

Freedom Call

"Shine and Recline"

Visit "[Shine and Recline](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[MJG]

I come and go and chill as I please
160 miles per hour on Greentrees
Really ain't no reason to try and pretend these
Hoes ain't down and willin' to bend knees
I ease
Up off of my gas to smash brakes
I'm gazin at a stout piece of ass at high stakes
To make it to the top of my game what will it take?
I gots to get some glue in my life, before I break
Shake rattle and roll hold the dice until I can't
It's time for G to toss up in the paint
Pimpin' ass real nigga
I squeeze big ass and big trigga
And leave hard weak ass niggas in big rivers
Who in the fuck got stuck you bucked and outta luck
Lookin to find trouble with me, now that's enough
Muthafuckas
I torture yo ass and make you suffer
I'm spittin real shit you false niggas can smother cuz

Chorus:

I know the flows that drops the hoes clothes
T makes the beats that heats the whole streets
If you got the time
Fine I got the rhyme
Shine and Recline
Vibe and sip wine

[Eightball]

I be the nigga who really don't give a fuck man
Rough and tough I'm puttin strain on your weak game
Hard and real dammit I never knew another way
Rappin bout the shit that happens round a nigga
everyday
Life is hard and hoes ain't free, believe me
Ask them real G's dying in the penitentiary
Old and cold, ain't no love in the steel cage
It's all about your freedom in this muthafuckin space
age
Some got chosen, some choose and lose

Some pay dues, snooze, and lose what they choose
I, be, PIMP NIGGA SUPREME!
Invest some cream and straight sell a ho a dream
Bust on wax and rip tracks by T-Mix
Hated cuz I talk real shit bout a freak bitch
Peep this I don't give a fuck about what
Somebody say they can die & suck a nigga nuts
Cornbread fed south women luva
Money-makin black fat muthafucka
Can't no other duplicate mine
It's all fine while we shine and recline

Chorus (2x)

[MJG]

I'm pimpin hoes till they mind gone
My rhymes on now where my money bitch?
How many suckas you trickin and who you runnin with?
Some stunnin shit you layin down with plain fools
Her nigga wanna send alumni back from school
Who you rule?
Not shit but yo mouth I brings proper shit to the ring
But shit you wear straight stops muthafuckas
Lookin for reason to start trouble
You come with that shit 10 shots gonna bust yo bubble
Like a teardrop
I can't feel the pain, just my ears pop
The bullet just an inch from your brain
Live and he'll stop
You talkin cash shit but you writin' them rubber checks
And still don't know the way to commit with a brotha yet
God Damn!
Is this shit ham or is it Spam
I thought I had a bottle of jelly and got jammed
In the blender a million degrees
deep in December
The flashbacks weakened your mind so just remember
cuz

Chorus (2x)

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