

## Shyheim

### "Pardon the Noise"

Visit "[Pardon the Noise](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus: Shyheim]

Pardon the noise, I'm just a black ghetto boy  
Pardon the noise, I'm just a black ghetto boy  
Pardon the noise, I'm just a black ghetto boy  
Went through the rain and pain...

[Shyheim]

Me and the older gods -- would build for hours  
Tradin' stories, about this fucked up life for ours  
There was space between our ages, but through pain  
we related  
And they helped me understand, clear picturers they  
painted  
I'mma fall back, with a blank stare and listen, it's true  
You can meet your best friend or enemy in prison  
Zero two eight, three eight seven three was my den  
I brushed my hair like Chicago, trynna get my waves to  
spin  
Read more books than I ever did, from the Art of War  
and Seduction  
To different shit on black heritage  
I wrote mad people, who never responded  
I was hurt, and disappointed, cuz I felt that we bonded  
But you know, out of sight, out of mind, home boy, you  
know the saying  
Shit was all about me, and even I couldn't change it  
C.O.'s was hillbilly bastards, devil racist crackers  
When I see tattoo's of a noose and a hangin' black kid  
One said "Franklin, when you go home, come back with  
a friend"  
The Willie Lynch letter, the slavery blueprint  
It's still in effect, that's why at night when I sleep I  
sweat

[Chorus 2X: Shyheim]

Pardon the noise, I'm just a black ghetto boy  
Pardon the noise, I'm just a black ghetto boy  
Pardon the noise, I'm just a black ghetto boy  
Went through the rain and pain, losin' sunshine and joy

[Shyheim]

Motivation, dedication, impatience would change my situation  
I'm about facin', walkin' the other day, towards better days  
A double L A H, I be what them letters say  
Show and prove that through my ways and actions  
Action and ways, used to be a mental slave  
Til Supreme Mathematics, broke the chains  
Now I'm free, no long confined, I'm doing time  
But yeah, guess what, I'm makin' it, worth for me  
Educational informations, the key to success  
To reproduce is the only reason, I have sex  
Wifey's a queen, I put the crown on her dome  
My first priority's gettin' home, I put my deepest thoughts  
Into a poem, and draw hearts around the paper  
To show my appreciation to the art, player  
But the stocks is up, 99, point 9 percent, for the haters  
My boy homey told me, "Shy stay sucker free  
And when you touchdown, holla at me"  
That's real talk....

[Chorus 2X]

[Shyheim]

Peace Dad, what up, it's aight in this jail, how is it in that jail?  
Talk Mathematics cuz you know these crackers readin' our mail  
Pops, I feel pain like you feel, you always be my hero don't ever feel like you failed  
Remember we bumped heads in Transit, back in July  
Those shackles, couldn't touch, but we hug with our eyes  
I realized, Dad, we had the same sneakers on, with the same size  
Same green, same shirt, man that shit hurt  
Mommy used to tell me that you was a dead beat  
Cuz you chose the wrong people in the midtown street  
Jocelyn, hustlin', three card molly  
All you ever wanted to give me was Atari  
Now we up north, eatin' rice, Jack mac and calamaris, daddy, I'm sorry  
I miss you, I love you, it wasn't worth it  
Pardon the noise, but nobody's perfect

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro: Shyheim]

Been to hell and back, man, like 3 or 4 times  
Man I was up north man, my moms up north

My pops up north, man, this my life, man  
Hip hop's my life, so when y'all miss jewels in this shit,  
man  
I take it personal... so don't be suprised man  
If I start snatchin' y'all drugs, snatchin' y'all mics at the  
shows  
Cuz I take it as you're mimickin' my life, like y'all  
mockin' this shit, man  
Like y'all makin' fun of me, man.... Man, listen, my  
niggaz  
Man, let's get money, let's stay g'd up, man, let's go, to  
the top, man  
Bottom Up, straight like that, but that's my shit, you  
heard?

Visit [Shyheim](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.