Shyne "Spend Some Cheese"

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Geah, new

My niggaz frontin' on pumpin' and dumpin', leave 'em on the curb

Ridin on twinkies I'm [unverified] gun under my fur Ma what you prefer?

His and hers [unverified] and villas, dope dealers and killers

Who keep it real-a, chase paper fuck bitches they'll always be there

Burn blocks, bust your guns, rock your minks with flare Live for the moment, fuck atonement

Explain to God when you see him
[Unverified] lease a bigger day, 'til your paper reach
the ceiling
Niggaz, we only live once
And I don't know about y'all, but shit I'm on mine

Like Don Trump, Black Ted Turner, totin' burners Open dope spots on every block Jumpin' in and out of cherry drops As the plot thickens, watch glistens

Feds trail us, surveil us, tell us
Not enough evidence [unverified] us
Teflon, get knocked, put the bail up and get gone
In the name of Brooklyn, Vietnam

And all you fuckin' rappers, for the last time The last name ain't junior, my name is Shyne Now take a paternity test, there's no relation I'm the fuckin' king, nobody stands adjacent

All I wanna do is get a brand new fifth And a few ki's, spend some cheese All I wanna do is see my homies stay fly Until we all day and spend some cheese

All I wanna do is get this money washed So I can lay back and spend some cheese Get right, live life, spend some cheese G's ice, gun fights, spend some cheese

Bandana wrap, under my fitted hat I got mines stacked, nigga where yo' ticket at? Floatin' countin' the two turbo's Bitches, I burned know Shyne Poe Bad boy, who's fuckin with that?

I done burnt down New York, ran through DC And this rap shit here, ain't nothin' to me Got my murder game down for real Gave lead showers to any coward who sold me flour

Poe's my power, these rappers frontin' like they uncut raw

I'll be the first to tell ya, they talcum powder Actin' like I know them, I owe them 'Til I blow them, and leave they face in they fuckin' scrotum

One change on the pike, under the moonlight Headin' nowhere fast, desert in the airbags Death's around the corner so I make detour slide to the rucker Firelli's burnin' rubbers

Pull up in front, let my shit bump
Hop out, no respect for the cops
Got the glock out, lookin' for a knockout
Somethin' to put a seed in, nah nigga
Just somethin' I can put some ki's in, come on

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Nigga wait, push rhymes, push fives Push wigs back, push weight Runnin' narcotics in over twenty-one states Thuggin' and buggin' I'll crack your fuckin' chest plates

It's good old America the great, the land of the G Home of the slave Where corrupt politicians and black gangsters is made Where you die at 25, shot up in your Merced's Ridin' on blades, livin' for today
Fuck peace, bustin at the police
Young black and just don't give a fuck
You'd think it was the Olympics the way niggaz be
sprintin'

And jumpin' when my [unverified] bust, pullin' up in bigger trucks
Like what? Hand on my nuts
White gold smile, high profile
Bitches love the style

How the fur's fittin', gangster slur spittin'
For my niggaz in Lewisburg sittin'
I got to get it like Sisqo, it's the don-da-don-don-don
Switch flows faster than cops can shoot a black
As them bricks keep turnin' and them blocks keep
burnin', c'mon

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