

Shyne

Dounia

I can only watch for so long, before I get uncomfortable
The centerfold, I gotta be, pay attention, see
I'm terribly offended they're commanding mediocrity
Are we honestly praising this commodity?
You call yourself an artist, stop, don't get me started
Stop, don't get me started
Not much of a drinker 'cause shit keeps spillin' out
And I can hold my liquor, but I can't hold my mouth
I can't hold my tonuge, it lashes when it wants
I'll blame it on the a-a-a-a-ambiance
Blame it on the excess clouding up my lenses
Finishing my sentence
My favorite kind of vengeance is gettin' paid
Look back at rejection, and what it made

I'ma shyne on 'em, I'ma, I'ma shyne on 'em
I'ma sneak up from behind, skip the whole line on 'em
I'ma shyne on 'em, I'ma, I'ma shyne on 'em
I'ma do it like I'm tryin', flex in due time on 'em
I'ma shyne on 'em, I'ma, I'ma shyne on 'em
I'ma sneak up from behind, skip the whole line on 'em
I might just pull a new vibe on 'em
Fuck a wave, I might pull a new tide on 'em

I'm makin' shit that's honest, ain't a product for a profit
Yeah my mind ain't on my wallet
You won't hear it 'less I wrote it
It's wack then I'll dispose it
The standard that I'll be setting is the standard I'm upholding
No silver spoon, shit just made me golden
I see your cards and I ain't folding
I got a million in the molding, 'cause art takes time
And money it supply peace of mind

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I ain't in it for the money, I'll get it when it's ready
Take it back to my place, for conversation, Henny
For now I'm shooting campaigns in L.A. with some baddies
Yeah, with some baddies
Win the lotto, be a model, both funny concepts
Made my way in for some bread, yeah I finessed
Now I'm takin' photos for some studio time
Couldn't make it by when I worked the 9 to 5
In SoHo, with my eyes low

Closing shift got me lookin' loco
IPhone with the glass broke
And my money barely seemed to get me back home
Yeah we gonna move to Jersey for your senior year
Quick, turn off the TV 'cause the landlord here
You still gotta take the train though, go to school in Queens
And get an education so you can live in Queens
'Cause I ain't got the means, your mama gettin' tired
And when they ask what I do I honestly wanna lie
Ranking ain't too high
Don't end up where I am, promise me that you'll try
I know you wanna sing, you can do that on the side
It ain't about the money, it's more about the pride
But I hope I make you proud still, mama
Hope I hold a Grammy up like a diploma
And when I do go to school, have my bread up
We've been in debt enough
We've been stressed enough
Been in debt enough, fuck

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