

Maharaji & Shys-T

"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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