

Babyface F/ Kenny G

"Nature Shines"

Visit "[Nature Shines](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* bonus track on cassette version only

[Nature]

Queensbridge, 41st side

Yo yo yo

I gots no birth records, no next of kin

Know a lot of mothafuckers, got no best friends

Know the weather checkin ten-ten winds a.m.

First and fifteenth I'm layin at the check cashing

Think I'm playin, blink and I'm sprayin

Wrong move, ask yourself what leg you wanna lose cuz
you gon' lose

I cripple niggas, from the complex to simple niggas

Keep showin y'all what difficult is

Half the world sayin "Dunn" but never been to the
Bridge

What type of shit is that, fraudulence, what's the cause
of it

Nature came threw erasing all of it, stop the presses

Goofy niggas ask a lot of 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 can catch a
shell

[Chorus]

Believe me when I tell you this (Believe me when I tell
you this)

There's nuttin y'all can do for me (There's nuttin y'all
can do for me)

I don't believe in selfishness, this time I want my crew
to eat (My crew)

We comin through a hundred strong (Comin through a
hundred strong)

We comin wit a hundred miles (A hundred miles)

Bumpin shit all summer long (Bump that)

We want it dead and want it now (We want it now)

Yo aiyyo 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
And somehow stick to your ribs like soul food
Rap for wheelchairs, rap for canes
Ace bandages and niggas wit sprain, 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 Yankees, 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
Rappin got me two proper nuts
It's crazy, I even rap for high school coach
White folks fiend out like in Michael Doates
Creamed out, dope stashin
For those askin, I flow for TV, HBO and closed caption

Chorus

Aiyyo aiyyo aiyyo aiyyo
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're gettin bagged
In the penns, don't bitch when you gettin stabbed
Just hold that, I pose for Kodak's, rose to stardom
Hoes in Harvard, sophmores get knocked off, nigga
watch yours
I watch the game like it's Saint John's
It ain't 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 be at the top of the charts, got it jumpin
off
Hot verses wit a hundred thoughts
One theme, gettin caught in my zone you'll become a
corpse

Chorus 2x

Visit [Babyface F/ Kenny G](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.