

Shyne, Shyne

Swiss, Po
Respect our gangsta nigga
Lay down

[Verse 1:]

Whachu know bout holdin out big Tec.
Big vest , hollow tips all up in tha kid Neck
Po live it up, yellow stones lid it Up
Long Johns (siggaz) tuck, it's da kid nigga What
Some of ya rap niggaz is girls
On my dick yappin, flappin'
Fuckin cartoons,
These niggaz guns don't go off
untill they say lights, camera, action
Yo Swiss tell them niggaz eat a Dick
Gun up in yo face, bitch that Reary wont Miss
Unload da shit then reload da shit
Head str8 to da airport and unload sum Bricks
No lvin', you niggaz seem me comin down to shoot ya
Think I was flyin', 12 cylinders
Brookly is mine, nigga move Ova
Yea I'm talkin to you. Fuckin Dick Blow

[Chorus:]

Fo all of ya'll, keepin ya'll in Health
Juss to see you wildin and enjoy Yoself
Cuz it's cool when you fuckin wit a nigga like me
Cool when you ridin' wit a nigga like me
To all my (money makin) bitches juss Shine
To all my niggaz keepin it gully juss Shine
To all da ghettos in America, ohh Shine
I'mma keep it gangsta till I die nigga, Sine

[Verse 2:]

Check it
All I need in this world of sin
Is a crooked lawyer, big rims and a Mac. 10
Ridin' thru da city like I'm used to this Shit
Fuck yo vest nigga, my cells will chew thru that Shit
Catch a breath, you ain't heard bout that nigga Po
Murda cases diamond faces, Mat-hat-lo'
Leavin' pieces of yo brian on yo car Do'
Lookin gully in that Bent.on that R.O.
L.L. see you niggaz in Hell
Soon as they set my bell, I make another Cell
Shiet I set my mind at a the early age
I was gon' be paid or early graved
Whatta fuck i got-ta have, blocks to smash
Lots a cash, drop sum Ass
This iz da truth, I probably die in my Coup
But I bet you and them bitches that come to get me, I Shoot

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

I got my mind on da Shipment

Shipment on my Mind
Bout to meet these Domanican niggaz at 9
Rhyme, rap, whatta fuck is That
Only thing I rap is Ye, nigga die Today
Ya got it confused I ain't tryna fill nobody's Shoes
I'm juss lookin fo connects nigga
Doin' what I Do
Back against the wall
Against all odds
Tune in to my Live nigga, this shit is sicka then OZ
Fightin' 'gainst them Crackaz
+ them killaz gettin' at Us
No where to run, so I grab my Gun
N' start blazin', this shit got a nigga Agin'
I'mma die a Gangsta nigga ain't no Changin'
A G. faithfully, momma pray for Me
Lil nigga go to school, stay away from Me
Got hoez fo you hustlaz
Bullets fo you cowards
N' dick fo you bitches up in da Trunk-Tower

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