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.