

Shyheim f/ La the Darkman

"Easy Street"

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[Intro: Shyheim]

This is Bottom Up (Moe Bee got beats)
Shyheim, The Greatest Story Never Told
Bottom Up, Shyheim, The Greatest Story Never Told

[Shyheim]

I put a fifty in your mouth, out your ass for change
All you buckin' rap niggaz, don't make me pull y'all strings
I write songs for gangstas, on the chain and can sing
A hundred rounds til the ding, I'mma die in the ring
Cuz I'm a fighter, flick up your lighters
I got a bigger website than spiders, run with two five to lifers
That buck at biker's, get bucked on Riker's
I was shorty with the shitty diaper, sugar water made me hyper
Peter Piper picked peppers, but Shy fucked hoes
Put my gun in your face, like "whoa"
Me and Black Rob, rob black, with the Tahoe
Cuz he was gassed like Arco, beatin' him up PLO Style
I don't wanna grow up, I'm a leaky leak kid
Got so many bags of dust, that I could play with
The Bobby, separate's my mind from my body
Stuck countin' my dirty money in project lobbies
Pockets full of drugs, tommy in my Tommy
Movin' like a zombie, off that bah bah bah shit
Welcome to Disney Land, I'm your host, Mickey
You down with PCP, you know me

[La the Darkman]

Yo, niggaz call me alotta shit, but they can't call me broke
I ain't pushin' trees, I'm pushin' E's of coke
With a cannon in my coat, hardly laugh, ain't a joke
Any foul confrontation, a nigga gon' get smoked
Might hit you with a gemstar razor, or a red dart lazer
Take a piece of meat off you, when I blaze you
Like Albert Anastasia, I'm a mobster, I'm major
I'm loyal to my blood, not a faggot ass traitor
Big brother hustle great, I got to hustle greater

My operation's so smooth, they call me ice skater
With a mack ten, or eleven, cocked, the weather man
For super niggaz, wanna end up like Superman

[Shyheim]

I'm from the Island that's hotter than the Caribbean's
And that's how we Columbia necktie, law abiding
citizens
Nine m&m's in the denim, is the minimum
Crack rocks bigger than M&M's, whiter than Eminem
Thousands, I quintruple them, like the Olympics signs
Red dot, yellow dot, green dot, all dimes
Black top, blue top, those go two for five
Get your money where you get it, don't scrutinize
mines
Bitch, fuck you and them rhymes
I'm on the grind, to get rich or die trying
I done pushed enough time around niggaz line
That get their bricks in New York, bad bitch in New York
Big chain, icy frost, roll some Porsche in New York

[Interlude: La the Darkman]

I get energized from the vocals, though
You feel what I though, Troop, you feel what I'm sayin'
Cuz when it come in like that...
I feel what you sayin', now feel what I'm sayin'

[La the Darkman]

Let's go, La the Darkman, play the wind
Recently, I shot a nigga, that I called a friend
He was foe, tried to steal some of my blow
Oh well, snakes in the grass, I chopped the head off
they ass
Need an instant replay, I make it happen so fast
Til then, I'm gettin' all this money, fuckin' all these
bunnies
Laught a little bit, but ain't a damn thing funny
You dig? I got kids, and brothers to feed
Not to mention, my life, my bitches and what I need
Three story condo, car and truck combo
Bang hammers on niggaz, like Africans on congo's
That's how my song goes, drugs, money and murder
Check to see if you can handle it, before you take it
further, it's La

[Chorus: Shyheim] + (La the Darkman)

We be on easy street, ridin' through the red lights
You muthafuckin' a-right, we down to kill to O.T
Nigga tonight, without thinkin' twice
We be ridin', through the red lights
We be ridin', through the red lights

Through the red lights
Through the red lights (through the red lights...)

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