Win

Shyheim

Yo, yo, yo Shy
Yo, yo you ain't home?
Yo this L.E.O., this your cousin
Pick up the phone God
Yo I got somethin to tell you God
Damn God, yo when you get my message God
Hit me, aight?

Shit Iz Real, nigga
2000 project housin shit
It's on, nigga, faggot ass niggaz
Shaolin, it's my hood, nigga
"When did you stop lovin me?"
Staple-town
"When did I stop lovin you?"
Niggaz thought they was gon' be able to touch me, right?
27, Killa Bee Gang, nigga!
Niggaz gon' respect that God
Thought you was gon' touch me and niggaz was gon' be left at that, huh?
"When did you stop lovin me?"
Huh? Yea, nigga, war for life
It's 'bout that time, my nigga
Y'all better clear out..

What you wanna be labelled as, a coward or a duck?
What powder you cut? You went in that buildin for what?
When you rep' that buildin, what you set for that buildin?
If it wasn't for me, you would've been dead in that buildin
You don't know what it feel like to say "I own that buildin"
Get dough in that buildin, or control that buildin
You don't know that feelin, you ain't condone that killin
Cuz when the cops came, you was like Shy in that buildin
I remember them days when you was shook in them buildins
Put you in front of these buildins, frontin like you killin
When the scrams was on, you was all on his dick
And you gave that bitch money cuz you've always been a trick
You know Shy the kid, I'm back on the block
Bought the crack in the spot, Twin back in the box
Fuckin clap at the cops, if I'm rappin or not
What you gonna do nigga, shoot or get shot?
BLAOW!

"When did you stop lovin me?"
"When did I stop lovin you?"

Oh boy, why won't you tell me nigga?
Stop frontin, say somethin nigga
What up? Y'all f**kin stupid!

My shit is hot on the block like new glocks out the box
or yacht for the dough, at the boat docks
Father Shy, I put you in the trauma unit
Shoot up your body viewin, Bing monster, half human
Cause mass confusion, put the air in the cake
You hear the +Tales in the Hood+, I'm crazy like Case
Niggaz want peace on Earth, so to God they pray
Say my name in your grace, live from the 7-1-8

Empire State, where Ghostface retired Ma$e
I meditate amongst the great, you can't hold no weight
cuz you soft as cake, I pack a lion down and punch a bear in his face
I got no more to say

This goes out, Freddy Red
Chubby, my nigga
Yea, my nigga
My cousins, Twin, Leo, Big Un
Gil, Killa Kane
Yea, Mush, uh..
Oh boy, won't you tell me?
Yea, Ishmail, yea, all my niggaz
Love ya, Shock-12, love ya son
Homocide, what up nigga?
All my niggaz, see you when you come home
Car-Cheesy, G-Note, the Feds
Nigga I see you when you come home nigga
Lil' Free, yea, never stop lovin you
You my niggaz, all my niggaz locked down
Yea, one love, one thug, to the mothaf**ka last slug
Shyheim, 27 Warrant Squad, Wu-Tang Killa Bee Gang, nigga

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