

# Shyne "The Gang"

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Lets get it clear, Brooklyn, Vietnam  
Yo yo, live from the seven-one-eight y'all  
Lay down nigga It's the ill Na Na  
Cut ya dick off put it in ya mouth y'all understand?

Ride with me as I race through ya hood  
Give me a fifth that'll bang and a jury that'll hang  
Pants saggin' in that Bentley wagon  
Ayo that's my nigga Yacht if the mink is saggin'

Since a youth I flipped, on some ruthless shit  
Had a thing for rings, bling, Coupes and shit  
Some' bout watchin' Montana come up outta Havana  
And rule this world made me wanna grab my hammer

Fuckin' with the Cheddar Boys  
Some hustler flip girls instead of boys  
Keep filthy laweys, for when the Fed's annoy us  
We keep this shit gangsta nigga from verse to chorus

And the Street Lords and truly yours  
Drive Modena Spiders and big exhaust  
Bleed for the streets love the war  
My nose bleeds for weeks I love the raw

Puncture niggaz when I comfort niggaz  
Motor City to Brooklyn, Vietnam  
Nigga it's on till my flesh is gone  
And even then I live on in gangsta form

What you know about that?  
Macs and cash nigga how you love that?  
What you know about that?  
Doin' it up, livin' it up, nigga what?

What you know about that?  
The gully kid put it in your skully kid, bleed nigga what  
it is  
What you know about that?  
Yacht, Cheddar Boys, Streets Lords, truly yours

It's the "Godfather Buried Alive"

Ayo Po it's the ill Na Na Na stuntin' in 5.0  
Went to Brooklyn with the Rugers out  
In Flatbush and I keeps the Kiki poppin' off when the  
goons is out

Y'all got a muthafuckin' problem when my dude get out  
Dutty Ay bust a shot for Shyne get the Guinness Stout  
That's my word I got the Berken pulled over up on  
Parkside  
And Nostrand in the butter scotch Rover

I'm ah bad gal style like I'm 'posta  
Got his comrades in Clinton bustin' nuts on my poster  
Phone check! Muthafucka hit the yard up  
Comm stop Mid-State Brooklyn niggaz squad up

I'm hot steppin' in the pink Staline Seven  
I'ma stunt till big tell me there's a ghetto up in heaven  
See through niggaz take they time like a man  
We don't snitch we don't sing on the stand but y'all  
don't hear me

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What you know about that?  
Yacht, Cheddar Boys, Streets Lords, truly yours

Money, cars, guns, hoes  
Sniff some blow and I'm good to go  
Eagle inflated Federal Bureau Investigated  
Most hated nigga read the affidavit

Uh, racin' loud pipes  
Big fuckin' exhausts burnin' the turnpike  
My game so tight I arouse dikes  
You punk rappers should payin' me publishin' the way  
you write

And be samplin' my life, every line in your rhyme  
Sound like you wanna be Shyne, and I don't blame ya  
Who wouldn't? Young nigga catchin' charges  
Continental T's parked in garages, Menages, odds is

I'm the best spittin' it, nigga I'm gettin' it  
I admit it I was watchin' New Jack City

And fuckin' with, Uncle Paul got me dying to ball  
Everythin' I talk about I live it

All you hear these rappers rap about I really did it  
I was designed to hold nines, and grind  
Step out of line put you in that white line  
Rearrange ya brain ain't nothin' change

You know the game jet planes and cocaine  
And what I say might be held against me  
I don't wanna talk, I'm the hottest nigga in New York

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Doin' it up, livin' it up, nigga what?

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