

# The Life

## Shyne

It's a new day in the rap game  
Nobody sells records but Shyne Po  
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  
Everything was everything 'til 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  
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 'til 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 if you ain't been through it  
There's rules to this shit and I couldn't break 'em  
Death before dishonor 'til 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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