

Lee Peggy**"Shyne"**

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

* second single from new album due 7/16/02;
corrections to the typist

[Shyne]

(Swizz Beatz sings/ad-libs throughout song)

All right...

Swizz, Po

Respect our gangsta, nigga

Lay down

What you know 'bout rollin' out?

Big Tec, big vest, hollow tips all up in that kid neck

Po live it up, yellow stones lit it up

Long John sickest tell, it's the kid, nigga what?

Some of y'all rap niggas is girls

Hold my dick, gappin' and flappin'

Fuckin' cartoons

These niggas guns don't go off until they say, "Lights,
camera, action!"

Yo Swizz, tell them niggas, "Eat a dick"

Gun up in your face bitch, that way we don't miss

Unload the shit, then reload the shit

Head straight to the airport and unload some bricks

No lie, you niggas see me comin' down the streets

You'd think I was flyin', 12 cylinders

Brooklyn is mine nigga, move over

Yeah I'm talkin' to you - fuckin' dick blower

[Chorus - Shyne]

(Mashonda)

For all of y'all keepin' y'all in health

Just to see you wild and enjoy yourself

Cause it's cool when you fuckin' with a nigga like me

Cool when you ridin' with a nigga like me

To all my Marla Mable bitches just (shine)

To all my niggas keep it gully just (shine)

To all the ghettos in America (shine)

I'ma keep it gangsta till I die nigga (shine)

Check it, ayyo
All I need in this world of sin
Is a crooked lawyer, big rims, and a Mac 10
Ridin' through the city like I'm used to this shit
Fuck ya vest nigga, my shells go true to that shit
Catch ya breath, you ain't heard about that nigga Po?
Murder cases, downin' faces, Manhat' low
Leavin' pieces of your brain on your car do'
Lookin' gully in that Bent or that R-O
L-L, see you niggas in hell
Soon as they set my bail, I make another sale
Shit, I set my mind at an early age
I was either gon' be paid or an early grave
What the fuck? I got to have -
Blocks to smash, lots of cash, drops and ass
This is the truth, I probably die in my coupe
But I bet you only bitches come to get me and shoot

[Chorus]

I got my mind on this shipment, shipment on my mind
Bout to meet these Dominican niggas at 9
Rhyme, rap - the fuck is that?
Only thing I wrap is yea nigga, dyed today
Y'all got me confused, I ain't tryin' to fill nobody's
shoes
I'm just lookin' for connects nigga, doin' what I do
Back against the wall, against all odds
Tune in to my life nigga, this shit is sicker than Oz
Fightin' against them crackers, plus them killers
getting at us
Nowhere to run, so I grab my gun
And start blazin', this shit got a nigga agein'
I'ma die a gangsta nigga, ain't no changin'
A G faithfully, mama pray for me
Yo nigga, go to school, stay away from me
Got horse for you hustlers, bullets for you cowards
And dick for you bitches, up in the Trump Tower

[Chorus - till fade]

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