

**P.O.D.**  
**"Shut Up"**

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Yo it's a lotta niggas bangin' the realest that ain't worth  
it  
You bein' fake  
You're fuckin' with Mausberg the Great  
The king of the block  
Lickin' hot shots to keep the pesticides off my jock  
Well if it's on then it's on  
I'm bustin' with the black and the chrome  
Black tech gangsta, platinum crowns on my dome  
You wanna rumble, chuck em around with the superb  
Come up show, chain tokin' all your herb  
I'm'a (?) this nigga with (?) in the game  
And this bullet goes out to niggas bitin' my name  
Thought it was subliminal, but real doggs recognize  
them thangs  
That's why your chronic bout to change the game  
Certified bet, before my album even pop  
And fuckin' with Quik, that's certified platinum when I  
drop  
And I'm callin' out competitors, lettin' you know  
If you fuck with the Berg I gun ya down fo sho

CHORUS (x2)

Shut up, nigga  
You're fuckin' with my name 'stead of my game  
Fuckin' with my fame  
Shut up nigga  
And mind your own  
Before you can't find your own

Ey yo I keep a full metal jacket  
The opposite of a bad habit  
Medicatin' niggas who start static  
It's on now, jet line suits and war boots  
Marine green canteen (?) and lime juice  
Mausberg the superior  
You never heard of a more (?) nigga comin' out the  
urban area  
Fake, fraud, and fictitious  
Like som parsley in a Ziploc bag

I got the crown fool, it ain't for grabs  
I run through the biggest packs of niggas  
With my fists cocked back, and ready for combat  
And hit ya, with six blows to ya cranium  
I'm the dime nigga  
Fuck this rap hunch niggas, I'm gainin' em  
It's the Y2K, but the glitch is in this bitch niggas  
Don't want to ride with they own kinda niggas  
Me and Quik bout to take it to the limit  
Erasin' all coward ass punks and gimmicks  
We the realest for real

Chorus 2x

I'm still sportin' gray jeans with the black and white  
Polo's  
With the chucks cut lo do's  
Niggas thought that I was goin' Hollywood  
After rhythmalism  
But all that taught me was to keep it realism  
Give a pound to my real thugs  
Use a jimmy when I fuck a bitch  
Stay away from unknown drugs  
But unlike y'all, bitch made, don't know where you from  
Lyn' on your records about niggas you done  
Fuck what happened to Cavaricci jeans and backpacks  
Where you get them khakis and that dog patch  
You ain't no gangsta  
You only get in to fit in  
Take yo ass to the circus with your family and friends  
Cuz i'm too rough, too (?), too rugged for y'all kind  
And I gotta keep them cowards from crossin' the red  
line  
Pointe blank, niggas'll do whatcha do  
But keep in mind when you come across the Berg  
you're through

Chorus 3x

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