## Shawnna "R.p.m"

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Shawnna kick hot shit for bitches that got they baby daddies locked

In the pen gone, finna to rock 'cause he did wrong Run up on the cops and he hit 'em with the glock with his wig gone

Sellin' rock on the big phone

In the projects niggaz run up on your set with the tech' out

Leave you wet with you chest out

Killer niggaz, realer niggaz, have a nigga, fill a never realer nigga

Drill a nigga fuckin' with a villain never spill a nigga

Fuck that, nigga bust back, we in the 'llac Me and my bitches all strapped Puffin' the sack and we be sippin' on 'gnac Finna to react, and pop a nigga for them stacks

Niggaz I'm with they put the fifth to your whole melon Now with the murderers are known felons I gotta pop a nigga drop a nigga rock a nigga shock a nigga

Lock a nigga fuck a nigga, cop the floppin' nigga

Roll for my bitches that be droppin' in the strip clubs Tryin' get 'em a lil' somethin

If you gotta take it off, take it off like a boss for the big ones

Then you get you a big gun

Motherfuckers from the Chi like to put it yo' eye if it's on bitch

Put it straight to yo' dome heads

Now you fuckin' with them gangsters, ballers, hoes, bustlers

Bangers, niggaz that with them real motherfuckers like whoa

It's real, real, on the block I been up for days I gotta keep the steel steel, in case a nigga wanna get in the way So now what's the deal, deal? On the street you got nothin' to say

So when I see him I'ma get him, what, drill him, what Fill him fill him, what, what

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Twista kick hot shit for hoes and thugs In ghettoes and clubs that get crunk, for my homies locked down

To whoever hurtin' in the hood and ballers with 22's on big trucks

To my thugs that call over to they mob And to the hustlers that be servin' hydro and cocaine

To my niggaz that ain't hoes; if they have to They will steal a nigga touch a nigga check a nigga cut a nigga

Pull the trigger bust a nigga, yellow motherfucker nigga

Ready to fill and spill a drink, I'm drunk go and weed it up

And I'm talkin' about go like I'm smokin' the bone Full of some shit that damn sho' wouldn't seed it up Got you fillin' the hole then go see your body Probably reanimated with all my legit ballaz rollin' up

Up the streets stuffed the beats So you see them Navigators, Escalades, Benzes Beamers, Excursions, bumpin' systems TV's and them 20's spinnin'

Mob for them niggaz that done up off them hard times

K-Town, West side, South side Murder us for the money that's why I'm known to kick a hard rhyme

Whatever set you represent throw it up
If you buck or crunk then take yo' motherfuckin' shirt
off

Dealers get your work off; you wanna party Full of hustle niggaz, killer niggaz, gangsta niggaz, chill niggaz

Baller niggaz, thug niggaz, player haters, real niggaz

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I'ma kick hot shit for bitches up in the industry tryin' to compete me

I'm from the hood South side, West side Where niggaz'll put a motherfuckin' slug in my enemy Motown, pucketown, do or die

The difference between a motherfuckin' thug and a gangsta

One's thug in a chamber

Get a nigga stick a nigga put him in a ditch and then forget a nigga

Hit a nigga puck a nigga little with the rocker nigga

Puff that say you love that

We in the 'llac and put the lemon in the 'gnac Remy and sacks that got me scummy in the back Puffin' the raps that got me layin' out slacks

And it's speakin' like, "Wow, that, blunt let me hit the weed"

'Cause I been feelin' like

Fuck a nigga bust a nigga Shawnna never love a nigga Chi about to show the motherfuckers how to rush a nigga

Crush that put it on momma
On everything I got e'rything for the drama, puff
marijuana
To the Shawnna and put it on ya

We so relentless, you know Chi up in the business

Flows who you froze in a coma

Flows in yo' dome in an instance
Hoes and them folks and the M.O's and the K.I's and

the F.O's And the B.D's and lows and the fiends and the hoes

and god

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