

Fes Taylor f/ Mr. Prezident, Shyheim

"G Shit"

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[Fes Taylor] I think I'm losing my fucking mind, I grind
For the purpose to get better, feel worse, when it's
more cheddar It's more problems, more bottles of Grey
Goose Diamonds in the Jesus, more violence than a
KKK group Taylor Made boots, you won't find these
anymore Only second pair, my son size kiddy wear
Shootouts, knife fights, nigga, I was really there Port
Richmond Avenue, niggas try to kill me there I was in
the hospital, my niggas brought millies there Ya'll
really show me who really care For that, I never turn my
back, none of my niggas So you gon' die, pull a gun on
my niggas Any one of my niggas, triggers is clutching
And finger fucking, he snitching, he kick the bucket
Quicker than KFC stuffing Chicken hearted niggas ain't
from the same litter I survived in this game, hell no, I
ain't a quitter [Chorus 2X: Fes Taylor] I'm a
muthafucking G, nigga I bang in the hood Son, that's
why my shit bang in the hood Like any block avenue
say that I'm good Niggas beef, you gon' spray 'em if
you could [Mr. Prezident] I walk around like I'm hot shit,
rock wrists, cop fifth Look I'm fire, you hot piss, I pop
six He a pussy, his face on a hot spit Call him my soda,
he about to get his top twist I will not miss, S.I., I got this
We gon' get it popping like juice when you fry fish I'm
on my shit, had to take the king route Nigga disrespect
me, I'mma try to blow his brains out Barrel shoot
flames out, ya'll been lead astray This niggas' ass say
pussy on his resume I give it to him all up in his head
and face He ain't even high but I can make his ass
levate I'm seeing extra cake, front lines, squeezing
shots Fold his ass up, you would think he was a pizza
box If I clap at cha, it's a wrap for ya They gon' have to
get your face up with a spatula [Chorus 2X] [Shyheim]
You don't wanna violate me, I take everything personal
Pussy, I shove you back in the pussy that birthed you
This is me everyday, I don't go to rehearsals I smack
you with this nine, and spin you round in a circle My
bank account numbers, look like it's your social You on
a mixtape scene, but your ass still local Try and G
check me? You should be glad I ain't poke you Nigga,
you think you slick, trynna get me promote you But I'm

hip to the game, and that move so old school You
remind me of the old dudes, some bottle of Sisco
Matter fact, you remind me of a blonder Sisqo I'm like
the Yae area, you San Francisco Shy, bout that dollar
like that 99 cent store Is your life insured? You best to
make sure Originally came for peace, but prepare for
war Where no talk at, muthafucking all and I rep that
[Chorus 2X]

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