

# Shyne, Boys Will Be Boys

## Verse 1:

Speedin' on the highway, gangsta lean  
One-Sixteen, full steam, kna meen?  
bitches on my jock 'cause my flow is hot  
spot the watch I got filled with rocks you can see from a block  
when the light hit, strictly fishscale, fuck that light shit  
menage out the garage, double pipe shit  
lookin' at her like "Aiyo Ma, I know you likes this"  
capital S, capital H, capital Y, capital N, capital E  
spit three at his V he survived miraculously  
killed the nigga who was layin' in the passengers seat  
flow sick, no shit, roll six  
head crack, walk the streets with my chain out for frontin'  
blow your brains out for nothin'  
fuck ya'll niggas walkin' round like ya'll sayin' somethin'  
what ya'll know about G4's?  
SL's with the automatic door  
let the automatic pour  
and kill you niggas who act hard  
flee to the Hamps, Atlantic Ocean be my backyard.

## Chorus -

Boys will be Boys, Bad Boys, Bad Boys  
Boys will be Boys, Bad Boys, Bad Boys  
Boys will be Boys, Bad Boys, Bad Boys  
Boys will be Boys, Bad Boys, Bad Boys

## Verse 2:

Flow like what, princess cut, yellow rocks gleam  
respect the team  
hands tied, close your eyes, picture me rollin'  
gangsta literally holdin'  
stacks and Macs  
I got the greyest jewelry nigga, need the plaques to match  
to feed my Moms and my team sit back relax  
fuckin' with this rap, still I pimp smack  
fuck a bitch gap, show me where them bricks at  
pants saggin', spazzin'  
Gucci, with the double G pattern  
nigga fuck around, put your stomach in your lap'n  
Seven-thirty, stay dirty, respect the game  
got this shit locked like John T. McLain  
get up in that ass like Pamela Lee  
shot Clyde, fucked Bonnie, Thelma, and Louise  
fuck a dream  
I got a Seventeen shot magazine that materialize everything to cream.

## Chorus 4x

## Verse 3:

Gangsta life, fuck a block format  
put it down for my niggas who hold Macs  
sell bricks and catch cases, reload, spray, shoot  
half them them state troops  
and thats word to Jesus'  
fracture bones, crack ya dome  
we don't flash the chrome, we blast ya gone  
nevertheless, sell half wet, measure the rest  
sniff a little bit so I can mix pleasure with death  
for my bitches princess cuts and emerald sets  
American express, uh, whip it out  
fuck a price bitch, just pick it out  
want a little CLK? deep dish it out?  
on your car phone headed to your bitches house

Pirahda gucci things, Cartier doobie pins  
you could live, but bet I Indian give  
fuck your friend  
take your shit back and give her the gems  
ya'll wear the same size, tell the same lies  
got the same cunt, bitch don't front  
it's the best, who wan' know?  
718 to 90210.

Chorus 4x