug-be-snug, slugs being sold and
printless
Stay spittin' at your divisions, hit your visions
Chain but automatic interest got taste for higher proof
liquors
If it gets adventures, affective niggas, arrest
resistance
Timper screamin' that deaf vast words splintered
without the whispers
Connects got prices for product, but Tune fathers
vanish
Rock the cuts now I control sonic voices like ???
A thugs' mug shots' worth dollars
Holla, we strange drama killers, can't stop the
for pain is absolute vodka, tre, confrontation watch
man
for the progress of nation, yo I'm eatin' through your
concentrations...

(Treach)

I'm comin' out combat and com-bows
Competition is a combination of combustion
Too valuable for commandin' nothin'
I continue cuttin' destruction's smokin' or choke
eruptions
from California to Connecticut, I can hear the functions
Continue the Lexus, (Spanish) tell them (Spanish)

Category code of the street let's see the next day
The Cruddy Click clicks and classics k-kloaw
Cause it's beef on the streets then kick, kick the cow
Catapult and critters kick 'em, quickers clap
Cookin' trio's like Crio, I'll split that ass that go show
your crack
The killer cultural when I'm gun away to ???
Since you got murdered they left you, the bitches who
said you deserved it

(Treach)

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(Chain Gang Platune)

Guess who speak the truth? I see the noose when the
tongue get loose
Neck choke, for the wrong shit you spoke
took the wrong approach invincible
With the writin' utensil, convincin' you
on instrumentals my moody mental, sets the tempo
Abdul of the mic, but your flow
Slice and dice a extra nice, a writer from the deathest
cypher
Jersey believes 'em right, but Chain Gang with the sane
slang
Crazy, deranged, strange, with a sharp aim
and shootin' range as deep as Danny maintain gets
forfeited
When we show up to play the sport
niggas show the military support and fight for what you
brought up
Play to a good battle, battle and got grazed
in the heart of New Jersey - straight land of the crazed
Bad blood boils and picky goals will destroy you
Fans, straight hand me the jams to unemploy you
Yo, so you better keep it real right and tight
Or that spotlight might only last for one night, aight!

(Treach)

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