

# Shut Up

Pac Div

Knucklehead niggas with the base in the trunk  
Bout to bubble like peroxide layin in a cut  
Grown ass kids who don't want to grow up  
But will have to do it soon cause our money's grown up  
But even if I had 5 mil in the bank  
I'm a still put a 5 dollar bill in the tank  
What you thank? I'm a change cause I got a new Range  
Fuck that ante up, man who in her got some change  
And we lookin for Dame's with the tight stretch pants  
In the big booty stance with no particular plans  
They all like to party and so do me and my man's  
So we picked a destination and head straight to the sands  
That's the beach, for the fam that's at least once a week  
Where we grab a couple freaks and show em the coral reef  
You know what I mean, it's that sticky Cali Green  
And it's out your wildest dreams  
Listen to the beat and  
Shut Up

(Shut Up in between each line)  
Just keep your eyes on the road and  
It's best you keep your mouth closed  
Stop playin with your cell phone  
Cause it's about to get thrown  
Just keep your eyes on the road and  
It's best to keep your mouth closed  
And don't you think about touching my Stereo

Ay Yo Yo, Ay Yo Yo  
Hop in my bucket baby, let's swing a episode  
Hit the mall, trick it all, see how far yo credit go  
Daddy with them sweaters low, with the Po in front of it  
Phoney man of the year, who you think you fuckin with  
Used to get the ugly chicks, now they all country thick  
All they get is trips to Rosko's for them country grits  
When I'm on my Southern shit, Might hit the Waffle House  
Have em gone off the Kush, leave em with the cotton mouth  
Bring em in swap em out, seat em in knock em down  
See them twin woofers beatin hard time to quite down  
Let me play the pilot now, listen to that sound  
I was Holy Moly when Smoke was singin "Shop Around"  
See my Collar? Pop it now, Neiman Marcus shopin now  
Hair did, nails did, got you lookin proper now  
Wow! you stylin on em, flyer than falcons on em  
This is for my ladies who crazy and got a mouth on em  
Shut Up!

Naw, there ain't another nigga flyer  
My bitch so cold you could promote her on the flyer  
These ugly chicks hatin when I'm rollin up beside her  
Bendin them corners til the curb kiss the tires  
These ho niggas liar's that's word to the Choir  
I be with my nigga Dom in Leimert smokin fire  
Where's my lighter? Mash the Kush in the Cypher  
In that puff pass motion, but I ain't touchin yo saliva  
You Juicy Mouthed, Chickens cluckin in them Hoochie outfits  
Swift don't just dock the tracks with people we house with

Don't talk to me bout fashion dog you be wylin  
You still think Coogi stylish, Who's ya stylist?  
I'm usually loungin, puffin on some Ganja  
Bumpin some Sinatra, Cuttin up some pasta  
Snackin with my elbow on the table eatin Lobsters  
Napkin over the collar in case I'm sloppy with the Salsa  
Man Shut Up