5 Elements

Shyheim

featuring GP Wu
(Rubbabandz Pop Da Brown Hornet Down Low Reka Junelover)Motherfuckin GP in the motherfuckin house
With shorty Shy[Rubbabandz]
Yo.. yo.. I raise all hell when I start to stain
Crab niggaz I recon you recognize the grain
I bring drama to your earpiece when I bust
Raps niggaz collapse in fact turn to slush
It only takes a second to die
It only takes a minute to get high
The hoods that I run with really don't care
Bustin at God with our pistols in the air[Pop Da Brown Hornet]
No more loses, I'm bringin in da bosses
You want to get rich, bet on me, motherfuck them horses
I'm black, too good, deadly like a luger
I live day by day, but my mind set on the future
Drunk with vexism, handin out bad desicions
Got shit locked like state prisons
MC destroyer, bring it, I got somethin for ya
When I'm red niggaz die from paranoia
Sureshot, play yourself, get got, forget me not
Or I'll be runnin shit in ya' spot
Die Hard, crackin shit, like Ty Cobb
Keep it real, plus stay black, roll with a tight mob
Forever high, I'm the type of guy to puff chocolate thai
Then blow the smoke all in your eye
You're blinded, the rap style I possess, you can't find it
That's why you want to constantly rewind it[Down Low Reka]
Yo, D. Allah represent at sparkin mics like flint
With style that you can inhale and get the nigga bent
Cash Rules, no choice but bein top biller
Have ya blinded by the fire like that bitch in the killer
You know I'm iller, than the caviar, with these rhythms
That's Acquired to break down Immune Systems
In any battle I'm-a come in first
With raw techniques that shock ya ear like a fuckin curse
I like sex after Ballentine Triple X
Understandin, I run through hoes like Barry Sanders
Niggaz get lost in the land
Reachin, it'll cost your hand, now ya sink in the sand[Shyheim]

I'm-a live shorty, word up, the shit ain't hard to tell
I kill verses, just like, napsilnac to sperm cells
My lifestyle, it didn't change, I'm still the same
Nike sneakers, Guess jeans and gold chains
The Rugged Child be bringin drama to your system like drugs
Live and direct, from New York like Lugz
Is it the ruckus you want, come and get that ass lynched
You complain to throw, I play your jake with a twelve inch
Kid, I be just fuckin in the cut, on some Shaolin what
Jiggy-June bust a nut[Junelover]
Who dares to test me, bring it to the cypher
Niggaz you don't really want to see the God hyper
Active, make teachers run back for practice
And tell they proteges, they can't fuck with the tactics
So give me room, when I speaks with verbal knowledge
You put your best man, even if he went to college
With this mutation, I serve like a chef
What do you know, I be that nigga squeezin air from your last breath
Got you gaspin from suffocation
Then I leave without a clue nor an explanation
It's the mister hip hop, be-boy, rap addict
Static, you don't want, cause when I brings it, it get tragic
Faggot, now put an H on your chest and handle
Whatever comes at ya, best believe I'ma gat ya
Now move back from this Jack, you can't touch it
Cause if you do, you catch a buck 50 muggin
I'm thuggish, with enough stamina to damage ya
crew, plus jerk em like a crooked ass manager
Corrupt indeed, my mind is the backbone of evil
Causin me to to hurt innocent people
Niggaz playin hard rocks on the wrong block
Thinkin it be you until I let the nine glock
Pa-POP, my man shitted all in his pants
It's the same old song and dance
And I'm out motherfuckers!

Songwriters
ARBY QUINN, ROBERT BRIGGS, ISAAC BOOKERPublished by
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