

Turk

"Zip It"

Visit "[Zip It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[intro]

it's the ynt, ymcmb
we gon' blame it on the system
now, we gon blame it on the system
shit, nigga

[hook x2]

y'all niggas better zip it
better zip your mouth
show you what this street shit about
you in doubt? we'll set fire to your house
and murder everything running out
y'all niggas better zip it
nigga better zip your mouth
y'all niggas better zip it
nigga better zip your mouth

[verse 1: lil' wayne]

i'm sitting on the foot off the bed, dime by my feet
the dick was too good, the bÄtch still asleep
since a pussy got lips i guess you niggas could speak
you niggas bluffin' like snow, you niggas just sleet
okay, i stick to the g-code, you stick to the zip code
money tall like benjamin franklin on tip-toe
your bÄtch a blowfish, she swallow my fishin' pole
i aim at your head - it's coming off like stripper clothes
i fuck with guerillas, bust at the feds
i bet your mouth can't run, if i cut off your legs
i'm fly like a zipper, but that ain't the point
my bullets fat as a joint, you hear it crack like a voice
i come to wet up the party, you niggas is garbage
hollow tips on the cartridge i let it rip through your
cartilage
one number, three letters -9-a-k
y'all niggas better zip it like ykk - tunechi!

[hook x2]

[verse 2: turk]

y'all niggas better zip it, zip it, zip it
y'all hoes been misrepresenting

ran niggas too long
ynt gon' be there first
y'all niggas thought we was gone?
you gotta be kidding
watch what you say
we catch everything out the air
bare hands, no mittens
if my name get mentioned
a nigga gon' slay you
catch 'em broad day with your bÃtch
a nigga still gon' spray you
what it cost to merk a snitch?
hoe, that's cheap labor
if you survive these 50 shots
you was in god's favor, big guns
i'mma send your mom my condolences
but if she with you when i hit you
you know how us niggas from new orleans is
everybody get it, everybody gon' feel it
nobody exempt, every charge i got was a murder
in the booth, nigga ain't no attempts
so i'll take shots, i'll send em (believe that)
got killers on standby, we gon take our lawyers
ready to defend 'em (believe that)
just having thoughts of snitching
nigga you in violation
so just the thought of your snitchin'
bÃtch is annihilation - annihilation

[hook x2]

[verse 3: juvenile]

i just got in from cali, went from la to vallejo
i was lookin' for heron, but all they had was the yayo
chickens up in the boat, noah's arc in this bitch
i'm talkin' green like the 17th day of march in this bitch
i tried to kill 'em in veags, i played roulette in the wind
like i'm ridin' bellagio, mgm and the hen'
i got court in the morning, me and the district attorney
told my lawyer don't settle, let's take this bitch for a
journey
they ain't catch me with nothin', i don't know who say it
dope
bitches always runnin' they mouths, i call 'em usain
bolts
still got love for my niggas, just how they dodgin' the
rats
know how we ran in the projects, we was like dogs in
the pack
growin' up in the crescents, you need a vest and a
weapon

everybody got beef, the shit like a delicatessen
snitches told 'em i wore that, them bitches hit him with
ten
he just started a business, he in that system again

[hook x2]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.