

For the Record

Shyne

Where it at, where it at
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Where it at, where it at Oh do he rhyme with a slug from the shots in his face or
Do he rhyme wit a slug tryin' to sound like mase?
Listened to his tape, this lil' nigga used to sound like cake
Maybe I'm just killin', maybe he just snitchin' See a whole lot different from my cell in Clinton
I see is straight bird, straight girl
Yea he be a killa, you kill the words
you gotta look at the facts and not the hype Like who got shot and who got knife-d?
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 just wanna sell records you don't want warfare
You don't wanna ride you wanna get rich and hide
'Cause niggaz would've died if they shot me nine times
Hey it's just for the record take this mob shit serious, please respect it Hear we go with shots that rip 'em apart
'Cause it's a blood comin' outta his heart
It's murdah bloody homicide is what they cry
When they losin' their life Muhfuckaz as me how I sleep at night
Pretty good witta slur an my heat held tight
Pray to god while I'm gone, is what underneath feels like
Finish my work on this earth and turn off the lights You ain't kill Homa 'cause if you did
Why you ain't get the kid that ordered the hit
You know I know, that if you live
That shit that you spit, somebody got somebody Somebody got jumped, somebody got cut
You a boxer nigga, nobody got shot
Nobody got crushed, you screamin' what what
Okay okay killa you suck Tinkerbelle, enough is enough it's time to show 'em who's 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
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 just from the time
Take this mob shit serious please respect it Hear that boy the shots they rip 'em apart
'Cause it's a blood comin' outta his heart
Hear that boy the shots they rip 'em apart
'Cause it's a blood comin' outta his heart Death of perfection as I move without 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 another of me

Might be sum otha G's tryina trace and color meBut I believe in the ways of old
When I slit a fools throat tryna tell on po
That shouldn't exist, fuckin' snitch
Cut off his dick, put it on his lipsYou 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 lifeI was mindin' my own, word got back, niggaz talkin' 'bout po
I was like oh, God must be ready for this nigga to go
Gangland this is the mob you got yo break come finish yo job
Just don't get the feds involved and I'm a reunite you wit yo moms ripI guess this ain't just music
'Cause jail only made me much mo' ruthless
And the bitch nigga knew this that's why he tried to sign me to G-unit
Tell 'em how you made me offers
I don't run with that blood I'm a godfatherLoved on every street, conquered streets
Hurts yo heart that you don't get that honor
The feds I paid for that ten years up top
Not seven months shopI walked the yard with blood
Took the bus with 'cause went gun for gun
I earned my lug you, you just pathetic
You will neva be G, despite yo efforts
Take this mob shit serious, you gon' respect it
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Finish my work on this earth and turn off the lightsTurn off the lights
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