

Shining

Statik Selektah

(Cause when the sun shines) (Then the world ends)
(Ain't no pit stops) (No more girlfriends)
(Who the fuck was you?) (Where your story end?)
(And your life start?) (I guess it all depends)

And we wilin'
Standing on the corner of the block and we grindin'
Jumping off the edge of the roof and we flyin'
Until the world catches up and we shinin'
And we shinin', shinin'
Until the world catches up and we shining'
And we shinin', shinin'
Until the world catches up and we shining'

I'm a bad mutha, they could never do what I do
Homie I flow original, put the pencil to miracles
Since I left the umbilical I've been put on a pedestal
If they ever do come for you, just kill them or they're killing you
Eye for an eye, bloody box cutter
Hit your top gunner, put that on my pop's mother
I'm the rolling rock, rolling with them rock runners
Chop butter up and stay stunting on you cocksuckers
Me and Stat like Scott and Mike, got the chip, got the piff
And it's gonna get me where them rockets is
I love wearing the crown, love tearing it down
The sun shining that appear in the clouds
Is me. The gamma ray shining, man that ain't diamonds
That's a rapper with a Uzi in the jacket lining
Man I'm Illmatic, nah, this Dah Shinin
My Smith and Wesson and my Big L speaking Ebonics

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I'm on the block where my little homies grind
They say they hope a cat like me come through when they rhyme
I could be Fat Joe if they Pun in they prime
Cause I know Statik, he on the radio all the time
But I be on my grind, no sleep playa
No major labels backing me, just feeding me paper
Just me on my own, just me in my zone
Watching my clones get dough off what they really stole
I think of these labels and think of what they really owe
It's probably billions, could give me and my children homes
Made of gold, Medusa, you finna turn to stone
I'm a cold cat who won't let them diss the code
I be shining, peep how I glow
Night light, flashlight pointed by the po'
If I make it high in the game and blow
I'm gonna stay high, and keep it on the low
Let's go...

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I'm shining like blue and reds on a cop car
I keep it underground, fuck being a pop star
Cause when you get on they steal your shit anyway
And make way for the next star to take your place
It's all fake, handshakes and funny smiles
Funny style shit just to see the money pile
And they on the prowl, wolves in their sheep clothes
Saliva dripping from their fangs where their teeth show
Shit is deep, yo, highway robbery
Still I do the best to shine through whatever blocking me
My philosophy is keep it sweet and always honest, be
Unaffected, I'm an ill rapper named Termanology
Lemme slow it down, cause I be losing y'all
I'm here to put the nooses on these fake superstars
I go super hard, not to be confused with y'all
And even if we never blow, my crew still the bomb
So, uh...

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We are flying, we're flying
Jumping off the roof and we are flying
Shine so bright, shine so bright, your whole night
Shine me, shine me, grab a flashlight and shine me
Shine me, shine me, 8 double-A batteries
We're shining