

Bob Marley & The Wailors

"Shut Da Fuck Up"

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You need to sh-shut the fuck up..
{*scratching in background "Shut da fuck up"*}
Wha wha - Yea, yea
What, what - Beatminerz baby
Jean Grae, A.B. emcee, stay out
Yea take that, shut da fuck up
Know what I'm talkin about

[Apani B Fly]
I design this rhyme in my shrine where miracles
happen
Scheme; world domination, snatch Queens next
Manhattan
So hold the Latin Quarter - behold the prophecy
I'm levitatin on water, demonstratin somethin properly
The A to the B, there can only be one
Freeze time through the needle when my vinyl gets
spun
Get respect cuz I earn it, first time learn it
With the keys sissies, flip the file reverse and invert it
Spray and burn it like I'm holdin areosol to a brick wall
Type my name indelibly, so my legend won't fall
Apani y'all yes yes, the rest are powerless
Who assassinate the queen, our strikers shut 'em down
like gravity

[Jean Grae]
Who stay spittin flows that get underground groupies
and cats pissed
Jean - black listed from shows, the rap antagonist
I work with ladies with brains twisted and talkin loud
and shit
Liquor ridden, fire spittin women will knuckle you bitch
You troublin whips, niggas rent, can't afford a six
Crash and when the cops come, you'll find me hurlin
the fifth
We got no dough, frozen wrists, or Cris',
guns'll bust when wind blows
My fist could knock holes though nigga
Wittier shit, gritty as hell, pretty as fuck
Dirty as motherfuckers who actually fuck they mother's

what

If you don't like it - then don't listen, but don't talk
I'll run up in your prom, with cans of blood on the
catwalk
I ain't playin, have you standin there,
bloody, drippin, and laughin cuz it's all your fault
Shut da fuck up!

"So you wanna see how good you are?"

"It'll just take me to show ya"

[Hook 1 - Apani B Fly]

Now what you niggas wanna talk about - "Shut da fuck
up"

Stank hoopy bitches, and your bank account - "Shut da
fuck up"

A bunch of shit nobody care about - "Shut da fuck up"

You silly bitches love to run your mouth - "Shut da fuck
up"

You shut da fuck up!

[Hook 2 - Jean Grae]

Now what these bitches wanna talk about - "Shut da
fuck up"

These strippers turn to rappers comin out - "Shut da
fuck up"

Who write your shit, you say its you, I doubt - "Shut da
fuck up"

You silly niggas love to run your mouth - "Shut da fuck
up"

You shut da fuck up!

[Apani B Fly]

This is real life rap, these niggas not ready for
No posin and crap, beg your pardon, por favor
Superior, Orator came jaws like Thor
Soon as I drop some thunder shit, greedy niggas want
more

Run the play-by-play, tackle cats like a fullback
It's a dangerous game, come strong or get your skull
cracked

Blahti raise the thermostat, collapse, robber formats
Dodge traps like the clap, do it for all ghetto blacks
Stand firm like I'm cemented, Jean Grae my comrad
Enter the Dragon, we demented, sick, and highly
complemented

Slick witted, star figures, acid-laced hallucigenics
We fire-spittin bitches, disregard the bullshittings

[Jean Grae]

Niggas stay runnin your mouth, teeth or shit drippin off

Bottomed-out, permanent south, some bitter cats, so
fuck y'all
We hot on wax, we hot on stage
My tongue's a twelve gauge, lips - uzis, spray the page
Y'all some click-n-drag niggas - chatroom with fag
niggas
Backpack and bag niggas - play body and tag niggas
We raps best when we step in the ring
Get knocked 'fore the first bell, hell with the clock
We dirty be-atch (We drunk)
Apani tree'd up, chillin and speed Jean up
Y'all industry skeed niggas snortin the whole ki up
And still won't sign us, they rhyme but minus the
clothes
Please, y'all just in Johns for these hoes
Yo shut da fuck up!

[Hook 1 - Apani B Fly]

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up"
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You shut da fuck up!

[Hook 2 - Jean Grae]

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[Repeat Hook 1]

[Repeat Hook 2]

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