

# Shyne, Niggas Gonna Die

[Shyne]

I just wanna move mad bricks  
for all the days I never had shit  
Now I'm young heartless and rich  
Pistols and pussy, straight from the door  
Brown paper bags full of blood money, need more  
Too much ain't enough  
High off dust, greed never endin  
Catchin bodies I want Gotti was supposed to be  
It's overwhelmin  
Face smothered in cocaine, against all odds  
Life is what you make it, well I made it  
Leavin motherfuckers naked  
I get excited watchin niggaz bleed helplessly  
Put 'em out they misery, selflessly  
A coward dies a thousand deaths  
I got a thousand teecs  
Takin niggaz with me when I got, fo'rilla  
I'll probably be all pissu when I blow, fo'rilla  
Adrenaline rushin blood bushin  
It's nothin long as I'm bustin  
All gangstas is dead, or in jail  
except for me I posted bail, all hail

[Chorus 2X: Shyne]

Money be the root of all evil, calico desert eagles  
Bitch I'm comin to see you, all you niggas gon' die  
Motherfucker die

[Shyne]

Fast cars and plea bargains, pictchin niggaz wigs  
Have they families donatin they fuckin organs  
What you like, stress you up, press your luck  
Better hope you hit seven or find yourself in heaven  
Lost my conscience somewhere in between  
watchin niggaz die and leavin the murder scene  
Hot gun in my waist, stockin over my face  
and I tell you niggaz this, I never miss, check it  
My point of view is me or you  
And I'ma burn anyway, what the fuck? Bust  
seventeen shots up in your guts, truck blood drippin  
Dead on arrival, leavin my rivals  
lookin up at the clouds  
The prodigal son, seein demons and devils  
through the reflection, of my watch bezel  
Embezzle, and racket, full metal, jackets  
Poppin heat and, seekin, niggaz die internal bleedin  
Hear mom screamin, bury Shyne  
Cause when I come, motherfuckers all die  
[Chorus] - 3X {\*to fade\*}