La The Darkman, Shine

(La the Darkman)
Uh uh, for the niggas in black Vigors
behind the wheel drinkin liquors
Everybody wanna shine
For the niggas rockin Tims, fuck cars and rims
Yo, everybody wanna shine

Yo, my dimensions, possessed, lucci, bitches, cess
Lessons, computers, whips, and bulletproof vests
I can't be done, me and Screwface one on one
I drink wit bums in the slums where I shoot my guns
Enforce ones, up north in the Ac, throw a strap
I got niggas down south, holdin nines in Cadillacs
Lettin trees blow, for niggas sniff snow inside the disco
I hold a big pistol, to crack your brain crystal
Cream like Joe Pisco', I fuck your bitch yo
Right through her piss hole
Long dick like a missle
Split the black dutch, while the bracelet on my wrist glow
Cough if I spit mo', sold my Lex, cop the Benzo
My niggas come outta Sing-Seng buff like Lou Ferrigno
The rhyme sayer, quicker Ruger nine sprayer
Rich lifestyle like a young NBA player
And I'm tied to the mob like that gun, called Tommy
Shoot through your Armani, shoot at Guiliani
Shoot at Illuminati, fuck everbody, it's the Darkman
(understand that right there)

Chorus
For the niggas in black Vigors, behind the wheel drinkin liquors
Everbody wanna shine
For the niggas is rockin Tims, fuck cars and rims
Yo, everybody wanna shine
For the niggas that lock downed for bustin caps wit four pounds
Everybody wanna shine
For the niggas in Lexus Cruisers wit cocked back Rugers
Yo, everybody wanna shine

(La the Darkman)
Yo, you wanna be me
Sometimes I'm on the block, sometimes I'm on the TV
My crew's greedy, like Boom Boom Mancini
La's song buy weedy, Swahili, ?Sadeeky?
Professional, hold my toast by my testicals
I used to peddle, but three times two equal the devil
Blinded by the ice, and the savage way of life
To no vale, niggas get money in small scales
Start smokin, like they don't know crack kills
A freak nigga, got turned down by a female
Didn't know he sucked death, when he just inhale
I rap life, cocaine, niggas wit no brain
Sellin crack for fifteen years wit no game
That's a damn shame, check the result of bein broke
Havin no whip, no lab, no money for smoke
He stressed out, really not knowin what life's about
Jewels, jewels, jewels, jewels

Chorus

(La the Darkman)
Yo, yo, dunn I'm felt
Gun in my waist, tight belt
New York streets hot, the bottom of my Wallees melt
I need wealth, puffin my lah by myself

Blessed, wit food clothes and health
And big whips, shorties say I got a big dick
My first video, I rock twenty outfits
The Benz 6, got me wanna flip ten bricks
VCR headrest watchin Scarface flicks
I politic, wit ex cons, old cats, drug dons
Niggas that's known to take a arm for a arm
I move calm as a lion of Juddah, black Garbudda
Silent as a basehead, suckin on his hooter
Cuz Cash Rules, that's why I study new jewels
And keep tools, to create blood pools
For new crews, rappers, on my territory
I cock back the fifth, and make em his-tory
Remember him, the kid wit the big Jesus em-blem
Threw shells from the toast, had his bones tremblin
Nigga, I'm the cat y'all be talkin about dunn

Chorus

Cuz I shine nigga, shine on nigga (what)
Straight shine nigga, nawmean, word up
The sun gon burn out (stay shinin, and stay spicy)
I'mma shine till the sun burn out
Straight up, word, the embassy, my family
The embassy, my family, yeah