

God's Property

"We Shine"

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Real *echoes*

Chorus: samples 4X

"Bust it rugged, shine like a gold nugget" (what they know about this?)

"When I bust on the mic, I bust a real hard rhyme" --->

Keith Murray

"Every time I pick up the microphone I drug it (what they know about this?)

"When I bust on the mic, I bust a real hard rhyme" --->

Keith Murray

[Verse One]

I'm rockin shit, packin shit, while stackin shit

If anyone steps up askin shit, I'm blastin shit

You gone phase me, but swingin like Peter Parker

Motherfuck the shop, I'll wreck the Goddamn barber

Forget your dreams about being with fans hugged up

You couldn't be a dope MC if you said his rhymes

drugged up

I told you once, but you forget so here's a flashback

"You couldn't be shit, if you came out my asscrack"

Stop frontin kid, you know you ain't paid

And the only mic/Mike you wrecked was that kid you

fought in first grade

Ain't nothin lyrical about you but your lies

So cut the shit, cause its startin to draw flies

You're played like my five-year old's newborn toys

Don't know shit about Chicago, but I could still make Illa

Noyz

Like Robin Leech I display stylish ways

Thats rough like my face when I haven't shaved in days

Listen up, all these words take heed

When I cock and squeeze, no more MC's breathe

(none)

I'm sick of this, here's my final dis

Fuck you dumb niggaz you ain't shit like this

Chorus: 2X

[Eminem]

My Smith and Wessy got you layin in some alley messy
Got your family lookin for your ass on Sally Jesse
We squash beef in the mo', when you ain't breathin no
more
Leavin your skull split like Steven Seagal
Let the cat out, flat out, Detroit's a mad house
So I don't get offended when I hear my city
badmouthed
We quick to pull the gat out and set it
And leave you with more shit missin than a Lil' Kim
radio edit
Stick up kids be tryin to live paid
You get your grill sprayed with twenty-seven bullets in
your ribcage
Get the guage, cock it back, empty your pockets, Jack
Or I'ma send you flyin like a rocketpack
Murder you for a bag of chips and a chocolate snack
Break into your crib still your shit and lock it back
Ten-year old kids be standin on the block with gats
Just for livin nowadays'll get you flocked with bats
Where I'm from...yaknow what'm sayin?, that's some
old Detroit shit
y'all wouldn't know about that shit, though. Less you
come
to my city, ya know what'm sayin? See where we live,
cause we shine

Chorus: 2X

[Hush]

MC's put Detroit up in they rap songs
Cause without us there careers wouldn't last long
So like a generation we've been passed on
Now its our time to shine, put your glasses on
Got these A & R's and labels with binoculars
Lookin in, jockin us and not jockin yours
Too many groups follow trends, unoriginal
Usin loops that transcend every bitch in you
Don't ever try to say this is a ghost town
One million rappers in this bitch, they need to slow
down
Evalute the situation, all the rest are killers
Fly hoes out on Jefferson with the drug dealers
Two years in the joint, nobody's touchin Hush
Try to say you'll put us down, but your under us
Now who the fuck are you? its just coincidental
When your rhyme your even worse than the
instrumental
Your just a phone-tapper with no backbone
Talkin shit, I got a clique that only pack chrome

Have your ass gone, nowhere to run, when we hit
Next time you'll think twice of who you fuckin wit

Chorus: 3 and 1/4

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