

Smoke DZA

"Respect Da Shield"

Visit "[Respect Da Shield](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Slick P. talkin']

Haha!

You niggas wann' play, mayn?

You niggas wann' war?

We'll take you to war!

Dis tha shield mayn!

C-T-E mayn!

You dunno whatchu fuckin' with! (Fa Real)

[Chorus:]

You niggas wanna play? - We got somethin' hot for ya

Osama clips, we got a 100 shots for ya (Brrraa)

USDA (Aye!), Respect Da Shield!

USDA (Aye!), Respect Da Shield!

You niggas wanna play? - We got somethin' hot for ya

Osama clips, we got a 100 shots for ya

USDA (Aye!), Respect Da Shield!

USDA (Aye!), Respect Da Shield!

[Verse 1: Slick Pulla]

It's da shield, who wann' problems with da 4 letters

(Who?)

Thunder storm, on ya block give ya bad weather

(Hahaa)

All black hoodie, all black gloves leather (Leather)

MossBerg hitcha chest, lift ya like a feather (Suckas!)

And I keep a clique of young troop's firen' (Brrraa)

Bustin' at cha ass like them boys in Blood Diamond

(Blood Diamond)

Grimy with it, but da boys stay shine (Sheeh!)

Baby choppa' arm put a jacket it in the line (Talk to em')

You gon' bump and I knock off ya face (Brra)

Witout the clippers nigga, you can get a fresh fade

(Okaay)

You loose-lipped niggas finna get buttoned up (Up)

The Shield's here nigga, time to straighten up (Fa Real)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Young Rocsett]

I'm a leave a man in an abandoned buildin', screamin'

for The Lord
No feet no hands and includin' a broken jaw (Yup!)
Dress ya like a rapper so you don't feel left out
In the same shirt boy dat got Kanye's chest out (Woo)
No goofy for the oozi, the semi-auto to mac 11
A.K. 47 leave his brains on the front yard
Infront of his daughter, his son no his grandpa
Hommmies in the street deep, lookin' like a Trump squad
I'm a kill 'em, just gimme a clip
I got blue everywhere, like it's revenge of The Crips
Holes in ya body the size of a Bellagio chips
Yeah Rocsett-Locs burner, boy as hot as it gets (Wuh)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: 2'11]

Gimme everythang nigga dis the 2-11
Run upon 'em, pull the pistol out my.87 (Cla-Clack!)
Blood money, yeah we cashin' out mills (Okayye!)
Disrespect The Shield and get killed (Chyeah!)
Nah, it ain't a game dog, it's real in the field (Aye!)
X amount of shells pop-a-nigga like a pill
Top down on the old' school 'Ville
Chrome hundred spokes on the mothafuckin' wheels
Trapstar, I got work in the area (In the area!)
United Streets D-Boyz of America (U-S-D-Ayy!)
Betcha life dat da MossBerg'll burry ya (Burry ya!)
They gone have to call a coroner to carry ya (Hahaa)

[Chorus]

Visit [Smoke DZA](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.