

C-Bo

"Closin Down Shop"

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Intro (Talking)

C-Murder:

Say Magic, Slim bro, nigga we gotta go ahead and
close that little

Quarter shop we got on Broad, fuck them niggas
watchin us bro we
Gotta lay low nigga fuck

Hook

Soulja SLim:

I'm closin' down shop so clientel stops
Knockin at my door fuck no
I don't have no more dealys not bein sold
Cause it's too hot plus I'm on parole x2

Soulja SLim:

It's twelve in the noon, I'm just wakin' up from a flight
Hicks been knockin' at my door all goddamn night
And my hoe she busted talkin' about she tired of that
Deep and down tell her bout how much paper we be
stackin'
Cause they run from that smack and that shit I got raw
Don't ya be a dog, this dealy might bust your heart
And the niggas that I get it from supplys the city
They got other niggas with it but they bags be shitty
Cause they tryin' to put too much cut on the dope
To make a little ends but the only person scorin' is they
friends
They got twenty dollar bags they got ten
But now you going let your boy move all the ends
Now see my clients they know what the fuck they be
buyin'
They be comin shop be closed and they still be runnin
Makin' my shop high and they might come kick it in my
spot
But I got my shit got cause I aint about doin no more
time
You got on them bullet proof vests I got on mines
Bullets be flyin, flyin

Hook

Soulja SLim:

I'm closin' down shop so clientel stops
Knockin at my door fuck no
I don't have no more dealys not bein sold
Cause it's too hot plus I'm on parole

C-Murder:

I'm closin' down shop cause my clientels gettin too big
I got these laws on my balls and they sweatin' my shit
Dope fiends knockin' at my door, they got my spot too hot
hot
These suckas runnin' on my colors on my quarter shop
Two baby mommas, four kids three mack elevens
Three cars about thirteen boo boo's
I'm just a ghetto superstar
On parole, convicted felon known for 187's and 211's
A young nigga down to do whatever
First and fifteenth checks fix blowin up my beeper
Bookoo pages new credit, my shit is cut up and ready
I'm on top never drop pushin keys that rock
But I gotta close shop cause my spots too hot

Hook

Soulja SLim:

I'm closin' down shop so clientel stops
Knockin at my door fuck no
I don't have no more dealys not bein sold
Cause it's too hot plus I'm on parole x2
(Magic laughs)
I'm closin down shop...

Magic:

Bitches tryin to catch the wrong niggas, now tell the truth
You aint hear we came in strapped nigga, react nigga
Watch for me you don't wanna see me last, keep talkin' trash
I'm gonna be the one behind the mask, blastin' at your pussy ass
What, boy you disrespect my click you stupid bitch
I'm about to jump off in your shit
I rumble in the jungle with the fiercest peice alive
Climb the biggest mountain with the highest peaks it high
Spoon the biggest ocean with the biggest pocket fish
If I ever hear you speak these filthy words again
I told you muther fuckers I was comin (what)
I roll with tight muther fuckers, stop runnin'
(laugh, gun cock)
Don't move a fuckin' muscle got no time for no wrestlin'
Got no time for no tustlin'

Shut it down

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