

# Shyne, It's Okay

[Shyne]

Geah, uhh, uhh, uhh  
Uh-huh, like that  
Geah, uhh

Ten bricks nigga in the air, hold tec  
It's that motherfuckin nigga named Shyne  
Nothin but cum for these bitches, love none for these bitches  
It's that motherfuckin nigga named Shyne

What's my motherfuckin name? Put a bullet in your brain  
Leave your shirt stained, guns and cocaine  
It's the best of a V&E  
I'm like homes in Charlie's Angels, y'all never seein me  
Heavenly indeed, measure me a key  
My moms was a virgin when she had me  
I rock flows, top O's, better yet, sell it wet  
Tape ki's to bitches, I need the riches  
Scene switches, big bitches, to hide snitches  
Smile for the feds as they take pictures  
It's the young G speakin; leavin niggaz leakin  
Shots repeatin; around the clip somethin bound to hit  
Y'all motherfuckers was counterfeit  
Eat a dick and choke, as I sniff coke  
Shyne pro, watch how you pronounce the shit  
G'z up, hoes down while you motherfuckers bounce to this

[Chorus: Shyne]

Before your dog you're dyin and bustin your iron  
Take the stand you're lyin, it's ok  
If you cook it, cut it, watch - flooded  
Hit niggaz in public and bitches love it, it's ok  
If you hard right now as they play this in the club  
lookin for somethin to fuck, it's ok  
If you startin with her, it's ok  
If you snotty with him, it's ok

[Shyne]

With so much blocks in the N-Y-C  
to burn 'em all down is kinda hard for me  
But uhh, somehow, someway  
I keep takin over motherfucker's gates like every single day  
It's, the, rap, singer  
Slash, coke, crack, slinger  
Sling crack sling smack sling dick to dingbats  
that try to pussy bootchie coochie, I'm in that  
Kingpin raps, I spit 'em, fed NARC's, I dip 'em  
Bentley and large rims spinnin, the shit is sickenin  
My rhymes, my flow, I got all the symptoms  
Rinks and links and trips to Harry Winston  
Born sinner; think that model bitch I'm with is slim?  
You chances of seein me are slimmer  
I was through with it, before y'all knew what to do with it  
Put my finger in the ground and turn the world around

[Chorus]

[Shyne]

From hip-hop to them hot blocks  
It ain't never gon' stop; well maybe for three days  
but then I'll return, more blacks to burn for more yea  
Get them (??) sittin up on Broadway (geah)  
Livin the life, ridin on Twinkies  
Thirty inch rims spinnin, bitches is grinnin

Roscoe on my left, wonderin where the pussy at  
so I can scheme the dope, get the pussy and float  
Big things, live from the Empire State  
where niggaz, live in fear of a 8-48  
Don't owe my favors, jewelers deliberate  
Shops have me spinnin like you was doin a figure eight  
Gun in your mouth bitch, got a bitter taste  
Push up hard on the arms - uhh, bitter face  
Guerilla pimpin indeed  
Shit I'm like a perm;  
somethin every girl in the ghetto need

[Chorus -2x]