

# 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 me  
But 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 lips  
You 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 life  
I 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 rip  
I 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 godfather  
Loved 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 shop  
I 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  
Tha's just for the record  
Hear we go with the 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  
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