

Shyne

"Frank Mathews"

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[Verse 1:]

Gat the city sippin...

We up

Kid's going broke

Tryna keep up with me

I'll rather spend my life in federal custody

But screw with this

There's a price in this life by name nothing free

Can't really tell you clear but I started it

The hard living and watch Frank Matthews been on
views

My state of mind

How could you argue with a man who rejected poverty

And made his way from where God is business

They say I'm wrong but we all sinners

I just turned myself into something. Mehn!

My paper game is God driven

I feed babies and godwilling

That don't justify all lives I destroyed

It's a harsh business

I'm just a mirror of the world as I found it

Don't blame me we all criminal minded

Cri... cri... cri... cri... cri... criminal minded

Build schools not prisons

Politicians are mindless. Mehn

You abandon the minors and expect them not to go
turn criminal minded

[Hook:]

Living life of crime

Ain't no other way

To make it out of poverty is give my hunger pay

Never gon' change no matter my mama pray

Rather see the grave than live a life to pain

[Verse 2:]

No complains

I just played the hand that was dealt to me

Watch my mouth

Never know where the feds could be

Decided early it was death as well for me
Gotta get that cash by no paper like self degree
Take a look
I'm what happens when hope leaves
What was now a friend now a dope feigned
I don't sleep
I'm up night
Thinking of ways of backing out
But I just spent a couple mill watching Mayweather
Pacquiao
Exactly how I got to this point
Can't explain then in the workings
How I became a feign
Like the fees I'm used to serving
Addicted to the power that money brings
Used to walk with holes in my shoes
Now I'm running things
Over-compensation for the days I was suffering
24 surveillance by the federal government (son of
men)
How do I sleep on a bed full of cash
Till I'm in a grave with a federal o' max
These narrow minded people say I'm selling 'em crack
I'm just selling 'em hope
A way for them to go

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Can't let no crooked politician decide my faith
From the bottom, the top seems so high away
They building prisons
I'm applied to yail (YAIL: Young Adult Independent
Living)
American dreams uh?
I was designed to fail
No one to blame for the choices I chose for me
Never a choice, this all it was known to me
But take a minute
You look at it closer, you see
Nowhere in Brooklyn do they grow any cold police
That don't excuse all lives that I ruined
But if I don't serve the fees then somebody else will
move in
Who am I fooling but I'm only human
At least that is what I tell myself
What am I doing
It bothers me but not as much as poverty
Because despite Obama's speech
Gat to walk these gaddam streets
Please help the minors

Don't judge me we all criminal minded

[Hook]

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