

## Shyheim

### "His.Story"

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[Intro: (sample) Shyheim]

(Hurry hurry, step right up, see the phattest show in town

For only fifty cents...)

Mmm, rest in peace Lil' Gil, still got you

And everybody else that died in the party

It's so sad, you know? But we gotta face reality

Shit happens... deal with it

[Shyheim]

A black smoke, tinted out Lexus

Slowly pulled up to the back door of the club exit

Sure brolic niggaz got out first, brandish your weapons

I guess it was the check if the coast was clear

Shy hopped out, cell phone to his ear

Whoever he was talking to, had him laughing

We caught eye contact, as he was passing

He nodded his head, as if to say peace

His man had a machine that looked like it made beats

I hurried up and paid my fifteen beans

Seen Free, her ass was popping out her ass like  
squeeze me

Headin' to the bar for a double shot of that easy, to  
please me

Slow on my mouth, now I'm baby sipping

Big pimpin', the DJ announced, show time in five  
minutes

Everybody started rushin' in a rage, to get closer to the  
stage

I grabbed the poster off the wall, for memorabilia

"Up from the 36 Chambers!" Came blastin' out the  
speaker

The atmosphere was real dark, and all you seen was a  
lighter spark

This girl next to me, screamed out, "that's my heart"

And his first words smokin', was "Yo, in here smokin'?"

Wild hands in the air, but ironically, he passed it to me

So I'm blowin', now he flowin', some shit that went like  
this

I drink ice water, and piss it out, my pistol's out

Witness how, he put the mic down on the ground

And kept flowin', acapella like a broadway play  
Everybody was quiet, cuz they wanted to hear what he  
had to say  
Before he could utter another bar, or all I saw was  
people scattering  
Then I felt the pain, in my chest and abdomen  
And as I was fallin' to floor...  
my and Shyheim caught eye contact once more

[Interlude: Shyheim]

As the bullets is burning... I kept seeing my life  
flash in front of my face

[Shyheim]

Her mother gave birth, left her son in the hospital  
Cryin' in the incubator, course he won't care years later  
Things wasn't that great, being the warden of the state  
So a drug slingin', gun payin' nigga was his fate  
He loved his game, put his pride in his flag  
Named most unlikely to succeed in his class  
Got to get that cash, was his first priority  
So he robbed a man, first degree armed robbery  
Shipped him to Auburn, he worked in the armory  
Made it second born, boys was at Port Authority  
They smoked some weed, drunk a little liquor  
He took off his shirt, and showed me, he got a little  
bigger  
Scars on his back, from the wars he be in  
Asked him why it happen, he said, part I've been in  
Got the D.N.A., of the B.L.E., inside of him  
Fuck a C.L.K., two AK's, is better than him

[Outro: Shyheim]

Shouldn't let the chicken heads with they legs spread  
open  
Cook me.... runnin' wild in the crowd, buckwild  
In the Isle, could be...  
You don't think for yourself, and you follow the crowd  
It could be... stay out of trouble my nigga

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