

Shyheim f/ Bee-Gee

"160.15"

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[Intro: Shyheim]

Mm... Bottom Up, yo!

[Shyheim]

Ya'll can't fuck with me, or my fuckin' team

What the fuck y'all mean? Fuck Shyheim

Like catchin' bodies ain't me, like armed robberies

160.15, ain't my steeze

I'm big dick Hercules, I'm from wildin' wildin' Staten Island

Where the little homies, murked the D's

We bout it bout it, you can see C-Murder in our eyes

4/5/6 on my dots

It was my finger that pulled the trigger, when he died

Tell the creator, I said I'll check him later

I done got it, all upstairs, that's why my peers call me elevator

Me and bonifide gangstas, roll like skaters in Empire
Kanye West rap niggaz, have 'em spittin' through the wire

You biters, I'm gasoline, if it wasn't for me

Ya'll wouldn't be fire, I got the industry tied up

Held for ransom, pretty bitches tell me calm down
handsome

I just give them a stupid look without answerin'

[Chorus: Bee-Gee]

Since the first time that I stepped through the door

And lettin' y'all niggaz know, that I will bring the noise

Move with some round niggaz, that'll bang the toys

Gettin' it all and poppin', in the streets, for sure ooww

But since y'all niggaz wanna hate, violate

Unless you see how it is, messin' with the great

Pull my thing out, no safety on it, aimed at the target

Squeeze off, let them shots rip your flesh apart, sure

[Shyheim]

I'm from S.I., used to rock Wu-Wear

Before my nigga Rasheem got murdered, I could say I
used to care

But now I don't, fuck around and hang myself

If you give me, a long enough rope, I'm stupid like that
Ask my nigga Homi', I pack bigger mac's than
McDonald's
Bang harder, than African booties, scratchers on
bongo's
And y'all don't pop, won't pop, I been in dope spots
When the police raided, back when my hair was
braided
Back in the days on Halloween, we went egg'in'
I used my building taggin' manhunt, skills for slayings
What you say is not irrelevant, you gonna need some
good luck
So cop two elephants, I'm hell of bit, in the precinct
Bitin' the skin off my fingers, to disguise my prints
And they still came back, go home, like Ma, it's a real
wrap
Man listen, I'm not going going, back, back, to priz-oh

[Chorus 2X]

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