

For The Record

Shyne

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(for the record)Pshhhh pshhhh

Uhh

(repeat 3x)[Verse 1]

Ohh you rhyme witta slug and sum shots in his face

He rhyme witta slug tryna sound like ma\$e

Listened to his tape, this lil' nigga used to sound like cake

Maybe I'm juss killin, maybe he juss snitchin

See a whole lot different when my sales ecliped

What I see is straight bug, straight thoro

Yea he be a killa, you kill wit bugs

Rather look at the facts not the hype

Like who got shot and who got knifed

Who keep gettin struck, but don't neva strike

Hope the beef go away but the feds indict

I know yo card nigga, it's so clear

You juss want to sell record you don't want warfare

You don't want to ride you want to get rich and hide

These niggaz would've died if they shot me nine times

Heyy it's juss for the best

Take this mob shit seriouse, please respect it[Hook]

And there go the shots stay rippin 'em apart

'cause it's a blood comin outta his slum

It's murdah bloody homicide is what they cry

When they losin' their life

When muhfuckaz ax me how I sleep at night

Pretty cold witta slug might heat me tight

Pray to god while I'm gone, is what underneath feels like

It's my work by the surf when they turn off the lights[Verse 2]

You ain't kill humma 'cause if you did

Why you ain't get the pen after all of that hit

You know I know, that if you live

That shit that you spit, somebody got somebody

Somebody got jumped, somebody got cut

Yoo pac's a nigga, nobody got shot

Nobody got flushed, you screamin what what

Okay okay killa you'sa slut

Think about it, enoughs enoughs

I'm tryna show 'em whoes who

And what is what
I mean how can I respect you
When them niggaz that left you ain't none of 'em blessed you
(not nobody)
You know where they are, where they perform
Bust yo gun, stop makin songs
Please no more ghetto quran
You got money now it's time to bomb
And that's juss fo the top
Take this mob shit serious please respect it And there go the shots stay rippin 'em apart(2x)
'cause it's a blood comin outta his slum[Verse 3]
Death of perfection as I move witout motion
Ain't no nigga in his game doin the shit that I'm quotin'
Take a good look 'cause you'll neva a see enought of me
Might be sum otha g's tryna trace n color me
But I believe in the ways of old
Slice these niggaz throat tryna tell on po
That shouldn't excist, fuckin snitch
Cut of his dick, put it on his lips
You really think I was gon' let you slide
Fuckin wit me you must be outcho mind
You really think jail was gon' make thinks right
nigga I will shoot you till you lose yo life
I was mindin' my own, word got back, niggaz talkin bout po
I was like ohh, god must be ready fo this nigga to go
I ain't lyin this is the mob
You got yo break come finish yo job
Juss don't get the feds involved
And I'mma reunite you wit yo moms
Rip
I guess this ain't juss music
'cause jail only made me much mo' ruthless (nigga)
And the bitch nigga knew this
That's why he tryed to sign me to g-unit
Tell 'em how you made me offers
(I don't want that blood I'mma godfather)
Jumped on every street corner
Hurts yo heart that you don't get that honor
The feds I paid fo that
10 years up top
I sell 'em much shop
Both of ya was blood
Took the bus wit 'cause
Want gun fo gun
I earned my lug

You, you juss pathetic
You neva bg, bespite yo average
Take this mob shit serioue, you gon' respect it
Tha's juss fo the record[Hook]
And there go the shots stay rippin 'em apart
'cause it's a blood comin outta his slum
It's murdah bloody homicide is what they cry
When they losin' their life
When muhfuckaz ax me how I sleep at night
Pretty cold witta slug might heat me tight
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Songwriters

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