

# B.G. F/ Big Tymers, Get Your Shine On

B.G. F/ Big Tymers  
Miscellaneous  
Get Your Shine On  
[BG]

Oh it's on now, we ridin' on chrome now,  
Get'cha shine on Baby  
This how we do it, it's all gravy  
We layin' it down  
That's how Ca\$h Money Hot Boy\$ play it,  
That's how Uptown Hot Boy\$ play it,  
We gone lay it down

[First Verse - BG]

Washington and Freret on Sunday, they buck, jumpin'  
Niggas on seventeen stuntin', the second line's comin'  
The Hot Girls out, the Hot Boy\$ out  
We in top of the line cars, Uptown boys out  
For sixteen, I'm ridin' flyer than ya Daddy  
I play a different car everyday, ya Daddy in the caddy  
The fuckin' feds snatched me,  
Picture they thought they had me  
The B.G. shinin' so hard them dicksuckers tryin' to harass me  
But they let me go, cause we way ahead and smarter  
Keys come from overseas in a submarine under water  
Still 'gon ride the Legend Monday, ride the Lex Tuesday  
Ride the Benz Wednesday  
Under the seat is the uzi  
Ride the Camaro Thursday, Nine two nine Friday, Saturday,  
50 shots set it off for niggas tryin' to carjack me  
Sunday I lay on Washington-uh with a fifth sippin' wine Holmes,  
All week I gotta get my shine on

[Chorus - B.G.]

Get your shine on, get your shine on  
All day long, I'ma get mine on  
Get your shine on, get your shine on  
All day long Baby get his shine on  
Get your shine on, get your shine on  
Seven days a week, I'ma get mine on  
Get your shine on, get your shine on  
You niggas need to know, the World is mine Holmes

[Second Verse - Baby]

Now all these cars, and all these broads  
Nigga, I'm bout to get my shine on  
Now I'm in Club Whispers wit a \$10,000 bar tab  
Hoes think I'm jokin', stupid hoes wanna laugh  
I'm bout to lay my stunt down before I leave this bitch,  
And one of you other niggas hoes gone suck my dick  
Now every car I ride in got chrome on it homie  
Got a mouth full of gold, to show Uptown soul  
Plug hoes  
And make more money independent, than a major nigga done went gold  
I got a million dollar rang wit a 2 million dollar mouthpiece  
And quick to lay a bitch on these satin silk sheets  
Now nigga, Rufus Playin in the Lexus, Gangsta got a Q-5  
If anyone of you broads know Baby know I like to ride fly  
B.G. got a nine two nine, Mannie Fresh got a Camero and a seven thirty-five  
Now me Baby, big body Benz  
Expedition, my black cat and my Lexus my friend  
Now I could change a car for everyday of the week

And have a matching bitch in the passenger seat  
Seven hundred Gs stashed away for my son  
So when he grow up he can have a lil fun  
I'm still sellin keys, stackin Gs on the D.L.  
I stashed a million under the barber shop on V.L.  
Nigga I ain't no rapper, I'm a game spitter  
Ten Gs a show,  
On behalf of Penalty, Ca\$h Money, Tommy Boy, Warner Brothers nigga

[Chorus]

[Third Verse - Mannie Fresh]

Can you fuck more bitches  
Than the sea got fishes?  
Can you do more hoes, than the Feds got snitches?  
I ride Lexus land wit the TV playin  
Gettin head, fuck a Fed with the phone in my hand  
Nigga's gone shine, what you see is mine  
Rolexes, went to Texas, Motorola, Alpine  
Woodgrain Hummer, hoodrat plumber,  
Hot Boys got toys, number one stunters  
I know you bitches can't stand me  
Lexus wit da candy  
Blowin on blunts, sippin on Brandy  
Now that's a good call  
Papa cleaner than ya ever saw  
929 wit the mirror bro  
Tint it up, juice and Gin it up, send it up  
To Texas, get the wood with the good weed, bend it up  
Ball 'til I fall, that's the job nigga  
Cash Money, Hot Boy, number one mob figure

[Chorus]

[Fourth Verse - BG]

I like to look good, be sharp, on my side keep my iron on  
Playa haters wanna steal ya when ya get your shine on  
But fuck that, I'ma get mine on,  
Chrome on the 929 wit my Primeco phone on  
I'm a Hot Boy, hot girls I put the bone on  
It ain't no secret, I'll bust ya dome Holmes,  
B and Slim give me a 20 G loan  
So I could get my roll on  
I know my niggas ain't gone tell me hold on  
They let me write the Cash Money check, they sign it  
I cash it, I spend it  
It's all good, we ride fly  
Benz, Lex, Expedition  
No doing bad, fulfillin dreams and wishes  
Payin all my college hoes tuition  
If I'm in a shootout, I got the red beam, I ain't missin  
Face the ballistics, we got it like that, we earned it liked that  
Worked for it like that, so we can shine like that

Chorus