

Zip It

Turk

Y'all niggas better zip it,
Better zip your mouth.
Show you what this street shit 'bout
You in doubt?
We'll set fire to your house
And murder everything running out.
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I'm sittin' on the front of the bed, gun by my feet
The dick was too good, the bitch 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 tiptoes.
Your bitch a blowfish, she swallow my fishing 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, nine, A-K
Y'all niggas better zip it like YKK.

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Y'all niggas better zip it, zip it, zip it
Y'all hoes been misrepresentin'
Ran niggas too long
YNT gon' be there first
Y'all niggas thought we was gone?
You gotta be kiddin'
Watch what you say
We catch everything out the air
Bare hand, no mitten.
If my name get mentioned my nigga gon' slay him
Catch 'em broad day with your bitch, a nigga still gon' spray him
What it cost to merk a snitch? Ho, that's cheap labor
If you survive these 50 shots you was in God's favor.
Big guns, I'm a 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,
Got killers on standby
We gon' take our lawyers ready to defend 'em,
Just havin' thoughts of snitchin'
Nigga you in violation
So just the though of your snitchin',
Bitch, is annihilation, annihilation.

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I just got it from Cali, went from LA to Baleyoh
I was looking for hero, but all they had was delay
Ends up in the booth, no one's off in this bitch,
I'm talking green like the 70s, they ain't marching this bitch.
I tried to kill 'em them beggars, I play by letting them in,
Like the riding belatos, your empty hand meant a hint,
I got caught in the morning, me and the district attourney,
Told my lawyer don't sell it, let's take this bitch for a journey.
They ain't catch me with nothing, I don't know who say it though
It's always one in their mind, I don't know who say it both
Shoot out love for my niggas, inside I thought they were racks,
How we running the projects, we was like dolls in the pack.
Growing up in the classics, you need a better new weapon,

Everybody got beat the shit like a delicates
Bitched told all my water, them bitches here on ten,
Bitches started the business, she in the system again.

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