

Baby Aka The #1 Stunna "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 apoun 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

hoop x2

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