

Shine Hard

EST Gee

They were snitchin', giving names up
Seen my close friends change up
Do whatever for the fame huh?
Do whatever for a name bruh

Shine hard, everybody can see
With a bad bitch, smokin' gas out a leaf
I need a addy, she signed a new lease
Make all my bread and break her off a piece
I leave a fuck nigga shot and deceased
Stay in my lane, I don't fuck with no geeks
They smell my pack through the wrap, this shit reek
You know I got gas for two bands a piece
I'm in Gucci all the way to my feet
Stalkin' all these bitches, boy, you a creep
I only fuck her every other week
You said you love her, she knew you was weak
She took yo' money and gave it to me
I been in Cali', you know what I seen
Good gas, and they got it for cheap
Whiplash with the neck, she a beast
Quick, fast, like she don't got no teeth
Big bags, ballin' like it's the league
Slim fast, but her ass is obese
Four tabs and she turn to a freak
Too bad, like I fuck Billie Jean
Blue cash bustin' all out the seams
No mask, I want niggas to see
Think it's sweet, try your luck, come and see me
Like a baby, chopper rock him to sleep
Havin' nightmares, man I can't even sleep
Grab a thirty, wash it down with the lean
I'ma lay on him for weeks if it's beef
Learn your schedule, figure out where you sleep
Like his water hot when he brush his teeth
What's your favorite place to sit down and eat?
He was hurtin', I'ma give him relief
One deep, by myself when I creep
Follow him all the way out to his Jeep
Say his name soft as soon as he peep
Bleep, bleep, bleep

Keep your names on. they changed up
The fame gone, the name wrong
I'm a pastor, I feel like a bastard
In schackles, they told me it's heaven right after that
Never, brave, I feel it
Show these niggas man, get back in there and show these niggas
These niggas ain't shinin', broke ass, bitch ass niggas ain't shinin'
This our city nigga, we run this shit

Young bitter nigga, I wanna ball
No big homie ever got back my ball
Baggin' leaves, lookin' like it's the fall
I ain't never feared nothin' at all
Circumstances turned me into a killer
Shirt off, tatted, feelin' like I'm that nigga

If I wanna keep it real, I can get her
Big dog, I'm the pick of the litter
Before I go broke, I'ma stick me a nigga
Down dirty, really get me a nigga
Throw a cross in a bitch to a nigga
Guns down, beat the shit out a nigga
Grass cut, I can see where they slither
I ain't trippin', I'ma get down there with 'em
Rather kill 'em 'fore I end up a victim
When I did it, swear it fucked up my mental
Devil talkin' to me like I'm his nigga
Starin' at him, I'ma increase the tension
Yellin' louder, but I'm tryin' not to listen
Tails rattle, all around me they hiss
Everyday demons pay me a visit
Blood on me, start to cloud up my vision
Pray this venom work its way out my system
Expensive denim, this ain't no True Religion
Niggas trippin', started treating me different
Gettin' money, I'm increasing the distance
Eights of purple Actavis when I'm pissin'
Niggas selfish, I can't get money with 'em
How you real, you double cross all your niggas?
How you real, you tried to cut off your nigga?
Jesus, keep these demons off of a nigga
Jesus, keep these demons off of a nigga

In schackles, they told me it's heaven right after