

Big Boi

"Shine Blockas (feat. Bun B, Gucci Mane and Project"

Visit "[Shine Blockas \(feat. Bun B, Gucci Mane and Project](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Big Boi + (Gucci Mane)]

Yeah! All the ladies say hoooo

All the hoes say, (Hah, Hah, Hah)

Yeah! Here we go A-town! C-post!

Cutmaster Swiff, down your throat

Boy stop!!!!

[Verse One: Bun B]

Hot damn, ho (ho), here we go again (gain)

Raise up off of mines, put your elbow in

Slow your roll like your off-sets is off set

You out of line, cuz you out off line, so you off net

Leather seats all wet, paint up on the Fleetwood

On this point, Jordans on my toes, did my feet good

Still got my Coogi, my shorty got a Gucci on

Flossing on the same track I hear Big and Gucci on

Now we remixed it like it's two different packs

of Kool-Aid in the same jug, and I'm feeling same, thug

This is for the boys in blue, and the G's flamed up

I'm in the big body slab, raised up, game up!

[Chorus: Gucci Mane]

I'm on my grind shawty, don't block my shine shawty

Hold up, hold up guess who just showed up?

Rolled up, rolls cut, drop with the doors up

I'm on my grind shawty, don't block my shine shawty

Wait a minute, wait a minute, chill a little, sit a minute

I can't close my safe no more cause I got too much

money in it

[Project Pat over chorus]

It's your boy....

Project Pattah

[Verse Two: Project Pat]

I still get it off with the soft and the hard

Now it's stacks that I stack for the sixteen bars

Used to dodge them laws in them stolen cars

Now I'm Escalade, sitting high with the stars

Took a shine like a star, now my head is in the clouds

And I'm papered, so I'm right back on the line

Project Pat, my dog, and I'm leading half a pound
Cousin house in the bay, on the North side of town
Man, the streets in me, so I can't say I don't miss em
Dipping through the hood plucking chicks, but I don't
kiss em
She wishin that I would take her home; long stick her
Then I get her back, hit it from the back and I'm gone

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Big Boi]

Can't be tripping bout no paper cause the safe is not so
safe,
The piggy bank got legs and feet, and can get up and
walk away, shawty
With my southern drawl, awkwardly I spray
Like the backside of a skunk and the stash house with
the pump
Pistol whip in my lap at all times in the 'Llac
From Atlanta to Savannah, can a nigga stop that?
Not when God's got his hands on me only the strong
survive
And the weak minded are falling by the wayside
They try But which I overcome and succeed, indeed
But with success comes a great responsibility
We chose to lead not follow, It's a hard pill to swallow
Better get prescriptions filled cause there might not be
tomorrow

[Chorus]

[Outro: Big Boi + (Gucci Mane)]

Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah
A-Town representer (Hold-hold-hold up)
East Point, College Park
Decatur, Yeah!
I got me armor on, sword and shield on deck

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