

Onyx

"Over Shine"

Visit "[Over Shine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Sticky Fingaz]

Follow my footsteps, used to ante up for a nickel sack
From Vange Hill to Moon, you touch me, I got to get you
back

Roll on the stolen V's with he-ho chase you
Cop a six more time, and 3 years probation
We be offender, bender, no retreat, no surrender
I'm the number one contender

I got a new game plan, strictly sportin name brand
Layin in the pound hunted, footin through your town
blunted

On some shit that get you burnt throats
Amputated all the turn coats, and get cremated
Never been B-rated, my 5 plated, is how I get fights
I have your family driving in the daytime wit they head
lights

[Chorus: All City]

I'm daily thinkin of a life gleamin
That life we in, how to obtain, and what's the meanin
The fact that cash rules, these last days
We the last crews, my present wars and my past rules
True soldier, no matter the goal
We gettin closer, for bitch ass niggas, it's just about
over

I'm in it for the long haul, this goes out
To all my true livin dogs and my SOHO

[Fredro Starr]

Don't talk about it, make it happ'
Don't fake it chap
The hennecy act, got you light gat
You wanna block, try to hold nine
Son you livin on my time, don't try to Overshine
Play your p, play your position
I stay with G, stay on a mission
Precisely, good, wit game, I'm nicely
Shifftee son, still shiesty
You in your eight fifty, ridin shotgun
If you can count your money, you ain't got none
And bitches beat they game tight

Baby, get the name right, see G. comin, like a train
light
And niggas be don pretending
But I'm armed and bendin, so they can get the John
Lennon
Hundred dollar gator players
Silk shirts and champagne, don't know a thing about
the damn game

[Chorus]

[Sonsee]

My artistic creation, or decoration will set the nation
With AlphaStation of lyric lacin, for all occasions
Engagements and events, for big dollars and cents
Makin niggas past tense, it's consequence
All I see around me, makes up the place
But if you don't hold down your space, you quickly get
erased
Don't waste, a thought, thinkin
I ain't gon' be bringin the guns that grants hole
To my body, dead and stinkin
Watch as I back draft, on the last glass, and trap crash
Catch the hash blast, when I puff the black wrath
Learn the tricks of the trade, to be self made
Those who slept, stay where they started and got
played

[Chorus]

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