

Shine Blockas (Remix)

Big Boi

Yeah, all the ladies say ho, all the hoes say
(Ha, ha, ha)
Gucci up, here we go A-town, C-post
Cut masta swift down ya throat
Boy stop, Sir Luscious Left Foot on fireTrying to block my shine just ain't gone happen so don't try
Every time I get on this microphone I like to spit
Inking hit up after hit, this penmanship is so legitI came equipped like an prophylactic, now they riding dick
Like Stalin on these suckas out here tryin' to buy them bitch
Now they rich try to piss everybody to trick off
But a true boss to pay the cost, she giving away her drawlsWord to the brown James he some chicken chow mein
Really man you done say some silly things
And the fella Dana Dane boy you cuffin' claim to game
Hate my main thang and my last name ya notta mayneI'm on my grind shawty, don't block my shine shawty
Hold up, hold up guess who just showed up?
Rolled up, rolls cut, drop with the doors up
I'm on my grind shawty, don't block my shine shawty
Wait a minute, wait a minute, chill a little, sit a minute
I can't close my safe no more 'cause I got too much money in itCan't be tripping bout no paper
'Cause the safe is not so safe
The piggy bank got legs and feet
And can't get up and walk away shawty
With my southern drawl awkwardly
I spray like the backside of a skunk
And the stash house with the pumpPistol whip in my lap at all times in the 'lac
From Atlanta to Savannah can't a nigga stop that
Not when god's got his hands on me only the strong survive
And the weak, minded are falling by the wayside, they tryBut which I overcome and succeed indeed
But with success comes a great responsibility
We chose to lead not follow, it's a hard pill to swallow
Better get prescriptions filled cause there might not be tomorrow

Songwriters

GAMBLE, KENNY / HUFF, LEON / DAVIS, RADRIC / PATTON, ANTWAN / HALL, ARCHIEPublished

by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC