We Shine

Unhindered

[Verse One]
(Kon Artis)
I'm rockin shit, packin shit, while stackin shit
If anyone steps up askin shit, I'm blastin shit
You gone phase me, but swingin like Peter Parker
Motherfuck the shop, I'll wreck the Goddamn barber
Forget your dreams about being with fans hugged up
You couldn't be a dope MC if you said his rhymes drugged up
I told you once, but you forget so here's a flashback
"You couldn't be shit, if you came out my asscrack"
Stop frontin kid, you know you ain't paid
And the only mic/Mike you wrecked was that kid you fought in first grade
Ain't nothin lyrical about you but your lies
So cut the shit, cause its startin to draw flies
You're played like my five-year old's newborn toys
Don't know shit about Chicago, but I could still make Illa Noyz
Like Robin Leech I display stylish ways
Thats rough like my face when I haven't shaved in days
Listen up, all these words take heed
When I cock and squeeze, no more MC's breathe (none)
I'm sick of this, here's my final dis
Fuck you dumb niggaz you ain't shit like this

Chorus: 2X
Verse 2:
[Eminem]
My Smith and Wessy got you layin in some alley messy
Got your family lookin for your ass on Sally Jesse
We squash beef in the mo', when you ain't breathin no more
Leavin your skull split like Steven Seagal
Let the cat out, flat out, Detroit's a mad house
So I don't get offended when I hear my city badmouthed
We quick to pull the gat out and set it
And leave you with more shit missin than a Lil' Kim radio edit
Stick up kids be tryin to live paid
You get your grill sprayed with twenty-seven bullets in your ribcage
Get the guage, cock it back, empty your pockets, Jack
Or I'ma send you flyin like a rocketpack
Murder you for a bag of chips and a chocolate snack

Break into your crib still your shit and lock it back
Ten-year old kids be standin on the block with gats
Just for livin nowadays'll get you flocked with bats
Where I'm from...yaknow what'm sayin?, that's some old Detroit shit
y'all wouldn't know about that shit, though. Less you come
to my city, ya know what'm sayin? See where we live,
cause we shine

Chorus: 2X
Verse 3:
[Hush]
MC's put Detroit up in they rap songs
Cause without us there careers wouldn't last long
So like a generation we've been passed on
Now its our time to shine, put your glasses on
Got these A & R's and labels with binoculars
Lookin in, jockin us and not jockin yours
Too many groups follow trends, unoriginal
Usin loops that transcend every bitch in you
Don't ever try to say this is a ghost town
One million rappers in this bitch, they need to slow down
Evualute the situation, all the rest are killers
Fly hoes out on Jefferson with the drug dealers
Two years in the joint, nobody's touchin Hush
Try to say you'll put us down, but your under us
Now who the fuck are you? its just coincidental
When your rhyme your even worse than the instrumental
Your just a phone-tapper with no backbone
Talkin shit, I got a clique that only pack chrome
Have your ass gone, nowhere to run, when we hit
Next time you'll think twice of who you fuckin wit

(Chorus)

Lyrics submitted by Dein.

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