

Shyne

"It's OK - Shyne, Combs, Sean "Puffy""

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[Shyne]

Geah, uhh, uhh, uhh

Uh-huh, like that

Geah, uhh

Ten bricks nigga in the air, hold tec
It's that motherfuckin nigga named Shyne
Nothin but cum for these bitches, love none for these
bitches
It's that motherfuckin nigga named Shyne

What's my motherfuckin name? Put a bullet in your
brain
Leave your shirt stained, guns and cocaine
It's the best of a V&E
I'm like homes in Charlie's Angels, y'all never seein me
Heavenly indeed, measure me a key
My moms was a virgin when she had me
I rock flows, top O's, better yet, sell it wet
Tape ki's to bitches, I need the riches
Scene switches, big bitches, to hide snitches
Smile for the feds as they take pictures
It's the young G speakin; leavin niggaz leakin
Shots repeatin; around the clip somethin bound to hit
Y'all motherfuckers was counterfeit
Eat a dick and choke, as I sniff coke
Shyne pro, watch how you pronounce the shit
G'z up, hoes down while you motherfuckers bounce to
this

[Chorus: Shyne]

Before your dog you're dyin and bustin your iron
Take the stand you're lyin, it's ok
If you cook it, cut it, watch - flooded
Hit niggaz in public and bitches love it, it's ok
If you high right now as they play this in the club
lookin for somethin to fuck, it's ok
If you startin with her, it's ok
If you snotty with him, it's ok

[Shyne]

With so much blocks in the N-Y-C

to burn 'em all down is kinda hard for me
But uhh, somehow, someway
I keep takin over motherfucker's gates like every single
day
It's, the, rap, singer
Slash, coke, crack, slinger
Sling crack sling smack sling dick to dingbats
that try to pussy bootchie coochie, I'm in that
Kingpin raps, I spit 'em, fed NARC's, I dip 'em
Bentley and large rims spinnin, the shit is sickenin
My rhymes, my flow, I got all the symptoms
Rinks and links and trips to Harry Winston
Born sinner; think that model bitch I'm with is slim?
You chances of seein me are slimmer
I was through with it, before y'all knew what to do with it
Put my finger in the ground and turn the world around

[Chorus]

[Shyne]

From hip-hop to them hot blocks
It ain't never gon' stop; well maybe for three days
but then I'll return, more blacks to burn for more yea
Get them (??) sittin up on Broadway (geah)
Livin the life, ridin on Twinkies
Thirty inch rims spinnin, bitches is grinnin
Roscoe on my left, wonderin where the pussy at
so I can scheme the dope, get the pussy and float
Big things, live from the Empire State
where niggaz, live in fear of a 8-48
Don't owe my favors, jewelers deliberate
Shops have me spinnin like you was doin a figure eight
Gun in your mouth bitch, got a bitter taste
Push up hard on the arms - uhh, bitter face
Guerilla pimpin indeed
Shit I'm like a perm;
somethin every girl in the ghetto need

[Chorus - 2X]

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