

USDA, Respect Da Shield

(feat. Roccett & 211)

[Intro: Slick P. talkin']

Haha!

You niggas wann' play, mayn?

You niggas wann' war?

We'll take you to war!

This tha shield mayn!

C-T-E mayn!

You dunno whatchu fuckin' wit!! (Phureal)

[Chorus:]

You niggas wann' play? - We got somethin' hot for ya

Osama clips, we got a 100 shots for ya (Brrraa)

USDA (Aye!), Respect Tha Shield!

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You niggas wann' play? - We got somethin' hot for ya

Osama clips, we got a 100 shots for ya

USDA (Aye!), Respect Tha Shield!

USDA (Aye!), Respect Tha Shield!

[Verse 1: Slick Pulla]

It's the shield, who wann' problems wit the 4 letters (Who?)

Thunder storm, on ya block give ya bad weather (Hahaa)

All black hoodie, all black gloves leather (Leather)

MossBerg hitcha chest, lift ya like a feather (Suckas!)

And I keep a clip of young truth's fine (Brrraa)

Bustin' at chya azz like them boys at Blood Dime (Blood Dime)

Grimin' wit it, but tha boys stay shine (Sheeh!)

Baby choppa' armor to jack it in the line (Talk to em')

You gon' bump and I knock off ya face

Witout the clippers nigga, you can get a fresh fade

You loose-lipped nigga finn' to get buttoned up

The Shield's here nigga, time to straighten up (Phureal!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Young Roccett]

I'ma leave a man in abandon buildin', screamin' for The Lord

No feet no hands and includin' a broken jaw (Yup!)

Dress ya like a rapper so you don't feel left out

On the same shirt were got Kanye's chest out (Woo)

No goofy for the oozi, the semi-auto to mac 11

A.K. 47 leave his brains on the front yard

Infront of ya daughter, ya son or his grandpa

Hommies in the street deep, lookin' like a Trump squad

I'ma kill 'em, just gimme a clip

I got blue everywhere, like it's revenge of The Crips

Holes in ya body the size of a Bellagio chips

Yeah Roccett-Locs burner, boy as hot as it gits

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: 2'11]

Gimme everythang nigga, this the 2'11

Run upon 'em, pull the pistol out, my .87 (Cla-Clack!)

Blood money, yeah we cashin' out mills (Okayye!)

Disrespect The Shield and get killed (Chyeah!)

Nah, it ain't a game dogg, it's real in the field (Aye!)

X amount of shells pop-a-nigga like a pill

Top down on the old' school 'Ville

Chromed hunned spokes on the mothafuckin' wheels

Trapstar, I got work in the area (In the area!)

United Streets D-Boyz of America (U-S-D-Ayy!)

Betcha life dat'll MossBerg'll a burry ya (Burry ya!)
They gone have to call a coroner to carry ya (Hahaa)

[Chorus]