

Total F/ Shyne

"Sitting Home"

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[Puff Daddy (speaking)]

The man you've all been waiting to hear
Check him out

[Shyne]

Let it be understood
Bad Boy run this
Brooklyn the A T they pump this
Punch you in your head
With this gun shit
Y'all know I be on some dumb shit
I'ma cold kill the niggas that air the block out
And ten chiller broads that'll wear your cock out
Cost a half a mil
That was me you seen hop out
Stop playin, game over like a lockout
Serious shit
I'm the baddest Bad Boy, period shit
Me and P-U-double-F in the 4 period 6
Knocking Total
Carrying weight, flavor, no doubt

[Pam]

I'm getting tired being tired of your ways
You haven't come home or even called me today
You don't know the pain when I'm being alone
I'm calling out your name when you're not even home

[Bridge]

Cause I need you with me babe
Can't see you leaving me babe
Cause I don't know no other road I would go
And I hope your feelings change
Come bring your lovin' back to me
So I can give you what you need and much more

[Chorus]

Sitting home waiting for you
'Cause staring at these walls is all I do
I try my best to be good to you
But you're never around when I'm in the mood

[Kisha]

All my friends think that I am a fool
And since you have been gone I've been thinkin so too
Just tell me what it is and what you feel I do wrong
We should stay together cause our love is so strong

[Bridge]

[Puff Daddy (speaking)]

Shyne, talk to me one more time

[Shyne]

I think it's only right I let it be known
I was on some multi-platinum melody tone
Shit 'bout to bury me homes
Carry my chrome
Pencil bars, and Continental R's
Coincidental? Nah
I was meant to do this
My speeches, as a foetus
Meet you at your zenith, you beatless
I made one you liked, wait I'll make tons
You better off counting stars
Than the ho's that I make come
Hot to death
I ain't talking rhymes
I'm talking 'bout this vest, tek
And the ??cult recovery west??
From the better we ball
BK to 2-5
Nigga Shyne and it's too live
Say you better nigga you lie
want to be me, you can't fit the shoe size
Ho's, room skies, young don
from um, Brook-lyn, done, gone

[Chorus]repeat till fade

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