

## **Mya F/ Left Eye**

### **"Shine"**

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(Talking: E-ball, DJ Dial Tone, Jady Experience)

What's up E-ball (yeah)

Demolition bout to rule the world...(no doubt no doubt)

I know yall got the Kreative Natives and all that but it's  
time for LAZ to

get his shine on

(yeah word....L - A - Z - O do your thing my

brother.....make these

motherfuckers go blind!)

[Chorus]

It's on me it's my time to shine

My time to rhyme and intertwine

Through these f-ing baselines

It's on me it's my time to shine

My time to shine my time to shine

(Verse 1: Lazo the GWShark)

Now it's that black verbal demon captured in flesh

Still scheming to splatter these tracks man Lazarus!

I'm hazardous for your health don't write these rhymes  
for the wealth

I'm trying to see like how many times I can impress  
myself

And I'm impressed when I manifest my feelings

With lyrics so hot they

And I'm reveling that I been sparring with my spiral

Magnificent, most significant words written since the  
Bible

Wrote these flaming hymnals to scorch your mentals

Then make your body tremble in consecutive intervals

Yo! mics I swarm like Jamaicans wear orange

And back in '92 into the Natives I was sworn

That's when I took that oath that decided my fate

We had to orchestrate it's time to Kreate and Dictate!

And if I live by that it will all be right! right!

I'll get my time to shine up in the f-ing lime light

[Chorus]

(Verse 2: Lazo the GWShark)

Laz fell up in the campsite to excite  
That venomous strike reminisce caboom vipe'  
Cause when I speak I reach just like Dante's peak  
Laz reciting rhymes written in volcanic ink  
And as Long as I'm a Native rhymes be razor sharp  
Cause I stroke my pen just like a goddess strokes her  
harp  
E said spark a verse for me and I concurred  
But cats say we herbs cause we from the suburbs  
But that don't make no sense and you'll see  
Instead of dissing me you ought to switch your style to  
karaoke  
Cause that's more fitting this this rhyme was written  
just to show  
Who's the GREAT still slitting throats up on the mix  
tapes  
Now that's the vibe niggas is left like scared alive  
You better come creative or you will not survive  
Now that's the essence my presences alone  
Hits the tracks full throttle throw the spices in the air  
Or I stick to the bottle yeah and we can all get nice and  
Lazarus entice through this damned mic device  
And I bet you'll bump my little single in your vessel  
Bobbing real hard then through your arms around the  
broad  
In the passenger seat massaging shoulders to the beat  
Yeah you owe me one I helped you get her in the  
sheets  
Cause she love the way I'm rhyming, to the top I'm  
climbing  
Breath control and timing shining like a fuckin diamond

[Chorus]

(Verse 3: Lazo the GWShark)

Laz Loves Lacing Lack Luster Linguists  
Suburban Scorpion So Secretly I Sting this  
Eastern Entity be Expressing through that English  
Ferocious Free-verses be having Fuckers Feeling  
Fiendish  
Sometimes I get Sort of Squeamish when I See these  
Sorry Singers  
Ridiculous Rappers Writing Radio Ringers  
But on Stage I'm Seldom Separate from Cire'  
So them Back-talking Bastards leave Bruised and  
Bloody  
By that Kreative Carnivore Created to Consume  
With Devious Dialogue that Dictates your Doom  
See My Mind's Masterpiece was Meshed with Mal-intent  
So you Better Bust your Blinker Before that ass get  
Bent

See These Tedious Tactics got Tackled by The Thinker  
Landed in Lovely Language that Lasts Long and  
Lingers  
See my Verbal Venom is like a Visual Virus  
It's Intent to Ignite all Inside your Iris  
So Bitch Beware Before you and your Boys go Blind  
Swiftly Shut your Shit So I can Spit this Sunshine!

[Chorus]

(Fade out....talking trash)

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