

# Shyne, Buried Alive Intro

(Shyne)

Yeah, yeah

This ones for my Brooklyn playboys

This ones for my L.A. playboys

This ones for my Chi-town playboys

ATL, down south

NC, SC

Where you be?

Come on, just play it with me

(Shyne)

When it come to hoes, we don't love not one

Fuckin a friend ain't no option

It's a must, her friend assists like Stockton

When we fuck, I gotta have two not one

She know a freaky nigga like me

Get her wet then I'm out like strike three

No doubt, make her girlfriend eat her out

After we fuck then the exit beat her out

Believe me, we don't love them hoes

Break out, after we dug them hoes

You wanna stay bitch, what'cha talkin 'bout?

Get your shoes on, and start walkin on

Hook: Slimm + Shyne

Get out, I don't wanna hug you

Get out, bitch I don't love you

Get out, what'cha talkin 'bout

Get your shoes on and start walkin

(Shyne)

You know you hittin, you got me lickin the hole

Before I'm stickin the hole up in my face

In the place most niggas don't see love drug baby

I'm about to O.D. cocaine pussy

One stroke be a whole ki

You're feminine, hood from heaven an'

I'll do anything, orals to S and M

Keep you satisfied, back ?certified?

Come and take a ride, I'll be your great adventure

Tell ya friends I bent'cha, who sent'cha?

Must'a been God, my bedroom angel taken

Lovin the curves as you purr while im stroking

Grabbin ya hair, dont'cha dare shed a tear

You a good girl, don't cry

Shake that thang that I give

Throw ya back as I dig

Like a broke mattress you had me sprung out

But ain't nothin changed you got to get out

Hook

To all my niggas that know what I mean

When you fuck a bitch good she don't wanna leave

I go through this all the time

Bitch act like she don't see the exit sign

Start cryin, how much she love Shyne

Thats the same thing she told my man Brian

What the fuck, she think I'm stupid?

Don't know my pimp blood is deeply rooted

Inherited, that be my heritage

That I dont give a fuck about bitch fetishes

So when we fuck and its over

Throw ya pocketbook on ya shoulder  
Put your shoes on and hit the road  
I'll kick ya last name once, bitch and roll

Hook x2