

La Introduccion

Shy Glizzy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It's my turn, it's my turn, it's my turn, it's my turn
There are a lot of niggaz running here and calling
The same bosses
But I got to shop my nigga, Glizzy eyes, nigga
Nigga getting' money
Make your motherfucking major moves
By his motherfucking self
Self-made in this bitch Stay at the same bricks
A lot, a lot of bricks
He just set a piece of 40
Got a 40 on my hill Stay at the same bricks
A lot, a lot of bricks
He just set a piece of 40
Got a 40 on my hill Blurk told me shine boy!
You gonna be rich
Now you don't wanna be deaf cause
This tape is for real niggaz Stay at the same bricks
A lot, a lot of bricks
He just set a piece of 40
Got a 40 on my hill
Blurk told me shine boy!
You gonna be rich
Now he wanna be ass boys
I get them all together
I stick her to the Cuban and Ricky could her rule
My necklace is Cubbish shining on my neck
I'm a whimp, you're a loser
I'm a guilt, you're a loser
Your bitch should choose
My dick should choose
I pop circle for nothing
I might die, I suffer

Better make that pussy keep talking
My young niggaz are on drugs
They aren't really getting any love
For 8 ballers I'm dust
This is your ass and what it does I'm still like Alex to pull money in my pocket
You want it, I got it
You touch, you die
These shoes, that ones
You want them?
Can't find them
For the road now turnin'
Big dog, you're a man
Need a child? Got to work
But, bitch, that's word
I'm high on Earth
I take a nigga's ass off Earth
Cool it with her ass size
'I got what, I got yey

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>