

## U.S.D.A. "Respect Da Shield"

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[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!

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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  
Hommes 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]

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