

# The Life

Shyne

It's a new day in the rap game!  
Nobody sells records but Shyne Po!

My life had it's ups and downs, but I don't regret nothin'  
I had the whole tri-state high, nigga I ain't frontin'  
at Fifteen I sold my first bag of dope  
used to stick Dominicans, burner under the coat  
gettin' like 15 grams, a half a Ki  
at Fifteen man, a nigga just glad to be  
gettin' some shorts, me and my Man from a Hundred and Fifth  
he knew some Dominican niggas that wanted a clique  
to hold 'em down, shoot niggas in the head  
throw 'em out windows if they were late with the bread  
basically I'm enforcin'  
around heavy coke, when nobody's lookin' I'd be dippin' in the portion  
they wasn't missin' it  
so I got my hustle on the side, flippin' it  
sellin' like 500 bottles and Nicks, started minor  
but I always knew I'd turn a big apple into cider.

Niggas...niggas just ain't built like me...  
stand up niggas...since 15  
I been servin' fiends and loadin' magazines...  
takin' shots..burnin' blocks..  
this ain't no fuckin' rap.

Everything was everything 'till my Man got pinched  
he had a shoot-out with the cops in front of the precinct  
other than that, I went from enforcer to movin' product, straight white  
powder now, gettin' it  
the hardest nigga in the street  
my first car was a 190 Benz with Louie Vaton seats  
buyin' out the bar at the rooftop  
I had a few spots  
one called the jukebox  
where I was gettin' like 50 a brick  
2 or 3 bricks a day, makin' mothafuckas sick  
my Cousin Ron a crook from the Brook was torchin'  
any niggas whisperin' or talkin' 'bout extortion  
shit was goin' right and only one better  
when I got my Italian connect, hittin' me with pure Heroin  
moved to 116th, started seein' real dinero then  
empire buildin', the shit was takin' flight  
had my bitches cuttin' up like 10 Ki's a night  
mixin' lactose, Bonita, and Quenii  
I was the first Black nigga with mafia ties  
leased my soul to the Devil with the option to buy.  
Yo..bangin' for real..  
niggas is thinkin' rap, I'm thinkin' laundromat..  
we washin' this money...  
you think this shit is about rhymes...  
you'll find yourself under the fuckin' ground...you know?..  
we get low when the Feds is in town..  
this is justice..  
we playin' the pop charts and still lettin' them things pop off...

At 21 I was a legend, had the game transformed

controllin' manufacturin' and distribution of Heron  
throughout the tri-state, high stakes  
I spent Hundreds of Thou's out of paper bags  
you couldn't name a car I ain't have  
every minute new tags  
Seven series to the Five-Sixty drop nigga  
I was givin' away blocks nigga  
fast cars, fast money, slow deaths  
this things of ours  
had me doin' a hundred miles an hour  
through the City evadin' the Feds  
started this shit called the counsel and we all made a pledge  
not to fuck each others bitches  
or touch each others riches  
on top or broke  
never break this oath  
every nigga in the counsel was a boss  
we used to put coke on our dick and make bitches suck it off  
it was alright 'till I got caught  
charged with an Eight-Forty-Eight  
behind Marion steel gates  
niggas started shittin', actin' bizarre  
drivin' my cars, fuckin' my broads, breakin' the laws  
same niggas I took care of and got money wit' was on some funny shit  
if I was different I'd snitch  
what would you do if you got Millions with niggas and they had no love  
for ya?  
couldn't pay for ya lawyer  
I figured shit, why sit in a cell to rot?  
I'll be out in Ten, start over again  
throw those boys in the pot, but I couldn't do it  
you couldn't understand it of you ain't been through it  
there's rules to this shit and I couldn't break 'em  
death before dishonor 'till I meet Satan...I know he's waitin'.

God forgive me...you've never seen a nigga like me in your life...  
I'm what these lil' niggas rap about...  
thats me they talkin' 'bout in they rhymes...  
I did that time...I flipped that dime...  
shoot-outs, jet planes, cocaine and automobiles...  
The Life...love it.