

# The Original

## Shyne

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, ayyo 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 For all of y'all keepin' y'all in health  
Just to see you wild and enjoy yourself

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I'ma keep it gangsta till I die nigga shine  
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  
For all of y'all keepin' y'all in health  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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