Gang

Konstantin Zhilyakov

{Shyne} (Foxy Brown)
[Shyne] Uh huh
[Foxy Brown] Uh
[Shyne] Lets get it clear (Uh huh) Brooklyn Vietnam (That's right)
[Foxy Brown] Yo yo... Live from the seven-one-eight why'all; Murder City
[Shyne] Lay down nigga (It's the Ill Na Na)
Cut ya dick off put it in ya mouth why'all understand? (Let's go)

(1st Verse) [Shyne]
Ride with me as I race through ya hood
Give me a fifth that'll bang and a jury that'll hang
Pants saggin' in that Bentley wagon
Ayo that's my nigga Yacht if the mink is saggin'
Since a youth I flipped, on some ruthless shit
Had a thing for rings, bling, Coupes and shit
Some' bout watchin' Montana come up outta Havana
And rule this world made me want to grab my hammer
Fuckin' with the Cheddar Boys
Some hustler flip girls instead of boys
Keep filthy laweys, for when the FEDs annoy us
We keep this shit gangsta nigga from verse to chorus
And the Street Lords and Truly Yours
Drive Modena Spiders and big exhaust
Bleed for the streets love the war
My nose bleeds for weeks I love the raw
Puncture niggaz when I comfort niggaz
Motor City to Brooklyn Veitnam
Nigga it's on till my flesh is gone
And even then I live on in gangsta form

[Chorus]
What you know about that?
Macs and cash nigga how you love that?
What you know about that?
Doin' it up livin' it up, nigga what?
What you know about that?
The gully kid put it in your skully kid, bleed nigga what it is
What you know about that?

Yacht, Cheddar Boys, Streets Lords, truly yours

(2nd Verse) [Foxy Brown]
It's the "Godfather Buried Alive"
Ayo Po it's the Ill Na Na stuntin' in 5.0
Went to Brooklyn with the Rugers out
In Flatbush and I keeps the Kiki poppin' off when the goons is out
why'all got a muthafuckin problem when my dude get out
Dutty Ay bust a shot for Shyne get the Guinness Stout
that's my word I got the Berken pulled over up on Parkside & Nostrond
In the butter scotch Rover
I'm ah bad gal style like I'm 'posta
Got his comrades in Clinton bustin' nuts on my poster
Phone check! Muthafucka hit the yard up
Comm stop Mid-State Brooklyn niggaz squad up
I'm hot steppin in the pink staline seven
I'ma stunt till BIG tell me there's a ghetto up in heaven
See through niggaz take they time like a man
We don't snitch we don't sing on the stand but why'all don't hear me though..

[Chorus]
(3rd Verse) [Shyne]
Money, cars, guns, hoes
Sniff some blow and I'm good to go
Eagle inflated Federal Bureau Investigated
Most hated nigga read the affidavit
Uh racing loud pipes
big fucking exhausts burning the turnpike
My game so tight I arouse dikes
You punk rappers should paying me publishing the way you write
And be sampling my life, every line in your rhyme
Sound like you want to be Shyne, and I don't blame ya
Who wouldn't? Young nigga catching charges
Continental Ts parked in garages
Menages, odds is
I'm the best spittin' it, nigga I'm gettin' it
I admit it I was watching New Jack City
And fucking with Goodfellas? Uncle Paul got me dying to ball
Every thing I talk about I live it
All you hear these rappers rap about I really did it
I was designed to hold nines, and grind
Step out of line put you in that white line
Rearrange ya brain ain't nothin change
You know the game jet planes and cocaine
And what I say might be held against me

I don't want to talk, I'm the hottest nigga in New York

[Chorus]

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