

Shyheim

"One Life To Live"

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F/ Dom PaChino, T.M.F.

Intro: Shyheim (T.M.F. #2)

Twenty-seven (Yea, yea, yea, yea)
Wu-Tang (Stapleton, Killarmy)
Shyheim (T.M.F., Trife the under structure)
Word (What's the deal, baby?)

[Shyheim]

Yo, for the one-nine-nine-nine shit's gon' change
Now it's us in the Range, God's givin us brains
Play the game, put my heart into it, you stupid?
I'm a gunner, whenever I got the rock I'll shoot it
(BLAOW! BLAOW!)
The undisputed champion on the M-I-C
Been Wu-Tang before it became a production company
Stay fresh like Doug, I run with the thugs
That'll cut your throat and sell your blood
Fifty/fifty love around the border
Should be biddin five to fifteen
On the Strength for the way I manslaughter
Rock your girl's boat like the Titanic
Man, I got more numbers than the Ninex, plus the Bell
Atlantic
More hoes than forty-deuce
More clothes than twenty cleptos could boost
I'm not havin it
I bring it to your label, producer and your management
Man, I'm like the Feds, I bring down your establishment
Under the Rico, I purchased my 3rd quarterly from Bob
Cito
Got your block locked like the Dred, Mike Z and Chino
You know (What? What?)

[T.M.F. #1]

Look me eye-to-eye and see what you find
A crime nigga, nine spitter, mind digga, refined
Power impact, crackin your spine, mankind
Blow off the surface like landmines in my pasttime
I saw it all, had plenty broads

Cut your wig short like Demi Moore
Ghost, vanished, most mothafuckas don't know I'm
half spanish
Hazardous lyrical tactics, pinned to the mattress like
canvas
Get your ass kicked for talkin backwards
Puffin Backwoods, walkin thru the back of the hood
No protection, Stapleton section
Corrupt life, T.M.F. arch style, we rush mic's
Disarmed for that gold-piece charm
Red alert, we all alarmed, ready for combat
No contact, countin backwards ten-to-one
Now let me launch that, no way you can catch my
format
I'm like the Gingerbread Man, movin on land
Catch me if you can, I move faster than the average
man

Chorus: Shyheim {2X}

You only got one life to live
So all of my children, it's better to give than receive
Life is short, Days of Our Lives seem to speed
Still waitin for the day when Clinton legalize weed

[Dom PaChino a.k.a. P.R. Terrorist]

It's like gunplay when my darts spray
Leave you scarred today, mental washed away
I shoot like Hardaway, your body parts decay
Slow-lay, too busy lustin the Rol-ay, platinum face
I snatch you over-arms, I take you out of space
Take you into my orbit, Terrorist gone corporate
Choppin tracks into sawdust, son, so you could snort it
In the conference room, Terrorist Hymn comin soon
Album cover pitch-black like the sky, without the moon
To illuminate, in my dome-piece there lies a metal plate
Titanium, harder than a lock in your gate
Burglarize your enterprise and have fun with your mate
Cuz I'm not nasty, when doin my dirt, won't see ya
masta me
Silent Weapons is a classic like Freddy Bassegy
What a word pro, electro, grenade logo
Forever show how I firmly handle the phono
Bitches lust me, my plans of wettin the seeds in the
mo-mo
Terrorist relatin to Shy, mi vida loco (I feel the same
way)

[T.M.F. #2]

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Eh yo, treasury, stackin this paper for Longevity

The money first, put it in work, that be my pedigree
Let's take it to higher degree
Sit back and visualize so our eyes could see
Black God, we livin hard
Mugs get scarred, thugs get barred
Treated like slaves in the yard
Playin the field, most niggas tell and squeal
That's why I move for 'self, only me and my steel
Cuz Shit Iz Real and leary niggas will rat you out
Get under pressure by the jakes when they smack 'em
out
Gat in they mouth, for talkin, you sleep-walkin
Can't play the street often, become a victim for
extortion
For your fortune, your bank rose
Stank hoes, you think I ain't cold?
Run up in your crib, take everything, even the sink goes
You sweat like a pink rose
Can you smell it, when you soft like velvet?
Catch one up in your helmet, get dealt wit
On the quick-fast, take you on a great adventure like
Six Flags
Spent every day of my life just tryin to get cash
So when my shit blasts
Duck behind buildings for shelter, or you'll get hit fast
Catch whiplash, fuckin wit Trife, you must've skipped
class
Your bitch-ass didn't take notes, infra-red scope
beamin
I'm tired of dreamin, I wanna hit the big screen and
But keep an open eye for them cats who stay schemin

irish folk song

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