

Big Shys "Algorhythm"

Visit "[Algorhythm](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

VERSE 1 (BIG SHYS)

If ya see me in the zone just leave it alone, you can look
through my windows and see that nobody is home. I'm
a few brews
Short of a six pack, and I admit that down at the spot so
you can get that - yearnin' fa the taste of sherman, got
voices in
My head like herman and they told me just ta stay low-
key, sleep in the daytime and drink OE. Get to the top
make enough
Money ta hire that usa search, find ya enemies 1 by 1
and hit them fuckas where it hurts. Do a show but if the
crowd is
Worthless, choke on purpose look at that promoter
gettin' nervous. Catch amnesia intentionally, if the
fliers don't mention me - "but what about the fans"?
Fans wouldn't know what to do with um' if I had um',
might trip out back stage and try ta stab um' but not the
ladies cause I need them ta make more Shys T babies,
got um' foamin' at the mouth like rabies - city ta city
"the easy prey in the club gettin' shitty"? Nah the ones
with the tinie-winie bikinis and black bennies. Cause I'm
down with that boodydoo, like when the titties stick out
more than the booty do like tooties do. Rhythm Alga,
thanks ta me smokin' a pound up - 5.1 sound surround
ya.

HOOK: X 2 (BIG SHYS)

I'm bound ta get um' hit um' with algorhythm, give um'
a sound that's real and wait for the town ta feel it.
Givin' it up for the people people that wanted a sequel,
sequel or maybe a prequel algorhythm stay lethal.

VERSE 2 (BIG SHYS)

1 for the treble 2 for the bass, up jumped the boogie
now please pass the dutchie. 3 for the somethin' the
rest for I don't
Know, cause my brains on mush I been smokin' that
hydro. Fista pistol whip you fu-fu's pussy like pink tu-
tu's, evidence room

Locs, nuts, bangers, and coo-coo's - and if ya choose
ta cross paths with me, ya just opened up a shitstorm
factory. I aint
The one that ya see jumpin' round in the streets
screamin' and yellin' at fools, and gettin' ready fa beef.
I aint the one
Home invadin' ya house killin' ya kids & ya spouse, it
aint their fault that you got a big mouth. I'm the one
that got all of
My ducks in a row, blueprint alibi tight professional.
Keepin' up appearance so nobody get suspicious, and
keep it cool wait
About a year before I get vicious, and when the time is
right I send out the invite - "ay what's up Hommie, you
should come
Over to my crib tonight". You aint so hard now ya let ya
guard down, they found ya bones up at wapato park
now - see I'm
Psycho, alfa, disco, beta rhyme flow alorhythmic
creator. Beat quantized these bomb lines aint nuttin'
short of a grammy, that's
Why these suckas can't stand me.

HOOK:

VERSE 3 (BIG SHYS)

Fan club managers sortin' my hate mail, 350 lb pile on
the weight scale. DJ's got they panties in a uproar, wont
play my
Shit cause of riots in the front row - but I aint never had
a sleepless night, and I aint puttin down the mic until I
leave
This life, and that's the day that I meet up with Jesus
Christ and Eazy-E at the gate sportin' cortez nikes. I'm
the neo of
This rap shit, and I been chosen ta seek out the devilish
people and then expose um' - broadcast the truth, re-
program the
Youth, and I'm thinkin' about the future when I'm up in
the booth. So it's all to the good that Westcoast
credential, push rap
Tracks ta maximum potential. Hate it like it accept it
reject it, call it what you want but you damn will respect
it. 3
Screens right in front of my mic cause when I spit this
shit I'm spittin' it all night, and when I hit this lick I'm
kickin;
It all night, and when I clip this spliff I'm hittin' it all
night. Lemme get my magnum I'll tag um' a diagram,
take a breath

Dig deep and speak from ya diaphragm. Cartels back
shiiiiit neva left, just didn't wanna get mixed up with
none of the rest yep.

HOOK:

Visit [Big Shys](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.