

## Shyheim

# "Spectacular"

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F/ Lil' Vicious

[Intro: Shyheim, (Lil' Vicious)]

Tune your voicebox up (Yo, yo, yo..)

(Yo, Shyheim man, I think that nigga jealous when I seen him)

Twenty-seven warrant squad, Wu-Tang Killa Bee in here

(What's up? Kill nigga with the ice cube)

(What it feel like?) Yea, yea, yea (If I said, betta dust him)

I swear for real, that story's over son

(Come murda with a straw) What? (Indian) Come on

[Shyheim]

Fresh off American Airlines, first class-enger

You behind the curtain like the 57th passenger

Why you wackin up? Faggot

Standin in the front and can't back it up

Me I'm spectacular, rock a Avi' and a durag

And mack a fur, shorty with the phat ass

I'm splashin her, her man thinks he a thug cuz he in

Attica

She deep throated my piss without me asking her

Suck the blood out my dick like Dracula

I cause a massacre

[Chrous: Lil' Vicious]

Don't miss the Grym Reaper

Blood'll run outta dem face and drip 'pon dem sneakas

Sick me knife ina dem chest, I still a ram it deepa

Absolute, foreva creepin through ya window

So me sing, melicious, sound bad like a Freddie Cruger

Attack some pussyhole wit me German Luger

See me neva say somethin bout wha, attack dem youths out

Neva know me idolize Castro from Cuba

[Lil' Vicious]

Bounty hunter wit gun 'pon me shoulder

Disrespect de Killa song, and get told, uh

Shyheim, dem neva know murder-a  
Have me gun, hafta ta shot dem, gunshot, move back  
dem

[Shyheim]

What's the verdict? Guilty, how many times I've heard it  
Shyheim should be locked down and murdered  
I'm too dirty for detergent, so fuck Tide  
I bring the drama, ask your honor, my rap sheet  
rhymes  
Queen, possession of a number, stabbin niggaz knives  
Observation, direction sales, 20 dimes  
B.I., take care of mines, and never wear slacks  
Word to Big L and Sacks, y'all youngings'll get clapped  
By this Big Pun, madguns from the back of a Ac'  
Fuck the movies they at, on the screen I react  
Parlay, where the trees at? Burn somethin  
Keep it dirty urine, pigeons say I'm fly, I reply  
"Who you tellin?", got so much game need my own  
cartridge  
And an office, take 'em through a journey through my  
mental forest  
Regardless, stay bombarded  
To American Express, ghetto game, I charge it

[Chorus]

[Lil' Vicious]

Keep it on dual lock, gangsta dem 'pon me gun  
Be the police, gangsta, pack machine gun  
Shot up, informer, put in mind daddy grown  
Gangsta and dem guns spar it out  
Where dem man? Don't be shot me, dem can't say  
gangsta  
Gangsta, don't bet, no baby soldier  
So ya betta watch it and hear what me say  
Got Shyheim killin people in a week or day cuz

[Chorus]

[Outro: Shyheim]

What the fuck, nigga?

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