

Shyne

"Outro"

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[Bun B:]When I step in the spot, motherfuckers say
"who that? "
Big Bun B, but you already knew that
Live from the state where they chop it and screw that
You hatin' on the trill OG, where they do that? (for real!)
Motherfuckers need to get off the dick, man
Fall the fuck back like a bike with no kickstand
Get out my mix man, just go' get you stuck
Deeper in the quicksand, with no easy fix, man (damn!)
No tricks, man, those is for kids
Cushion, my cigar, and hoes in the crib
Drank, and the 20 ounce froze in the fridge
You fuckin' with da so you know what it is
I'm sittin on the fours that clack
Comin' down candy in the golden 'lac
We gettin' to the money like it's goldman sachs
And we do it for the pimps that are holding back... let's
go!

[Nas:]Look who crept in with automatic weapons,
reppin' qb till the death of him
That nigga that inspired lyrical tyrants like kanye west
and em
Track record goes back to "the essence",
smack adolescents who ask who the best is
I'm nasty like gas from a fat man,
attested, I pass it, you gaspin' for breath and you die
fast
But I'm like a gastric bypass?
, actors seemed to get typecast in the same role
Since 16 I ain't grow a day old yet my brain grow,
cocaine white range rov'
Tats on my body like an art exhibit, I did real good for a
private nigga

Was once a bacardi sipper,
now it's chandon, fat blunts in the car with strippers
Guns in compartments hidden, I was real young, little
youth, a novice nigga
Blessings, bowed down, respected, chowed down now
my food's digested

Pow pow, with my shooters are techs that'll bust louder
than the noise that I just spit
Let's get one thing straight that my crown ain't for
testin'... testin'
Chop heads off like king henry the 8th, guillotine to ya
neck, bitch!
I'm a king in this thing, don't be dumb
Been in this shit since '91
Niggas can't fuck with the style I use
Your fate is sealed, no heidi klum
Calm now, was a wylin' dude, studied cowards that
made power moves
Watched wild planet seen lions devour food, you can
say that's how I move
A monster nigga, and I don't really like doing songs
with niggas
There go my nigga wayne, let them niggas hate
Or like my nigga drake say "we ain't got time to
respond to niggas"

[Shyne:] I'm a villain, I'm a villain, all that happens in the
street
Poverty and desperation made me everything I be
I'm a shotta, when I pop up with them poppers burn ya
block up
Call the judges, call the coppers, we takin' over gotham
Blood Game 5, it's that Blood Game 5
But green is the bottom line
I run this town I ain't gon lie
They running out they aint gon fire
They acting like they ain't gon die
Until I let them llamas fly

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