

# Shyne, For The Record

Pshhhh pshhhh

Uhh

[repeat 3x]

[Verse 1]

Ohh you rhyme witta slug and sum shots in his face  
He rhyme witta slug tryna sound like ma\$e  
Listened to his tape, this lil' nigga used to sound like cake  
Maybe I'm juss killin, maybe he juss snitchin  
See a whole lot different from my cell in Clinton  
What I see is straight bug, straight girl  
Yea he be a killa, you kill wit words  
Rather look at the facts not the hype  
Like who got shot and who got knifed  
Who keep gettin struck, but don't neva strike  
Hope the beef go away but the feds indict  
I know yo card nigga, it's so clear  
You juss wanna sell record you don't want warfare  
You don't wanna ride you wanna get rich and hide  
These niggaz would've died if they shot me nine times  
Heyy it's juss for the best  
Take this mob shit serious, please respect it

[Hook]

And there go the shots stay rippin 'em apart  
Cuz it's a blood comin outta his slum  
It's murdah bloody homicide is what they cry  
When they losin' their life  
When muhfuckaz ask me how I sleep at night  
Pretty good witta a slug and my heat held tight  
Pray to god while I'm gone, is what underneath feels like  
It's my work by the surf when they turn off the lights

[Verse 2]

You ain't kill humma 'cause if you did  
Why you ain't get the pen after all of that hit  
You know I know, that if you live  
That shit that you spit, somebody got somebody  
Somebody got jumped, somebody got cut  
Yoo a boxer nigga, nobody got shot  
Nobody got flushed, you screamin what what  
Okay okay killa you'sa slut  
Think about it, enoughts enoughts  
I'm tryna show 'em whoes who  
And what is what  
I mean how can I respect you  
When them niggaz that left you ain't none of 'em blessed you  
(not nobody)  
You know where they are, where they perform  
Bust yo gun, stop makin songs  
Please no more ghetto quran  
You got money now it's time to bomb  
And that's juss fo the top  
Take this mob shit seriouse please respect it

And there go the shots stay rippin 'em apart [2x]  
Cuz it's a blood comin outta his slum

[Verse 3]

Death of perfection as I move witout motion  
Ain't no nigga in his game doin the shit that I'm quotin'  
Take a good look 'cause you'll neva a see enought of me  
Might be sum otha g's tryna trace n color me  
But I believe in the ways of old

Slice these niggaz throat tryna tell on po  
That shouldn't exist, fuckin snitch  
Cut of his dick, put it on his lips  
You really think I was gon' let you slide  
Fuckin wit me you must be outcho mind  
You really think jail was gon' make thinks right  
Nigga I won't stop till you you lose yo life  
I was mindin' my own, word got back, niggaz talkin bout po  
I was like ohh, god must be ready fo this nigga to go  
Gang Land, this is the mob  
You got yo break come finish yo job  
Juss don't get the feds involved  
And I'mma reunite you wit yo moms  
Rip  
I guess this ain't juss music  
Cuz jail only made me much mo' ruthless (nigga)  
And the bitch nigga knew this  
That's why he tryed to sign me to g-unit  
Tell 'em how you made me offers  
(I don't want that blood I'mma godfather)  
Loved on every street corner  
Hurts yo heart that you don't get that honor  
The feds I paid fo that  
10 years up top  
Not seven months shock  
Walked the yard wit bloods  
Took the bus wit cuz  
Went gun fo gun  
I earned my lug  
You, you juss pathetic  
You neva bg, bespite yo efforts  
Take this mob shit serioue, you gon' respect it  
Tha's juss fo the record

[Hook]

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