

Chris Walla

"Stop Me Shinin'"

Visit "[Stop Me Shinin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, it's Chris Webby. Yup, CT where you at?
Check, y'all mother fuckers can hate all the fuck you
want.
You can't stop me from shinin'. Ha. Yea.

You can't stop my shinin', drop fly rhymin',
And all day for love of hip hop I'm grindin'.
Grindin', grindin', make sparks and blind 'em,
Now throw that beat in like it was said so by Simon.
I'm in, tougher than a double black diamond,
Hofstra's Mufasa, watch out for the lion.
I'm just a dog like Brian, Griffin,
Try and, listen I am, Christian.
Graduated out of a prepped out academy,
Leapt out, instead of a step out done gradually.
That'll be the day I always used to think,
Back having braces and only juice to drink.
My mom's a math teacher my dad plays guitar,
My dog's a Bichon, so I can't act hard.
Only child in the bunch, I been told I'll go mad far,
Fifth grade I said, "Mom I wanna be a rap star!"
And the whole family was taken aback,
Embracing rap? Is he seriously taking the path?
After a few years of practice I just played 'em a track,
And now their all dead convinced I'll be famous in fact,
cuz,

[Chorus]

Cuz you could try to stop me shinin'
Or try to hold me down
Cuz I'ma have to keep on grindin'
(Get on your grind mothafucka)
Cuz you could try to stop me shinin'
Or try to hold me down
Cuz I'ma have to keep on grindin'

Every single day I shine bitch, rhyme sick,
I spit, till I can't breathe someone give me the Heimlich.
My waves are seismic, got fly chicks on my dick,
As time ticks, I spit it so hot I change climates.

Cuz I'm just a crazy white boy with mad talent,
A Libra, believe dog, I'ma stay balanced.
With a gallon of liquor within my bladder,
Get higher than six ladders, and rock shows like Mic
Jagger.
Badder than anybody that you've ever seen,
Rollin' up that evergreen, since way before seventeen,
Got a clever scheme, and I hit em with track power,
Writin' lyrics, stayin' up all night like Jack Bauer.
I act louder, and way more belligerent,
Got that keg on tap till I'm killin' it.
Layin' down the rules like a syllabus,
Speaking in gibberish,
Tearing shit down more than a little bit.
Cuz I, have the flow and have the rhythm,
That's why shit is coming together like magnetism.
This cat is spittin', separating fact from fiction,
Murdering the crowd with every single rap I've written.
(I'm nice!)

[Chorus]

Cuz you could try to stop me shinin'
Or try to hold me down
Cuz I'ma have to keep on grindin'
(I'm on my mothafuckin' grind, bitch.)
Cuz you could try to stop me shinin'
Or try to hold me down
Cuz I'ma have to keep on grindin'

I ain't a thug from the hood but can't stop my shinin',
So shoot me nine times gettin' rich, I'll die tryin'.
And then I'll know that you hearin' it,
Cuz I won't stop till I'm on top like dessert in the food
pyramid.
Period, I'm clever with wit,
Cuz if Whinnie's the Pooh, bitch, Webby's the shit.
White boy murders tracks, leave em restin' in peace,
So I'ma let Sam kill it for the rest of the beat, peace.
(I'm out)

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