Life

Shyne

It's a new day in the rap game!
Nobody sells records but Shyne Po!

[Verse 1]
My life had it's ups and downs, but I don't regret nothin'
I had the whole tri-state high, nigga I ain't frontin'
at Fifteen I sold my first bag of dope
used to stick Dominicans, burner under the coat
gettin' like 15 grams, a half a Ki
at Fifteen man, a nigga just glad to be
gettin' some shorts, me and my Man from a Hundred and Fifth
he knew some Dominican niggas that wanted a clique
to hold 'em down, shoot niggas in the head
throw 'em out windows if they were late with the bread
basically I'm enforcin'
around heavy coke, when nobody's lookin' I'd be dippin' in the portion
they wasn't missin' it
so I got my hustle on the side, flippin' it
sellin' like 500 bottles and Nicks, started minor
but I always knew I'd turn a big apple into cider.

Niggas...niggas just ain't built like me...
stand up niggas...since 15
I been servin' fiends and loadin' magazines...
takin' shots..burnin' blocks..
this ain't no fuckin' rap.

[Verse 2]
Everything was everything 'till my Man got pinched
he had a shoot-out with the cops in front of the precinct
other than that, I went from enforcer to movin' product, straight white
powder now, gettin' it
the hardest nigga in the street
my first car was a 190 Benz with Louie Vaton seats
buyin' out the bar at the rooftop
I had a few spots
one called the jukebox
where I was gettin' like 50 a brick
2 or 3 bricks a day, makin' mothafuckas sick

my Cousin Ron a crook from the Brook was torchin'
any niggas whisperin' or talkin' 'bout extortion
shit was goin' right and only one better
when I got my Italian connect, hittin' me with pure Heroin
moved to 116th, started seein' real dinero then
empire buildin', the shit was takin' flight
had my bitches cuttin' up like 10 Ki's a night
mixin' lactose, Bonita, and Quenii
I was the first Black nigga with mafia ties
leased my soul to the Devil with the option to buy.

Yo..bangin' for real..
niggas is thinkin' rap, I'm thinkin' laundromat..
we washin' this money...
you think this shit is about rhymes...
you'll find yourself under the fuckin' ground...you know?..
we get low when the Feds is in town..
this is justice..
we playin' the pop charts and still lettin' them things pop off...

[Verse 3]
At 21 I was a legend, had the game transformed
controllin' manufacturin' and distribution of Heron
throughout the tri-state, high stakes
I spent Hundreds of Thou's out of paper bags
you couldn't name a car I ain't have
every minute new tags
Seven series to the Five-Sixty drop nigga
I was givin' away blocks nigga
fast cars, fast money, slow deaths
this things of ours
had me doin' a hundred miles an hour
through the City evadin' the Feds
started this shit called the counsel and we all made a pledge
not to fuck each others bitches
or touch each others riches
on top or broke
never break this oath
every nigga in the counsel was a boss
we used to put coke on our dick and make bitches suck it off
it was alright 'till I got caught
charged with an Eight-Forty-Eight
behind Marion steel gates
niggas started shittin', actin' bizarre
drivin' my cars, fuckin' my broads, breakin' the laws

same niggas I took care of and got money wit' was on some funny shit
if I was different I'd snitch
what would you do if you got Millions with niggas and they had no love
for ya?
couldn't pay for ya lawyer
I figured shit, why sit in a cell to rot?
I'll be out in Ten, start over again
throw those boys in the pot, but I couldn't do it
you couldn't understand it of you ain't been through it
there's rules to this shit and I couldn't break 'em
death before dishonor 'till I meet Satan...I know he's waitin'.

God forgive me...you've never seen a nigga like me in your life...
I'm what these lil' niggas rap about...
that's me they talkin' 'bout in they rhymes...
I did that time...I flipped that dime...
shoot-outs, jet planes, cocaine and automobiles...
The Life...love it.

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