

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 excist, 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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