

Shyheim

"No Cups"

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[Intro: Shyheim]

Lil' Jon, take back your cup, son
I'mma smack fire outta one of these niggaz
Runnin' around with cups and shit, with they names on
it
...got fuckin' strips... man, listen
It's the kid, nigga, Shyheim, nigga, what?
Uh-huh, they fucked up and let me out
This Bottom Up, Brock Bros., King Just, Shaolin

[Shyheim]

You don't get a cup for that sucker shit you doing
I can tell you never had real drama from the way you
moving
You easy access, dress up like I work for FedEx
Deliver a bomb in a box to your address
Now you know you ain't ordered shit, you still gonna
open it
Always lookin' for the come up, see, what ya greedy
ass hit?
Pine casket and some flowers, and your bitch will be
fuckin'
One of my Bottom Up niggaz, give and take a couple
hours
June Lov', with this criminal mentality of ours
To eat, shit, shave, and shower with the culture power
You don't get a cup, cuz I said you don't get a cup
You not a gang banger, throwin' your record company
sign up
How come nobody on your team, had a gun, when ya
man got bodied
Y'all just standin' there, feelin' stupid, lookin' down at
his body
And if dead niggaz could talk, I bet he said, y'all pussy,
probably

[Chorus: Shyheim]

You don't get a cup, for them hub cap spinners
You don't get a cup, cuz you don't fuck with the winners
You don't get a cup, cuz you ain't down with Shaolin
You don't get a cup, cuz y'all niggaz don't be wildin'

You don't get a cup, cuz you ain't from the grain
And you don't get a cup, cuz niggaz snatched your
chain
You don't get a cup, cuz you runnin' from me
And you don't get a cup, cuz I'm the hottest in the
street

[Shyheim]

How the fuck Nick Cannon get a cup?
When Nickelodeon kids, don't even get drink
Your names written in rhinestone, not diamonds
This is for my comrades, with their green cups
Starin' mud up on the Island, gettin' counted
Dogs in the pound, growlin', hear the moans of the
forgotten
Mouth all dry, like we suckin' on cotton
We thristy, so y'all better pray for mercy
The state of mind, hip hop's in right now, hurts me
Disgust me, everybody's thugs, gangstas, and p-i-m-ps
We all irregular people, peace

[Chorus]

[Shyheim]

2000 box, New York 'ocks, a box of tops
Be in S.A.Q. so long, they call me sock
Who got the drop homey? I got the drop
Runnin' up in the spot, with my 40 cal' glock
The money, jewels and your cup is what I came for
Then I'm lookin' at the front door, like Main Source
Slidin' off in the 0-4, gray porsche
I crucified the game, put the scale on the porch
In memory of my mans, that died for grams
Catch shots, dusted out, with the Wally Champs
Screamin' 'fuck everybody', lickin' shots like stance

[Chorus]

[Outro: Shyheim]

Listen, man, there's 2 type of people, man
Trend setters and those who follow trends
Man, life is not a gimmick, man
Life is a privelege, see y'all runnin' around here,
frontin' man
Like we won't take your life, B
I'm serious, man, and go sit up in a box
With some child shit, and blow some holes and do
pushups, nigga
Make ya chest big, nigga, beat our dick offa something
The black tails, or the butt-mans or something
Keepin' it gangsta man, Bottom Up, Brock Bros

2-0-0-4, to infinity, nigga, remember that
It's the God, you know?

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