

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