

Mia X

"Imma Shine"

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featuring Mac

[DJ KLC]

Yo Mia. I got the firest beat and I want you and Mac to bust off it.

So who goin first?

[Mia X]

It don't matter to me Boo.

[DJ KLC]

Well we gone flip for it. Call it in the air.

[Mia X]

Heads.

[Mac]

Tails

[Mia X]

Mac you up first.

[Mac]

Say KL. Since I gotta go first and shit I'ma kick this shit one more time for the old fake ass niggas who thought I lost it. Ya heard me? Check it

Verse One: Mac

Street camo

Cover my flesh

I'm one of the best in the contests

They steppin to Mac without a vest on they chest

If all you wanted was rest

Then I'm your Nyquil guy

Your night time sniffin and stuffiness

I kill with one shot

The murder murder verses

Quench lunatic's thirsts

I get pussy from nurses

Comin from churches

The camouflage A-S-S A-S-S I-N

I'm deadlier with my pen

Then niggas with the mac 10

But that was back then

In 98 I'm strapped

Cuz I'm on the map
Ain't afraid to bust a cap
And I get paid for bustin raps
I like them ghetto girls
Y'all can have them super models
Cuz gangsta bitches got bodies like Coke bottles
I get the game from my nigga V9
I get the beats off the 3-9
Them niggas can't see mine
I'm lyrically a therapist
A fuckin terrorist
Boom Boom!
I never miss
I'm on the next level

Chorus: repeat 2X [Mia X and Mac]

Well I'ma flip it like this
And I'ma rip it like that
And I'ma rip it like that
And I'ma flip it like this

Verse Two: Mia X

When the smoke clears
I'ma still be here nigga
Mic in my hand
Rowdy doin the rip the rapper dance
I set the lines behind the fallen emcees that challenge
me
You cross my path
You gets flipped in my wrath
The aftermath left bitches quiet as fuck
Like when the neighbors saw the crim and the cops
came up
I rips it up from the gut
Like Jack the Shanka Man
Chasin hoes down with the knife in his hand
The better man's gone be Mama
And you know this nigga
On the top or the bottom
I'ma show this nigga
He's goin to sleep
I'm too deep
The lady alligator
Stick your seven inches in the swamp
And I'ma fade ya
I made you motherfuckers recognize the south
For the gumbo flava comin out my mouth
About drama
Bout paper

Bout settin it off
Fuck the verbal fantasies
My shit is real y'all.

Chorus: X4

Verse Three: Mac and Mia X

[Mac]
Pass me the mic
And let me dig into they chests
Like AK bullets through they proof vests
In a shootin fest
I murder emcees like media
Mac the street encyclopedia
Who wanna test me?
Bless me with somethin knottin
Bitches who start pussy poppin
Rhyme I quote em
Nines I told em
Like wallets
I'm rock solid
And I like it when they suck and swallow it
I'm hardcore
Fuck that slangin and shit
Cuz when I'm on the mic
Niggas be bangin and shit

[Mia]
I love them buck wild crowds
Mama be center stage
Throwin lyrics at them niggas
Like hand grenades
You can't take the projects out of a bitch like me
Six figures make me throw bigger block parties
Still warm my bed with a thug nigga of course (fo sho)
Still in the mix with all them messy ass hoes
Still bust a freestyle with my camouflage son
Off top, then leave the studio with my gun cocked
What?!

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