

# Maharaji & Shys T (BIG SHYS) "Time Ta Shine"

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INTRO: (Maharaji)

VERSE 1 (BIG SHYS)

Ya now listenin' ta what's been missin' in the industry,  
I'm full of piss & glycerin' so now they wanna finish me.  
But I will not bend till' the end, and until then Imma  
make um' feel my pen. Finally recognizin' I'm a force to  
be reckoned with, but mutha-fucka from the start you  
wasn't reppin' it. The second it got thick you acted like  
chicks with dicks, better yet slits with clits, tricks with  
tits. can't afford to be fuckin with a liar, weak link must  
get forged in fire please retire. Fools claimin' area  
codes they don't live in, refferin ta situations they  
probably never been in. These Rap cats is fake,  
pointing out state to state, city to city, I'll be the  
committee, and today we re-inventin' the wheel for  
those that feel integrity is more important than a deal -  
come on.

HOOK:

Maharaji: Niggas wit no game, and no name, wantin'  
fame, hella lame, it's a shame.

BIG SHYS: You da' bronze

Maharaji: You da' brain

Maharaji & BIG SHYS: So it's time ta shine, definitely  
time ta shine.

Maharaji: They want the shows, and the bling, royalties  
and the ring, double R's and the range.

BIG SHYS: You a fool

Maharaji: You insane

Maharaji & BIG SHYS: So it's time ta shine, definitely  
time ta shine.

VERSE 2 (Maharaji)

Crack the brick no matter what the mineral, here in  
these streets the Maharaji is the chemical. This is what  
your not, this  
Is what your not industry suckin' you dry for everything  
you got. Neva' see you on the block, stories of glocks  
you cock.BIG

SHYS: I gotta pocket full of stones I made knot from  
rock. Yellin' at the top of your lungs like you a felon,  
minimum unit sound scan you think you sellin'? BIG  
SHYS: Causin' mass confusion and chaos cause I'm a  
Travisty, so the mainstream rap world has banished  
me. Face the fact that basement Rap is mine, take the  
wack and place um' back in time. Fuck Hip-Hop Imma  
underground spit artist, put me in the booth and will  
see who could shit hardest. Shys the lyrical pro I'll  
make ya revenue double like I was a bottle of miracle  
grow so come on.

HOOK:

VERSE 3: (Maharaji)

You look sweet in that mag, tryin' ta be the town but  
keep it closet you fag, drop the mic and box you bitch  
and dirty these  
Rags, erosion of the game you make spittin' a drag, I  
put the fit in the sag. don't drink don't smoke, what do  
ya do nigga  
Yous a mutha-fuckin bitch through & through. Swirlin'  
and twirlin' nigga call me katrina, bathroom acoustics  
Hommie that's  
My arena. Niggas with no game and no name wantin'  
fame, pull the industry plug, let um' flush down a drain  
cause it's time ta  
Shine, definitely time ta shine. BIG SHYS: 1 million 9  
milli choose one. Recognize game, I'm Northwest doo-  
doo, smokin cufu,  
Been hot since the goo-goo. You can be an American  
idol, I'm an American idol rival bout survival.

HOOK: X2

OUTRO: (Maharaji)

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