

# Shyne, Godfather

Uh huh, Uh huh, Brooklyn Vietnam  
What you, Uh yeah, Uh, Come on

Oh no, big Shyne Po  
Back up in the motherfuckin heezy for sheezy  
Gimme a tech that don't jam (bang bang)  
I'm tryin to jucks some more grams and work this whole thing  
My minds poisoned, corrupted and diseased  
360 ki's  
Money make the world spin  
I make your chest smoke  
Have your mother singing hymms  
Particles of your brains up on your tims  
Kiss you before I twist you  
170 miles  
Headed for disaster faster  
I put it down right  
Bustin off these rounds like  
Real niggaz is kings  
You ain't rockin' that crown right  
Harder more PK watches  
Topless, bitches in cars  
Only meals could heal my scars

[Chorus]  
Niggaz wanna rhyme like shine like me  
They supposed to  
Niggaz wanna bust their guns like me  
They supposed to  
Niggaz wanna grind like crime like me  
They supposed to  
Niggaz wanna mash like me, dash like me

[Repeat]  
Allegations got me pacin'  
Grand jury wouldn't understand my fury  
For fast cars and jewelry  
I could give a fuck if there's a heaven for a G  
This is heaven for me  
Go to trial never plea  
Do a bullet and come home to the throne  
I don't rhyme, I just talk about this life that's mine  
I've seen niggaz die, in front of my eyes  
Doin' my filth  
Niggaz is expiring like milk  
Different strokes for different folks  
Just give me, different coke in different boats  
Black Aristotle Onassis  
All I see is crack addicts and automatics  
You rap niggaz is faggots  
Y'all cannot be serious  
I'm in coupes with gucci interiors  
Airin' out your areas  
Tech nines, two in the flex and shit  
Lookin' at myself like  
Yo, I'm the best in this

[Chorus x2]  
Sometimes I really wonder  
What's it all about?  
How many bitches can I fuck until I get out  
How many ki's can I cut, guns can I bust

Wigs can I push, spots can I juck  
Every single one, cuz I'm a fuckin' savage  
Til I'm cremated, most hated, self made  
Blood type G  
All these young hustlers wanna bubble like me  
They supposed to  
Sippin on syrup, until I perish  
Pickin' bitches off the run-way  
Look forward to, gun-play  
Go to sleep with one eye shut  
Wake up and do the same shit  
I ain't never gonna change bitch  
And that's the cycle  
I don't wanna be like Michael  
More like Darrell Porter  
Gettin' shipments at the border

Yeah, it's a wrappity wrap

[Chorus x4]