

Ritchie Valens

"Nature's Shine"

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[Verse 1]

I gots no birth records, no next of kin
Know alotta motherfuckers got no best friends
Know the weather checkin ten ten winds
A.M., first and fifteenth I'm layin at the check cash in
Think I'm playin, blink and I'm sprayin
Wrong move, ask yourself which leg you wan' lose
Cuz you gon lose
I cripple niggas, from the complex to simple niggas
Keep showin y'all with difficult this
Kept the world sayin dunn but never been to the bridge
What type of shit is that, fraudulence
But what's the cause of it
Nature came through, erasin all of it
Stop the presses, groupie niggas ask alotta questions
I repeat this is not a question
If you don't reply quick enough I gotta press 'em
Keep the glock by the intestines
38 waist, wit a belt
Regardless of your stats, you could catch a shaft

HOOK:

Believe me when I tell you this [2X]
Nothing y'all can do for me [2X]
I don't believe in selfishness
This time I want my crew to eat, my crew
We comin through a hundred strong [2X]
Comin wit a hundred miles, a hundred miles
Bumpin shit all summer long, bump that
You want it then and want it now
We want it now

[Verse 2]

Yo, ayo I rap for my niggas, and rap for the hoes
Rap when I'm gettin dressed, when I iron my clothes
Depressed, I kick raps that change your whole mood
It somehow, stick to your ribs like soul food
Rap for wheelchairs, rap for canes
Ace bandages and niggas wit sprains, stay limpin in
pain
I rap for math, english, even rap for science

Gotta try to laugh, keep myself from cryin
I rap for Giants, the Jets, the Yankess, the Mets
It's New York, New York, from Clue to Flex
New cassettes stay poppin up
Your boo let me throw my cock in her
Rap it got me two proper nuts
It's crazy, I even rap for my high school coach
White folks feened out like in Michael Dotes
Green out, dope stashin, for those askin
I flow for TV, HBO in closed caption

HOOK

[Verse 3]

Ayo, don't go to Texas, don't go to Watts
Don't go to Queensbridge nigga don't go to cops
Don't snitch when you gettin bagged
In the pens don't bitch when you gettin stabbed, just
hold that
I pose for Kodaks, rose to stardom, hoes in Harvard
Sophomores get knocked off, nigga watch yours
I watch the game like in St. Johns
It aint wrong, take a blank piece of paper, a pen, paint
songs
Type colorful, writin that shit a thug'll do
In the heat of the moment, type to make a sudden
move
Some'll snooze, some'll snore
They won't admit that dunn is pure
Once I quit, niggas wanted more
Cop my shit once it come in store
The first week we at the top of the charts, got it jumpin
off
Pop verses wit a hundred thoughts
One thing, gettin caught in my zone, you become a
corpse

HOOK

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