

Shaydee

E.Town Concrete

Hard times build character, or so I'm told.
They teach you lessons
Worth your weight in gold,
And I've been shown things happen for a reason.
I know your kind.
You want one thing, the gusto.
Keep it in mind.
What's up chief?
You is a shifty thief with shady eyes.
Play the role like a tough guy.
You need a grammy.
It's whack.
Smile to my face.
Talk behind my back.
In fact, when I'm around you be riding my sac. Your shit is played out.
Try and use me to get your name out.
So you can stay out (cash in the fame no doubt).
I ain't stupid.
I know what you is about son.
Gettin' that clout done
So you can attract a bigger crowd dunn.
Yeah ... you is a foul, one always preaching "Keepin' it real", when you
Is a fake bitch handing out raw deals.
Your shit is too sloppy to have appeal.
Your style is too cliché for masses to feel.
You is a shady jealous bitch.
Try and play me to get rich,
Fit in my niche, taking part of my chips.
Yo that's my shit.
Stop trying to steal my show.
E-TOWN.
This goes out to my peeps up in the crowd.
This goes out to my niggas gettin' wild.
This goes out to the kids that is representin'. This goes out to tough guys teaching lessons.
This goes out to those that are true.
This goes out to you.

Songwriters

DAVID MONDRAGON, ERIC DENAULT, TED PANAGOPOULOS, ANTHONY MARTINI Published by

Lyrics Â© RAZOR & TIE DIRECT LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>