

Shyheim f/ Gutta

"The Surah"

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[Intro: Show Stoppa]

Yeah, shit crazy out here, man
Nahwhatimean? We in the streets
For real, though, we livin' the shit
Lotta niggaz is talkin' the shit, man
Nahwhatimean, every day is a struggle
Feel me, uh... yeah, Show Stoppa, man
Gutta! Aiyo

[Show Stoppa]

These cold thoughts got me hot sweatin'
Pictures in my mind, blood, we tryin' hurry
Like a center rush, I don't get it
And I can't catch it, see when you mock me
Life a dream, with a message, but I can't catch it
Got me all jammed up, like burn a wall, with the
hammer
You try to pop, it's all jammed up
Soft skin gettin' tough, and the paper got me missin'
Salot
And the paper got me pitchin' the rock
I hate baseball, wait, y'all
We drop bombs, hail mary, you should listen to Pac
Mention Pac, gotta mention Biggie
So I got a fat black hammer fam, they call it biggie
You wishin' I give you one more chance, I ain't Biggie
Cock that thang back, blaow, is you ready to die?
They said he thoughtless, heartless and out of control
But I'm a Muslim, mock me, just watchin' my soul
Believe, Latin laha, in Allah
No God, but Allah, and Muhammed is his messenger
But you hot, wound up, dissectin' ya
Body all open, 26 shots'll leave ya body all open
S.K., bisectin' ya, and the lead and shells is hot, dog
If it's a loud beef, get ate like a hot doog
We Muslim, and it get no realer than that
You can't touch a Monk, man, and just look over
And he stuck around, now I'm spillin' the gat
Dressed in black face mask, grillin' the cafer
I submit with to will of Allah, with no rat
P-R-A-Y, five times a day, I put my hair down

Seven days a week, I put my hair down
12 months a year, all year round, muslims put they hair
down

[Shyheim]

Whose the kid with his mugshot on the cover of the
Source
Shy show you how to rob niggaz, not in a rap song
That's 3 minutes and 45 seconds too long
I could hold a pale horse, blowin' a Newport short
Nobody does it bigger than my Bottom Up niggaz
So much coke on the street, I put Pepsi out of business
Shove my metal in your mouth, like braces, but I'm not
dentist
Hip hop fans that listen, don't want me to finish this
mischief
I'm a little, so I'mma pray for these niggaz
Like, Allah, please forgive 'em, for testin' Shyheim
Cuz, he does not know that, I am a prophet
And the pro with them two's, cuz I use, is my logic
I'm everywhere, so keep your head up, like a Pac head
Kill me or I'mma kill you, nigga fuck it

[Interlude: Show Stoppa]

Shyheim, is crazy right?
Nahwhatimean, we for real out here, Gutta!

[Chorus 2X: Show Stoppa]

If it's beef, then it's to eat, mission that
Before we get, homey, I keep stuff Allah
Better ask for forgiveness, homey, y'all law
Cuz everybody won't make it to the promised land

[5 Mics]

My struggles is deep, my pain is deep
Got me in trouble in these streets, my faith is weak
I try to stay focused, but the, pain is hell
24 hours a day, hit a dormant cell
I used to go to truma, duece and do 36 rock gots
New surahs, and mad ayats
Til my faith got it week, started hittin' the block
Put the Koran down, just a pitch on the block
Look at me now, Sa-tan, got me ditchin' the cops
I know I'll probably feel of fire, when my casket drop
Dogs, I full a stomach full of flees and birds
When niggaz do, robberies, crush crack to crumbs
I'm from Brooklyn, where niggaz get found in they
Benz
With the back of the medula, splashed out on the tint
Where the money and church collide, and the gangstas
ride

They double barrel, have you ass leavin' all I can ride
This is my turf, since young, I've been puttin' in work
Survive, I guess, like throwback jersey shirts
Five beat a nigga, that'll twist your ride
I'm hood, crooked teeth, niggaz what the fifth's about
Eat your food, have you shittin' out, like hillbillies
Chew tobacco, my ocks be, spittin' out
Leave you stretched in your truck, with your braids in
the back
I'm from Brooklyn, nigga, I was trained with the gat
Lived my live in the streets, I know about homicide
How to hustle, and bang, when the drama ride
Pitch crack on the block, where the G's be at
Rock Timbs, army fatigues, ski masks and hats
Oh Allah, why do my pain, gotta be so harsh
I never destined to be hood, and thrown in cop cars
Gutta, Bottom Up, Shyheim, walk with me

[Bucks]

Ever since the days of playin' the dirt
Been through it, jeans, things you never in, up in my
knees in it
Cop a bird, and wing it, the work, debris spinach
Tappin' the surah, til the fans and them in it
I excede the limit, put the weed in the middle
With a crack batch, lit it, sever my peritheal vision
Seen myself diminish, and use a cannon
When my shit touchin', clear up your aim and kitchen
But I ain't, gettin' it, so the sound of you doing dishes
Sit up it, like some Latin bangin' pursuin' the vicious
Continous when I picture it, where Allah fit 'em
When you try to get it, and where do the law fit in
And when will it stop, I don't make, I just break the rules
Reasons for me to make, will do a dent
Officer Lat, academics for the things I do
When I'm too busy with the things I do
And it's becoming a problem, how I'mma say the beef
is so loud
When they conflict, stutter from some mirage shit
The consequences, the end of a long clip
Long trip to the trauma center, you harm a Muslim
I even look, long at a sister
I'm tellin' you, it's the wrong decision
Pull heat, put it til you put a hole in the center, I know
I'm a sinner
That's the least I can do, nigga

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