

## Shyne "Here With Me"

Visit "[Here With Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Heeeyyy!!

Yeah! Po!

For all my niggas locked under the cell (this gangsta mash)

All my niggas (turn this shit up) in Heaven

While niggas was alive it was Hell, gotta be Heaven after that

Check it

*[Verse 1]*

P-O, nuthin more to it

I'm gully, what I really been through it

From the stoop to the coupe and everything in between

Vicariously through me niggas live out they dreams

All the ones in the sky are up in the Bing

I do it for them when I'm cracking them rims

See me doing donuts over pot holes

Bustin' off Roscoes like fuck it I'll buy a new set tomorrow

I'm the horror the system built

Suck liquor out my moms tits instead of milk

I'm society's filth, shit I feel no guilt

Welfare couldn't feed Po, what the fuck I need more (mo' mo' mo')

Catch me posted up in one pivot

By the looks of my arm and palm its been a blizzard

Bitches wanna know who that nigga Po?

When you think of me just think of snow

All white hard white masterpiece all white it's alright

I could take you out the Nikes and put you in some things

Have you lookin' like somethin', diamond buttons

It's the predicate felon, million dollar rhetoric

Tellin' spittin' thesis from my Corniches

Leaving niggas speechless, can't talk with a gun in your throat

Yeah I'm loke, been around to much dope

All my life brain ain't never been right

Don't hear shit I ear shit

Niggas lose sight, it's bigger than mic's

Come fuck with the kid

OG's look at me like that's how I live

Niggas look from the sky like yeah I still live  
Resurrected through the necklace or the gold-coated  
SIG  
Gangsta's never die as long as I'm alive  
And when I go its gon' be another Po

*[Chorus]*

For all my niggas who ain't here with me, you still here  
with me  
Everything that I do  
When you see that watch blue its for you

When you see that coupe with no roof its for you  
For all my niggas who ain't here with me, you still here  
with me  
Everything that I do  
Kid that I fried around the way was for you  
This connect that I tied the other day was for you

*[Verse 2]*

Yellow tapes, yellow bottles and yellow rocks  
Its the number one gunner pop-pa-pop-pop!  
Hard top, windows black, that's the way I gangsta mash  
Coming through bumping Thriller like I'm really a killer  
Who you know fuckin' with me? Them niggas is bitter  
Know I hit you when it's burning and numb  
Who you? Screw you just for burning your gums  
Get it right - I'm him, y'all just rhymin  
Noise over beats y'all niggas hymen  
Ma this shit is real, I'm buying jet fuel  
And the cuts on my shit is Princess Blue  
You fuck with the kid, you get Princess too (fa' sho')  
What? Your boyfriend a rapper?  
This between me and you  
And that's just how my niggas would want it  
America's most-wanted, station name: P-O  
Niggas know

*[Chorus]*

For all my niggas who ain't here with me, you still here  
with me  
Everything that I do  
When you see that watch blue its for you  
When you see that coupe with no roof its for you  
For all my niggas who ain't here with me, you still here  
with me  
Everything that I do  
Kid that I fried around the way was for you  
Connect that I tied the other day was for you  
All my niggas who ain't here with me, you still here with  
me

Everything that I do  
Bitch I hit with the long dick was for you  
Bong! Bong! 8 times its for you  
All my niggas who ain't here with me, you still here with  
me  
Walk with me, talk with me  
Let that sawed off shit bark off with me  
What's up with my niggas? I'm with my niggas

Pus, Pee, windy facilities, Sauce, Neil, uh...

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.