

Toni Braxton F/ Foxy Brown

"For the Record"

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Shyne
(for the record)

Pshhhh pshhhh
Uhh
(repeat 3x)

[Verse 1]

Ohh you rhyme witta slug and sum shots in his face
He rhyme witta slug tryna sound like ma\$e
Listened to his tape, this lil' nigga used to sound like
cake
Maybe I'm juss killin, maybe he juss snitchin
See a whole lot different when my sales ecliped
What I see is straight bug, straight thoro
Yea he be a killa, you kill wit bugs
Rather look at the facts not the hype
Like who got shot and who got knifed
Who keep gettin struck, but don't neva strike
Hope the beef go away but the feds indict
I know yo card nigga, it's so clear
You juss wanna sell record you don't want warfare
You don't wanna ride you wanna get rich and hide
These niggaz would've died if they shot me nine times
Heyy it's juss for the best
Take this mob shit seriouse, please respect it

[Hook]

And there go the shots stay rippin 'em apart
Cuz it's a blood comin outta his slum
It's murdah bloody homicide is what they cry
When they losin' their life
When muhfuckaz ax me how I sleep at night
Pretty cold witta slug might heat me tight
Pray to god while I'm gone, is what underneath feels
like
It's my work by the surf when they turn off the lights

[Verse 2]

You ain't kill humma 'cause if you did
Why you ain't get the pen after all of that hit

You know I know, that if you live
That shit that you spit, somebody got somebody
Somebody got jumped, somebody got cut
Yoo pac's a nigga, nobody got shot
Nobody got flushed, you screamin what what
Okay okay killa you'sa slut
Think about it, enoughts enoughts
I'm tryna show 'em whoes who
And what is what
I mean how can I respect you
When them niggaz that left you ain't none of 'em
blessed you
(not nobody)
You know where they are, where they perform
Bust yo gun, stop makin songs
Please no more ghetto quran
You got money now it's time to bomb
And that's juss fo the top
Take this mob shit serious please respect it

And there go the shots stay rippin 'em apart(2x)
Cuz it's a blood comin outta his slum

[Verse 3]

Death of perfection as I move witout motion
Ain't no nigga in his game doin the shit that I'm quotin'
Take a good look 'cause you'll neva a see enought of
me
Might be sum otha g's tryna trace n color me
But I believe in the ways of old
Slice these niggaz throat tryna tell on po
That shouldn't excist, fuckin snitch
Cut of his dick, put it on his lips
You really think I was gon' let you slide
Fuckin wit me you must be outcho mind
You really think jail was gon' make thinks right
nigga I will shoot you till you lose yo life
I was mindin' my own, word got back, niggaz talkin
bout po
I was like ohh, god must be ready fo this nigga to go
I ain't lyin this is the mob
You got yo break come finish yo job
Juss don't get the feds involved
And I'mma reunite you wit yo moms
Rip
I guess this ain't juss music
Cuz jail only made me much mo' ruthless (nigga)
And the bitch nigga knew this
That's why he tryed to sign me to g-unit
Tell 'em how you made me offers
(I don't want that blood I'mma godfather)

Jumped on every street corner
Hurts yo heart that you don't get that honor
The feds I paid fo that
10 years up top
I sell 'em much shop
Both of ya was blood
Took the bus wit cuz
Want gun fo gun
I earned my lug
You, you juss pathetic
You neva bg, bespite yo average
Take this mob shit serioue, you gon' respect it
Tha's juss fo the record

[Hook]

And there go the shots stay rippin 'em apart
Cuz it's a blood comin outta his slum
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