

## R.P.M.

Shawwna

Shawwna kick hot shit for bitches that got they baby daddies locked  
in the pen gone; fittin to rot cause he did wrong  
Run up on the cops and he hit 'em with the glock left his wig home  
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 villian 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  
Fittin to react, and pop a nigga for them stacks (OOH-OOH!)  
Niggaz I'm with they put the fifth to your whole melon  
I'm with the murderers and 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 in the Chi like to put it yo' eye if it's on bitch  
Put it straight to you don't miss  
Now you fuckin with them gangsters, ballers, hoes, hustlers  
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!)

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 feelin the holy ghost through 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 came 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

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, Pucktown, 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 pop a nigga little with the rocket nigga  
Puff pass 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 Shawna 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 a thang for the drama, puff marijuana  
To things Shawna gonna throw it on ya  
Flows leave you froze in a comma  
We so relentless, you know Chi gone bring the business  
Blows to yo' dome in an instance  
Home of them Folks and the Mo's and the King's and the Fo's  
and the BD's and lows and the fiends and the hoes and God!