

Shut Down

Chris Brown

Pull up in that all black mask with the .40 on my side
Couple shots and this shit shut down
Pop a 100 bottles in the club
And we still turnt up even after the shit shut down
We gon' get wild (got that shit shut down)
We blowin' loud (got that shit shut down)
Pull up on ya (gettin' this shit shut down)
You can fuck around and get this shit shut down

All I do is hustle for the benefits
And with the Money Team but I don't need a membership
I got a couple foreign lesbians up in the whips
I'm blowing loud like it was a Sega Genesis
I can tell you niggas what the business is
I bet I take a nigga food 'fore he finish it
Take an L nigga, you don't know what winnin' is
I be pushin' like I don't know what the limit is
Hit the club submarine style, in here too deep
Ballin' like a pro, sumo level on
Man that Cali's what I'm flaunting so I'm back on fleek
You ain't talkin' bout money, homie now I'm in the streets
Cause you don't know who came with the heat
Cause you and your crew lookin' weak, hey

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Run up in your trap, it's a kick though
Caught you with your pants down, this a shit show
Call me dollars starin' high, nigga let the clip go
I'll whoop a pussy nigga like Klitschko
Now my old bitch trippin', she won't let go
Say my attitude bad but my dick gold
Young nigga trap in designer
I thought I remind ya, my meat is turkey lasagna
Why I got the birds, what the business is?
Got my Lamborghini really, I don't need a bitch
I just met the plug in San Antonio
I send the bitch and the pack down to Tokyo
Same day turn around on some merri-go
And my weed so loud I can't hear ya hoe
And you know you dismissed before you exist bitch

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Bitch we out here brackin', what the business is?
I just put a mili out the trap and bought the dealership
Back to back Lambs for the butter black Ghost
Told her I just want the cream, swear these niggas like toast
Bought an all red beam and it came with a scope
While these niggas talkin' chickens, I just get it out the boat
Ship it for the highest ticket, right now it's for the low
All my bitches with the shit cause I can't fuck with square hoes, low

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Look, look, I ain't never been afraid of a nigga
Black Rozay, 12 gauge on a nigga
Stay with the heat, D-Wade on a nigga
Hop up out the whip, catch a fade with a nigga, oh Lord
Nigga be wildin' on bitches, kickin' down doors
That's cause we come from them trenches
No we can't fuck with them snitches
Tippin' on fours, OHB all with the business
Nigga mighta ran up in your trap spot
Get it then I'm gone, counting all the laptops
30 white bitches on my hip, that's a jackpot
Headin' to the bank cause we busy 'bout to cash out, woah
Blackout, no
All the nigga ransom in your trap house
That's a blackout woah
It's OHB shit, fuck with some real ones, yeah

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50 round clip'll get this bitch shut down
Kickin' field goals, catchin' plays, touch down
All my niggas on the mission, opp shit, man down
Flexin' hard, diamonds dancin' like they Chris Brown nigga
I caught a plug, got them packs sent down
I'm flexin' when my niggas got them bands right now
If that goofy wanna snitch I got the Ruger right now
30 shots do it to you right now, aye
And you know how we rockin'
Fuckin' with bad bitches on coke and molly
Put molly in Act now we turnt in the party
Too turnt in the party, we don't even got no option
You know my gang and we runnin' shit
Always be 100 billion bitch

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Shit shut down, shit shut down
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