

## **Big Boi "Shine Blockas"**

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[Intro - Big Boi]

Yeah! All the ladies say hoooo

All the hoes say:

[Gucci]

Hah! Hah! Hah!

[Big Boi]

Gucci up, here we go

A-town, C-post

Cut masta swift down your throat

[Verse 1 - Big Boi]

Boy stop, Sir Luscious' left foot's on fire

Trying to block my shine just ain't gone happen so  
don't try

Every time I get on this microphone I like to spit

Inking hit up after hit

This penmanship is so legit

I came equipped like a prophylactic

Now they riding dicks, like

Styling on these suckas out here trying to buy their  
bitch

Now they rich, try to piss everybody to trick off

But a true boss to pay the cost, she giving away them  
drawers

Word to the brown James, he some chicken chow mein

Really mane, you done say some silly things

And the fella Dana Dane

Why you cuffing claim to game?

Hey my main thang got my last name

Yall naw what i mayne!

[Hook - 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

[Verse 2 - Gucci Mane]

Gucci in the cell; did a deal, went to jail

I make music, I make movies, I'm in Tyler Perry's cell  
I smell coming out the lam', f\*\*k it what the hell  
Gucci Mane, so I'm Guccied down; she got on Chanel  
In the tent rolling stupid kush like I'm in the restroom  
In the club with a half a pound (hundred fifty blunts)  
Zone 6 - East Atlanta - don't fuck with Nia Long  
Boy: shine like it's showtime, all my jewelry on  
On the block with my stupid watch. Boy you need to  
stop!  
When I stop, everybody watch the car without a top  
In the streets. Cost a stupid check roll another pack  
Now I'm gone, I can't even flip: Eastside where you at?

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - 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't 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 'lac from Atlanta to Savannah, can't 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 we shall 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

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