

Shyne, Spend Some Cheese

[Shyne]

Geah.. new..

My niggaz frontin on pumpin and dumpin, leave 'em on the curb
Ridin on twinkies I'm (??) gun under my fur
Ma what you prefer?
His and hers (?) and villas, dope dealers and killers
who keep it real-a, chase paper fuck bitches they'll always be there
Burn blocks, bust your guns, rock your minks with flare
Live for the moment, fuck atonement
Explain to God when you see him
(?)lease a bigger day, til your paper reach the ceiling
Niggaz, we only live once
and I don't know about y'all, but shit I'm on mine
like Don Trump, Black Ted Turner, totin burners
Open dope spots on every block
Jumpin in and out of cherry drops
as the plot thickens, watch glistens
Feds trail us, surveil us, tell us
not enough evidence (?) us
Teflon, get knocked, put the bail up and get gone
In the name of Brooklyn Vietnam
And all you fuckin rappers, for the last time
The last name ain't Junior, my name is Shyne
Now take a paternity test, there's no relation
I'm the fuckin king, nobody stands adjacent

[Chorus]

All I wanna do is get a brand new fifth
and a few ki's, spend some cheese
All I wanna do is see my homies stay fly
until we all day, and spend some cheese
All I wanna do is get this money washed
so I can lay back, and spend some cheese
Get right, live life, spend some cheese
G's ice, gun fights, spend some cheese

[Shyne]

Bandana wrap, under my fitted hat
I got mines stacked, nigga where yo' ticket at?
Floatin countin the two turbo's
Bitches I burned know Shyne Poe; Bad Boy - who's fuckin with that?
I done burnt down New York, ran through D.C.
And this rap shit here, ain't nothin to me
Got my murder game down for real
Gave lead showers to any coward who sold me flour
Poe's my power - these rappers frontin like they uncut raw
I'll be the first to tell ya, they talcum powder
Actin like I know them, I owe them
til I blow them, and leave they face in they fuckin scrotum
One change on the pike, under the moonlight
Headin nowhere fast, Desert in the airbags
Death's around the corner so I make detour slide to the Rucker
Firelli's burnin rubbers
Pull up in front, let my shit bump
Hop out, no respect for the cops
Got the glock out, lookin for a knockout
Somethin to put a seed in, nah nigga
Just somethin I can put some ki's in, come on

[Chorus]

[Shyne]

Nigga wait, push rhymes, push fives
push wigs back, push weight
Runnin narcotics in over twenty-one states
Thuggin and buggin I'll crack your fuckin chestplates
It's good old America the great, the land of the G
Home of the slave

Where corrupt politicians and black gangsters is made
Where you die at 25, shot up in your Merced's
Ridin on blades, livin for today
Fuck peace, bustin at the police
Young black and just don't give a fuck
You'd think it was the Olympics the way niggaz be sprintin
and jumpin when my (?) bust, pullin up in bigger trucks
like what? Hand on my nuts
White gold smile, high profile
Bitches love the style
How the fur's fittin, gangster slur spittin
For my niggaz in Lewisburg sittin
I got to get it like Sisqo
It's the Don-da-Don-Don-Don
Switch flows faster than cops can shoot a black
as them bricks keep turnin and them blocks keep burnin, c'mon
[Chorus 4X to fade]