Shyne

[unknown]

Swizz, Po
Respect our gangsta, nigga
Lay down
What you know 'bout rollin' out?
Big Tecs, big vests, hollow tips all up in that kid neck
Po live it up, yellow stones lit it up
Long John Eagle tucked, it's the kid, nigga what?
Some of y'all rap niggaz is girls hold my dick, gappin' and flappin'
Fuckin' cartoons these niggaz guns don't go off until they say
"Lights, camera, action!"
Yo Swizz, tell them niggaz, "Eat a dick"
Gun up in your face bitch, that way we don't miss
Unload the shit, then reload the shit
Head straight to the airport and unload some bricks
No lying, you niggaz see me comin' down the streets
You'd think I was flyin', 12 cylinders
Brooklyn is mine nigga, move over
Yeah I'm talkin' to you fuckin' dick blower
For all of y'all keepin' y'all in health
Just to see you wild and enjoy yourself
'Cause it's cool when you fuckin' with a nigga like me
Cool when you ridin' with a nigga like me
To all my Marla Mable bitches just shine
To all my niggaz keep it gully just shine
To all the ghettos in America shine
I'ma keep it gangsta till I die nigga shine
Check it, aiyyo all I need in this world of sin
Is a crooked lawyer, big rims, and a Mac 10
Ridin' through the city like I'm used to this shit
Fuck ya vest nigga, my sHells chew through that shit
Catch ya breath, you ain't heard about that nigga Po?
Murder cases, downin' faces, Manhat' low
Leavin' pieces of your brain on your car do'
Lookin' gully in that Bent or that R O
L L, see you niggaz in Hell
Soon as they set my bail, I make another sale
Shit, I set my mind at an early age
I was either gon' be paid or an early grave
What the fuck? I got to have

Blocks to smash, lots of cash, drops and ass
This is the truth, I probably die in my coupe
But I bet you only bitches don't come get me and shoot

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I got my mind on this shipment, shipment on my mind
Bout to meet these Dominican niggaz at 9
Rhyme, rap the fuck is that?
Only thing I wrap is yea that nigga, died today
Y'all got me confused, I ain't tryin' to fill nobody's shoes
I'm just lookin' for connects nigga, doin' what I do
Back against the wall, against all odds
Tune in to my life nigga, this shit is sicker than Nas
Fightin' against them crackers, plus them killers getting at us
Nowhere to run, so I grab my gun
And start blazin', this shit got a nigga aging
I'ma die a gangsta nigga, ain't no changin'
A G faithfully, mama pray for me
Yo nigga, go to school, stay away from me
Got horse for you hustlers, bullets for you cowards
And dick for you bitches, up in the Trump Tower
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