

Shyheim f/ Lex

"I'm Back It's Great"

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[Intro: Shyheim]

Yeah, Shyheim, nigga a/k/a S.I.

A/k/a Jonathan Jackson the Manchild, you hear me

Got my nigga, Lex, yeah, Jersey, Staten Island

Bottom Up, Brock Bros., Stapleton, what up

[Shyheim]

I got S.I. on my back and I'm swimmin', 9000 miles back home

My whole hood, happy, I'm back home

I'm the backbone, black stone, Greatest Story Never Told

Came to the wilderness of North America, alone

Stompin' like a giant, on my corner, mash potato

Timb's

Containin' more fucked iodine, vitamins

I'm grindin', puttin' it in, from the Bottom Up

And I don't rock watches or bracelets, cuz they remind me of handcuffs

Niggaz woke up a sleeping dragon, you hear that fire coming out my mouth

You better call the red and white wagons

And while you at it, tell 'em don't forget that leak water

I be so wet whoadee, I can dry water, and for all y'all

Niggaz out there, thinkin' y'all tough

Real gangstas, like myself'll make y'all buckle like the end of a belt

My handle's critically acclaimed, locked down the game

With a one and two side, amex in the main

[Chorus 2X: Shyheim (Lex)]

I'm back (Yeah, Shy, see you hear, never left

But you back in the hood, so tell me what's really good)

It's great (See, niggaz thought it wouldn't happen

Picture the kid rapping, yes, niggaz he's back in)

[Lex]

Cuz it's back, this young dude from the Bricks, homey

Became immune to the strip, carry two's, put shoes on the whip

And I move with the fifth, on me, in case dudes wanna
flip
I leave 'em leakin', droolin' in shit
But I can't stop, my block needs me, but just remember
That bustin' these shots, and duckin' these cops, is not
easy
I'm down for whatever, I stand on the pavement, I'm
trynna
Round up this cheddar, I need a vacation
I'm so stressed and my girl don't help, she can't
understand
Why I'm so stressed and why I worry myself
And it's really starting to bother a nigga
So with this weight laws, I'm startin' to shake off,
pardon a nigga
Balls, I got paper, but I'm far from a million
That's why I'm, still in these streets, I hustle hard in
these buildings
Yeah, they say it's wrong, that these crackheads need
me
But I can't, leave it alone, cuz crackheads feed me
Ricky, Shawn, Daneen and Barbara, Phylis and Ursula
Got so much, that I'm needing a worker
Show 'em how to move, and gets moved with a slot
game
But only talk samples, when the color of your top
change

[Chorus 2X]

[Shyheim]

I got a call from Bobby Digital, he said it's critical
For me to record a new album, I said aight, no
interviews
I refuse to talk to any reporters or disc jockeys
This is for the people, so I got a right to be coky
I'm the one and only, the only one chosen
I preserve my microphone in, by keeping it frozen
As a child, I said realer shit than most of you grown
men
I'm certified, ultra live, the ghetto says so
Play my tape, even the roaches gon' come chill in your
radio
I'm ruthless, but wont day real easy, got whole hoods
Wearin' mechanic suits, I do dudes so greasy
I'm a hoodlum, til they turn out my lights, and give me
a quarter
I still have more girlfriends, than Diana Ross daughter
It's a manslaughter....

[Chorus 2X]

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