

The Game

"NY Shining"

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Yo Iâ€™m in NY York on the block, I know you see that
itâ€™s snowing
Jesus beats, got the kiâ€™s, beats both of the shits
blowinâ€™
Stupid Jack, the hoodie on, fuckin it man blowin
G start, Jordan pre star like Bowen
And now that I got everybodyâ€™s fuckin attention
Let some just some bitch ass niggas go independent
Take that, Iâ€™m Dreinaâ€™, nigga you full of bandz
Poke holes in ya, fill up the NY pack
Nigga that believe, all into his feeling
Cause he did 10 years for shootin at the ceiling
Biggie gave you a mill, lil nigga shouldâ€™ve chilled
Cute curly side-lines talkin bout it real
Take my resume, if a nigga want it I bury him
But fuck this nigga, he make it to America
Iâ€™m â€™bout to hit Brooklyn, fuck on his bitch Erica
Bustin up, call a cabbie cup
After I tear it up and we just meditate
Gave it up the day after election date
Bitches on section 8, tryina get a section 8
Already came, this a rap like a magic team
Hurricane Sandy got this bitch lights out
She fell asleep then a girl got packed out
It means the type hoes, NBA niggas wife out
And leave my side bitches, nigga what you make out
Momâ€™s out, buzzing the stash, the quiteâ€™s quiet now
That some pretty on a steep and quite iced out
3 kiâ€™s, all 3 cones is smacked out
And I bomb for us, see 40 block and lights out
Word on the street â€“ bitch niggas saw me
Sent the cops to my door nigga how you it do it cheap?
I ainâ€™t beefin with, just you and me
And I split the scene, 16 matching you

Come on, come onâ€¦

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