

## Baby

### "Get Your Shyne On Ft. Lil Wayne"

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[intro]

yea we all go oldschool  
u know what i'm saying  
if u from where i'm from  
you know what i'm talkin about  
what u do tell me  
this is cashmoney classic  
i fell cause nobody do it like im gonna do it  
so here we go world im bregin my world to your world  
you know what im talken about  
look

[hook x2]

get your shyne on  
get your shyne on  
get your shyne on  
so nigga stall way  
get your shyne on  
get your shyne on  
get your shyne on  
you know we gon make

[verse 1 baby]

boy the way we trust  
the neighborhood is us  
and everything we ride  
is 22's and up  
and every time that i slide  
is platum plus  
make the hood understand  
that we tryin to come up  
24's on trucks  
just the neighborhood lust  
till one pcrusier that everybody comin up  
cause everybody wanna ride  
everybody wanna shyne  
so how u love that people  
everybody wanna grind  
and these project cuts  
the hood rich levine lash  
one full team

u know we had to hide it  
once a poun time it was nothing but madness  
everything worked out and my momma was glad  
chaseing papper papper  
chaseing look thats all dope  
comein throw the neighborhood on 24's  
\$1000 dollors shoe thats all u know  
nigga come up with some more  
fastmoney cashmoney  
that all i know  
what!

[hook x 2]

[verse 2 lil wayne]

i woke up like  
i got a S on my chest  
mybe its that cashmoney piece  
so going on  
Gangsta to the core  
Ankle wrap flamer  
Paint your kicthen floor  
Wit ur whore  
Shit you can't ignore  
Things you indore when u fuckin wit the boy  
All i hear is weezy don't kill me no more  
so tuck that ice in  
cause you aint iced out  
I'm not a category  
I aint there wit ya'll  
I got a positive vibe but i ain't scared of ya'll  
Git the kid nigga did never that at all  
That rat a tat go off  
A black kak kak kak  
I gotta bitch so fine her name perrion(?)  
She no how to stash quarters in a carry on  
I blow outta town  
grass when i'm outta town  
Uptown in the buildin not a sound  
Cuz killas don't get heard about  
They get whispered about  
Or you get murdered out (nigga)  
and get my shyne on

[hook x2]

[verse 3 baby]

Comin' through my hood on spinnin' blades  
Mami know my name, niggaz know I don't play  
Jump out the whip, and we blaze in the shade  
Cause I gotta get straight, got an ounce of that haze

and im the birdman and t do it again  
Early birds don't play, makin' drops in the spots  
We struggle, but we hustle, man we hustle 'round the  
clock  
Goin' to the club, where the bottles gon' pop  
We VIP nigga, so them bitches gon' jock  
Laid Back on them 23s  
Escalade all green, Cadillac lean, who that be nigga?  
(Hello)  
You know that be Baby, he goin' to the club in somethin'  
updated  
Porsche trucks, Infinity graded  
Gotta give props to the man that made me  
Red Gold, I start it went crazy  
Afford to stunt, niggaz, stay in y'all places  
and always getting shyne

hoor x2

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