

N.E.R.D.**"This That Shit"**Visit "[This That Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Up early in the mornin through the break a night
Niggaz be on the block uptight gettin knives ready to
fight
And release, anger from the belly of the beast
Like work release, on the fuckin police
I'll percussion bodies like drums and tracks
And break backs a six maniac, poppin they gums and
facts
I bugs the clubs runnin with thugs
Makin niggas bite the bullet and hug the slugs
Ya whole genetics is pathetic
Got me ready to set it, on a shot M1 type wetted
But instead I blow you buck fifty cross the face
For tryin to look hard in the first place
I need beer and a lotta noise in my ear
In a rowdy atmosphere to even think clear
And all praises due to the LOD's and
fuck the COPS who try to lock us up and throw away the
keys

CHORUS:

Now this goes out to my niggas on lockdown
and all my niggas on the streets, This That Shit
(repeat 4X)

I gets to flippin and the phoney can't hold me
Like dyslexia on cerebral palsey with styles, y'all
niggas know me
and howl drop, physical science on your whole alliance
Try it, what? I Shoot to Kill like motherfuckin Mad Lion
Who is this doin this emphatic type a disco alpha beta
funkadelic fuckin emphasis, from the funk abyss
Blowin up the spot with the pump-rump
Shakin pistol grip, losin niggas in the plot
I got you out there like Sonny and Cher
I don't give a fuck niggaz goin make me hurt some'in
up in here
You get that ass kicked quick fast in a hurry
tryin to ready the mad styles of Mr. Keith Murray
Tryin to step up to my respected bass and treble level

Will get your head beat in with a shovel
And the only thing that could stop me from gettin
sloppy
is when the hook comes in by the E-double

CHORUS

I'm sick, I kick the type of shit that make you violent
Make the jails crowded, and have everybody talkin bout
it
See I be universally, university
purposely droppin it, psychomatically
Where I'm from is only real hard times
So when I bust on the mic I bust with real hard rhymes
And I'm strapped, with a posse that's ready to snap
And a nigga who make beats like we live in rap
You get do fiend on the scene please
I spread MC's like some old crazy skin disease
Operation murderation radication on your whole staff
Tryin to find your way down Carlton Ave

CHORUS

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