

## Edge

Shyne

Uh uh, Uh, Uh  
Ayo, mac 10s and fake friends  
Lawyers little game homicide 25 with the fucking nigga face 'em  
But I'm still trill, still holdin  
Rollin gully until I'm froze, close in a box with a bomb in fluid  
Veins pumpin ice  
First some 15 keep that king pumping right  
Hard white, cold cash  
Hold fast, fold fast, through the city so gas  
No ass  
Straight head bitch, I'm one a from the feds  
Fuck comma raps, same G and canna  
All I got in this world is my fifth dick and nana  
Gangsta mannerism lyrical vandalism  
Niggaz be burnin up their gums until the fucking hammers hit 'em  
Who need help?  
Well until then I'ma take that mac off the shelf  
and hold the fucking street hostage  
Blowing smoke out my nostril  
Every breath is a step to a non-time in death

I wanna know where to go  
Need a place in my mind I can rest  
Cause this time is running out for my flesh  
Dried up, sittin' in a chair fried up  
(2x)

You know me; I don't need no introduction in this  
Big gun, big dick, half of a meal on the wrist  
Sittin in my continental thinkin' about potential connects  
I live in all, just pencil the best  
Parts of the live of a quintessential hustler  
When I pull a slide back  
Motherfuckers be hoppin' their faces don't get left open  
You understand?  
Shirt soaking, brain smoking left in the ocean floatin'  
Shyne Po, dough, stack, y'all Rap niggaz is trash  
I don't give a fuck how much records you sold  
Tryin' to be me  
Keep it real dog, you'll die to be me  
You wanna know how it feel, don't you?  
To have a murder charge, took gun to the American Music Awards  
And live life against stars  
Doing 170 screaming "FUCK THE WORLD" (gangsta get outta the car)

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Where the fuck them niggaz at? We gonna handle this beef  
Turn your mic off bitch; see me in the street  
Fuck peace 'til I'm rest in the dried up flesh is finish  
I don't know how to tell until I'm in the morgue  
Dysfunctional, highly uncomfortable paranoid  
Without the extra clip (bitch), try me I'll puncture you

Had niggaz waking up with wings in their backs, halos in their head like  
"Ayo I'm dead"  
Can a knight fucking princess Diana type  
Vane wives, vane light, pen I write cold, hand of ice  
They said too much for the motor mind to comprehend  
Walk wit me, pause take a breath  
Things ain't just the same for gangstas  
Sleeping in diamond, it's fucking up the game for gangstas  
While charges tryin to ring a gangsta  
Through it all I maintain my gangsta

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