

# Shine Blockas

## 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 Foots on fire Trying 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 legit I came equipped like an prophylactic, now they riding dick  
Like Stalin on these suckas out here tryin' to buy they bitch  
Now they rich try to piss everybody to trick off  
But a true boss to pay the cost, she giving away her drawls Word 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 mayne I'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 it Can'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 pump Pistol 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 try But 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

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