

# Shyne, Edge

[Verse 1]

Uh uh, Uh, Uh

Ayo, mac 10s and fake friends

Lawyers little game homicide 25 with the fucking nigga face 'em

But I'm still trill, still holdin

Rollin gully until I'm froze, close in a box with a bomb in fluid

Veins pumpin ice

First some 15 keep that king pumping right

Hard white, cold cash

Hold fast, fold fast, through the city so gas

No ass

Straight head bitch, I'm one a from the feds

Fuck comma raps, same G and canna

All I got in this world is my fifth dick and nana

Gangsta mannerism lyrical vandalism

Niggaz be burnin up their gums until the fucking hammers hit 'em

Who need help?

Well until then I'ma take that mac off the shelf

and hold the fucking street hostage

Blowing smoke out my nostril

Every breath is a step to a non-time in death

[Hook 2X]

I wanna know where to go

Need a place in my mind I can rest

Cause this time is running out for my flesh

Dried up, sittin' in a chair fried up

[Verse 2]

You know me; I don't need no introduction in this

Big gun, big dick, half of a meal on the wrist

Sittin in my continental thinkin' about potential connects

I live in all, just pencil the best

Parts of the live of a quintessential hustler

When I pull a slide back

Motherfuckers be hoppin' their faces don't get left open

You understand?

Shirt soaking, brain smoking left in the ocean floatin'

Shyne Po, dough, stack, y'all Rap niggaz is trash

I don't give a fuck how much records you sold

Tryin' to be me

Keep it real dog, you'll die to be me

You wanna know how it feel, don't you?

To have a murder charge, took gun to the American Music Awards

And live life against stars

Doing 170 screaming "FUCK THE WORLD" (gangsta get outta the car)

[Hook 2X]

[Verse 3]

Where the fuck them niggaz at? We gonna handle this beef

Turn your mic off bitch; see me in the street

Fuck peace 'til I'm rest in the dried up flesh is finish

I don't know how to tell until I'm in the morgue

Dysfunctional, highly uncomfortable paranoid

Without the extra clip (bitch), try me I'll puncture you

Had niggaz waking up with wings in their backs, halos in their head like

"Ayo I'm dead"

Can a knight fucking princess Diana type

Vane wives, vane light, pen I write cold, hand of ice

They said too much for the motor mind to comprehend

Walk wit me, pause take a breath

Things ain't just the same for gangstas

Sleeping in diamond, it's fucking up the game for gangstas

While charges tryin to ring a gangsta  
Through it all I maintain my gangsta

[Hook until fade]