

Get Your Shine On

Birdman

Yeah
We gon go old school
Ya know what I'm sayin
If you from where I'm from
Ya know what I'm talkin bout
the way we do this here
this is a cash money classic
and I feel couldnt nobody do it the
way ima do it
ya know what I'm sayin
so, here we go world, I'm bringin it
to your world from my world
ya know what I'm talkin bout look I
say
Get your shine on (3x)
So nigga stop hatin'
Get your shine on (3x)
You know we gonna make it
Get your shine on (3x)
So nigga stop hatin'
Get your shine on (3x)
You know we gonna make it
In one you trust, the neighborhood is
us
And everything that I ride is 22s and
up
And everytime that I slide, you know
I'm platinum plus
Make the hood understand that we
trying to come up
24s on trucks, just the neighborhood
lust
Tell Lil' One be cool everybody coming
up
Cause everybody wanna ride, everybody
wanna shine
So how ya love that people? Everybody
on the grind
And these projects cuts ya, ya hood
rich livin lavish
Those 14s, you know we had to have it
Once upon a time it was nothing but
magic
Hustling right in front of my mama,
Ms. Gladys
Chasin paper paper chasin, look thats
all we know
Comin through the neighborhood on them
24s
Bet a thousand, shoot a thousand,
nigga up it some more
Fast money, Cash Money, thats all I
know One
They say I walk around like I got an S
on my chest
That be that Cash Money Piece, flow
rest in the deck

I'ma specially set, No testin the best
Be in class, no pencil, no test on the
desk
I'll make ya mouthpiece so beast like
Delereese
I'm from the south streets of beast
like Lil' Weez
E, F baby for the team I rep daily
I come to the defense like Jeff
Bailey, I'm gone wit it
A chrome kitted, A foam pit in the
back of it
Phony tittie bitches come home with
me, get the business
I made bling bling, I'm like a
lighthouse
So shut that ice in cause he ain't
iced out
Pay attention closely, You niggaz can
never roast me
Cause the maker of the testerosta
knows me
Oh hes so arrogant, the cocky kind
But you always looking cause I'ma
shine, thats right
Loud mics and big rims, nigga thats my
life
Come through the neighborhood with my
homeboy price
Lets get it understood, nigga thats my
price
Come through the neck of the woods,
you be alright
Cause I'm pimpin, I'm pimpin pimpin,
I'm comin thru
And I'm dippin, I'm dippin dippin,
them 22s
And they spinnin, they spinnin
spinnin, them sprewells nigga
them sprewells nigga, we makin mail
nigga
Don't need no introduction in this
I can grind in every ghetto, trying to
stay hood rich
You can ask a nigga bout me, you know
I'm bout my shit
I was made by guerillas, raised the
hot boy click
Cause I'm the birdman and I'll do you
something bad
You heard man that I been slangin them
slacks
Thats my word man, I won't stunt nigga
I won't stunt nigga, I'm gonna stunt
nigga, One
[Chorus]