Simple Plan "Ultimate Shutdown"

Visit "Ultimate Shutdown" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse One:

This be those Zero mutherfuckers and I'm full of that liquor

Man fuck your team fo' they don't make paper

Better roll much quicker

Niggas think I'm token

Cus I'm not workin

And he ain't gonna setup shop

If I die tonight then I pay the price

But he ain't gonna take my block

Mutherfuck them down

Just give 'em them pack

They'll keep on comin

If a nig try to clown

Then I swear on mom

Better keep on runnin

Ya call yo' man

I'ma call me man

Then see what an eye fo' an eye fo'

Kill one I'ma kill ten

And thier whole damn mob

Prepare to die fo'

Keep one in the hole

Better get your jack

Cus I'm real when I roll

When I'm up in a bowl

Woulda hit him in the dark

And in the light

I still wont miss

With a gat an ???

Muthafucker I'm a go-getter

Hit a nigga in the spot

And that's so bitter

If a nigga ain't a man

He'll fo' fitter

All them eyes on yours

So you know strillah

To a po' killa

Think I'm doped gettin hype

Trippin fiend bout to explode

Dressed up black clothes
An layin them hoes
Tight when the bus gonna get low
Cus ??
Let's work from the fo' fo'
Blew the mutherfuckin' head
Like a mojo
She smelled like ho-bo
Shes scattin' dirt
Gettin work for the po-po
Shut em down

chorus:

Go on nigga nigga do 211 Game mak-make 'em do 187 Shut that bitch down Shut that bitch down Were dat nigga now Were dat nigga now

Go on nigga nigga do 211 Game mak-make 'em do 187 Shut that bitch down Shut that bitch down Were dat nigga now Were dat nigga now

Go on nigga nigga do 211 Game mak-make 'em do 187 Shut that bitch down Shut that bitch down Were dat nigga now Were dat nigga now

Go on nigga nigga do 211 Game mak-make 'em do 187 Shut that bitch down Shut that bitch down Were dat nigga now Were dat nigga now

Verse Two:

Now it's my ??? brother
Older niggas and G's
For sellin weed on my spot
But how in the fuck
You gonna work my block
Im supposed to be supreme chief
In this area

And since you didn't get up with me Mutherfucker Im'a bury ya The bigger the merrier I stack more G's So Im ahead of ya Im bettin ya The average field of a thousand niggas Ain't scared of ya So you have that nerve To cross the nation with your bitch ass Only got one proof That's why you kiss ass Cover your face While you get blast Them unseen murderer's Come in a dark mask So drop your Glock before That toe done tagged Or get smashed I'ma make them Feel a hundred of Berrettas Through they sweater I told you I was goin' get ya And knock you out the picture

Chorus

Verse Three:

Now gettin my sack Get a mutherfucker whacked Kill a mutherfuckin nigga Over two keys If the bitch got beef with a nigga Its the nigga ?? And I'm all in the face with Uzi Shut the trick down Where the bitch now ??? cuts them all and the bitch down Lookin for the young punk Put em all in the trunk Get assualt with pump Cus they trick made Nigga all them flyin Dope fiends shy'in Callin security It's just ya punk ass Just ain't feelin me Take this an that Woke up in the mornin And kissed the gat

Stash the patch

Pass the gat

While then fuck your nation

What you facin

Violation

Clean your neck

Off this ?? off my set

Aim for the hill

What the fuck you said

Nigga ol chief

We all to rush

Home which we all

Don't stress

Bulletproof bullets

Through your bulletproof vest

Screamin down to the rain god

Shoot for me

Get your game guy

Po-po just can't hang now

Dummie blow

Step on my toe

What you own

This life an soul

Money can't get you

Out of this hole

Here my nigga

So it's time ta unload

Fuck what your heard

It's what you told

Back up

Before you lack up

Ugh whole troop get stacked up

Ugh Max up when you act up

Shit watch me clown to shut em down

Chorus:

Where dat nigga now

Shut that bitch down

Shut that bitch down

Visit <u>Simple Plan</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.