It's Ok

Haystak, Young Buck

Geah, uhh, uhh, uhh
Uh, huh, like that
Geah, uhh
Ten bricks nigga in the air, hold tec
It's that motherfuckin' nigga named Shyne
Nothin' but cum for these bitches, love none for these bitches
It's that motherfuckin' nigga named Shyne
What's my motherfuckin' name? Put a bullet in your brain
Leave your shirt stained, guns and cocaine
It's the best of a V and E
I'm like homes in Charlie's Angels, y'all never seein' me
Heavenly indeed, measure me a key
My moms was a virgin when she had me
I rock flows, top O's, better yet, sell it wet
Tape ki's to bitches, I need the riches
Scene switches, big bitches to hide snitches
Smile for the feds as they take pictures
It's the young G speakin', leavin' niggaz leakin'
Shots repeatin', around the clip somethin' bound to hit
Y'all motherfuckers was counterfeit
Eat a dick and choke, as I sniff coke
Shyne pro, watch how you pronounce the shit
G'z up, hoes down while you motherfuckers bounce to this
Before your dog you're dyin' and bustin' your iron
Take the stand you're lyin', it's ok
If you cook it, cut it, watch flooded
Hit niggaz in public and bitches love it, it's ok
If you high right now as they play this in the club
Lookin' for somethin' to fuck, it's ok
If you startin' with her, it's ok
If you snotty with him, it's ok
With so much blocks in the N Y C
To burn 'em all down is kinda hard for me
But uhh, somehow, someway
I keep takin' over motherfucker's gates
Like every single day
It's, the, rap, singer
Slash, coke, crack, slinger
Sling crack sling smack sling dick to dingbats

That try to pussy bootchie coochie, I'm in that
Kingpin raps, I spit 'em, fed NARC's, I dip 'em
Bentley and large rims spinnin', the shit is sickenin'
My rhymes, my flow, I got all the symptoms
Rinks and links and trips to Harry Winston
Born sinner, think that model bitch I'm with is slim?
You chances of seein' me are slimmer
I was through with it, before y'all knew what to do with it
Put my finger in the ground and turn the world around
Before your dog you're dyin' and bustin' your iron
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From hip-hop to them hot blocks
It ain't never gon' stop, well, maybe for three days
But then I'll return, more blacks to burn for more yea
Get them [unverified] sittin' up on Broadway
(Geah)
Livin' the life, ridin' on Twinkies
Thirty inch rims spinnin', bitches is grinnin'
Roscoe on my left, wonderin' where the pussy at
So I can scheme the dope, get the pussy and float
Big things, live from the Empire State
Where niggaz, live in fear of a 8-48
Don't owe my favors, jewelers deliberate
Shops have me spinnin' like you was doin' a figure eight
Gun in your mouth bitch, got a bitter taste
Push up hard on the arms, uhh, bitter face
Guerilla pimpin' indeed, shit I'm like a perm
Somethin' every girl in the ghetto need
Before your dog you're dyin' and bustin' your iron
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