

Shyne, More Or Less

(walk with me)

(come on)

[INTRO - FOXY]

Yeah,
Its like new york's being soft
Ever since my nigga shyne's been sitting in prison, yeah

[Verse 1 - SHYNE]

(check it)
Shit things, shit rings, this shit is sickning
Shit chain, shit aim, 5th bame, 5th frame bail money
Lawyers acting funny when I come throught hit em with the bundle on the humble
Couple notes
?seen warlords with the rolls?
Shit I want one 2. what the fuck Im going do
Forget it if its ?dated?? we got till im dried and rotten
Im rocking sideways, motherfucker crime pays
I need it , I get it, I got it, I chop it, I double the profit
And bubble the pockets. im living to die.
Niggas talk fly till I walk by
And pop something. you motherfuckers forgot something im not fronting.
This aint rap. music.
This aint that.
You fuck around and ill have you sleeping with a safe sac?
Sincierly yours
Shyne motherfucking poe
Bitch get your bags, hit the motherfucking door

[Chorus - X2]

May the angels walk with me (more or less)
Big things big rings nigga (more or less)
Fucking big stars and big cars (more or less)
I can see iv seen it all and done it all (more or less)

[Verse 2 - SHYNE]

G is a g
A key is a key
A snitch is a fish with no fins that cant swim when I dump him in the river
Chor-coal gray R.
12 cylinders bulletproof sentance
?trial day sentances??
I sound like who
You sound like trash
Get off my dick and pass my cash.
They all do it cause I rap about it, I rap about it casue they do it
My musics the con do it ?you will take it or live it ?.. bitch nigga I click it then pitch it
Wipe the prints up of this shit. and ditch it
(uh) hip hop aint responsible for violence in america. america is responsible for violence in america
Back to the flow
Nose full of blow
Rolls full of hoes
Leave a nigga clothes for the hoes
The schools did'nt want me . so the drug dealers taught me, simple math, step on it twice then
Bring it back
The full times wouldnt pay. divide the labour costs
And still come away with enough to play
I see the same shit, niggaz younger then me running the streets, looking for something to eat

[Chorus - X2]

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[Verse 3 - SHYNE]

Oh boy you better get down, (foxy)

U better run for cover when I spit rounds
Oh u in some shit now , get found slit down to the white meat.
Im from brokleyvn vietnam nigga, I like beef
Livin the murderer streets double pipe. living the trouble life.
Father was a jerk, moms had to work, papi had the dirt,
And did what any real nigga would do: got infront the stove, now I got this shit sold
Fuck u punks nigga. with ur punk cash. with the punk blast put your punk ass in the trunk fast
What the fuck yall thought I bury niggas in walls im the trail motherfucker rapping raw
Punk blame shooting niggasz point blank all the way to the bank rip your face off then I take off.
The difference between me an them. you wont be seem them. no more nigga . secrets of war

[Chorus (repeat till end)]

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Fucking big stars and big cars (more or less)
I can see iv seen it all and done it all (more or less)