

Shaquille O'Neal F/ K-Raw, Sonja Blade

"My Shit Be Deep"

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[M-Child]

Yo, I'm gonna slow it down to you non-rapping-ass
niggas who always got
something to say about a motherfucker trying to come
up.
Always putting in they motherfucking two cents and
shit.
Man, shut the fuck up, aiight? Damn..

[M-Child] [Chorus x2]

My shit be deep, so deep that you feel, what I feel,
My pen is my skill, the words I speak; that shit be real.
I'm blessed with the things I possess, but niggas test,
I'm on a quest, so I let my lyrics speak for itself.

[M-Child]

What makes a nigga wanna dis me, fuck 'em, burn in
hell,
'cause dissing me and my niggas ain't gonna make
your tape sell.
Local-lyric bringer; On my level, you'll never be,
Soft as a baby's ass, you talking 'bout hurting me.
I've been through it all, from piss to play to have a nice
day,
Won't hesitate to run you over, splat you out like some
clay.
There's always gotta be something, a mad rapper on
my dick,
I ain't gon' let that shit sweat me because I'm trying to
get rich.
Other things I must do, making my niggas raise the
roof,
Keep with you; mind, body, and soul, be bullet-proof.
Keep a pen and some notebook paper, to make my
paper,
Make my family proud, so hater, I'll catch you later.
I got my shit tight, you don't believe me, come and see,
You can learn a lot from a dummy that's from O.M.P.

My poetry be so hard, you can't take it from me,
My poetry be so real, you can't bring it like me.

[Chorus x2]

[M-Child]

My organization ain't got no fucking time to fuck off,
Like Y2K, if you play, we gon' cut your lights off.
Now wave goodbye, no freedom; chain 'em up and sit
still,
I have your fucking mind-blown, like an ecstasy pill.
Affiliated with hate, slummed off drinking Nyquil.
Ain't no niggas spookin' me, check yourself if you're
real,
Bottom-line, I got in this game to sit back and chill.
Time to make it subway, I wanna count some big bills.
I wanna live a good life, forever happy; doing right,
But there's always a nigga that's gon' confront you with
a fight.
I ain't fucked up about it, I just never understood,
What be a nigga problem, how come it be all good?
The level-minded, just give me my ice cream and my
cake,
I'll celebrate for every precious moment that I didn't
waste.
Killing with faith; got me rushing motherfuckers off-
guard,
Hand on my own, regardless of the shit that you start.

[Chorus]

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