

## Shyheim f/ The Embassy "I'm Good Play Your Part"

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[Intro: Shyheim]

This nigga, shit, yeah, I can't even walk to the corner  
store  
Without a nigga askin' me, like damn  
When you come in son, yo, when you go in, man?  
When you goin' to do another movie, what's up with an  
album  
Damn, son, you ain't got a welcome, me nothing?  
Hah..

[Chorus 2X: Kanive]

I'm good, play your part  
Those hookers, those hoes, and my job  
Those hustlers, those papes, and my squad  
My neck, my wrist, my car

[Shyheim]

I know it urks, you, I come through  
In an upside down Y, surrounded by a circle  
Bottom Up on the windshield  
Big mac-11 with them dumb dumbs, stupid, under the  
chinchill'  
Niggaz better ch-chill, shit's still real  
With the ice pick, the niggaz grills, give 'em fish scales  
In Fishskill, where the fish kill  
I'm like a far ring temtrum, Shyheim, it's real  
Flip your whips to squeal, you will get killed  
So basically nigga, keep your lips sealed  
Put the minute in the pennant, call me Mr. Quick Bill  
They hit me with a sentence, but your nigga spit jail  
I ran and I ran, with them bounties on my tail  
Drinkin' hot water, eatin' shit, that's stale  
And still, Flex keep our single spinnin' like windmills  
And a nigga fresh outta jail

[Chorus 2X]

[Kanive]

Catch Kanive, and in the wide body, pullin' a sled  
Still in the streets, duck and dodgin' the feds  
Still got the trey deuce, strapped to the lead

How come the yellow bodies looked like scrambled  
eggs  
Get your baby, take your cheese and your bread  
I know he slow in the head, this is what I just said  
He hearin' things, the blood is sunny side up  
When the homey's ride up, with them chromey  
magnums, yeah  
Swallow your pride, and cough up the product  
Then I'm back around the block, what up blood  
What up cuz, yeah, my pressure is buildin'  
And the headphones are fire without a Lox reunion  
Keep the streets like checks, nigga, pay your  
communion  
Look, I'm going back from which I came  
I'm like King David's sword on the black smith lake  
Cherry red, seven sixty, me shine ya dame

[Chorus 2X]

[Imf Blue]

I'm good, compared to all these broke liars  
Who never gonna fire, like a broke ass lighter  
I blow right by ya with a hoe like Mya  
In a big body Benz with all white tires  
Brolic bracelets that cause arthritis  
Can't even open the door, got sores on my right wrist  
Pores cuz I might just be forced to use my left  
Hop it, don't pocket, and cruise my sects  
I'm here now, so you where the problem at  
I know where ya momma at, I know where to rob you at  
The chip of my gun, get thrown where the coffin'  
I'm blowin' that concious back, on with that monster  
mack  
Blaow, and when that shit startin' squeezin'  
You be right there bleedin', in them Nike air's leanin'  
Sirens screamin', when I move from the scripts  
Yo, Police and Blue did it, bitch, hit it, ditch

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Shyheim]

Yeah, that was good nigga  
Don't fuckin' worry about me, nigga  
Do that shit, nah, I'm ight, man, come on man

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