

# Shyheim, 5 Elements

Motherf\*\*kin gp in the motherf\*\*kin house  
With shorty shy

(rubbabandz)

Yo.. yo.. I raise all hell when i, start to stain  
Crab niggaz, I recon, you recognize the grain  
I bring drama to your earpiece, when I bust  
Raps niggaz collapse, in fact turn to slush  
It only takes a second to die  
It only takes a minute to get high  
The hoods that I run with really don't care  
Bustin at God with our pistols in the air

(pop da brown hornet)

No more loses, I'm bringin in da bosses  
You wanna get rich, bet on me, motherf\*\*k them horses  
I'm black, too good, deadly like a luger  
I live day by day, but my mind set on the future  
Drunk with vexism, handin out bad desicions  
Got shit locked like state prisons  
Mc destroyer, bring it, I got somethin for ya  
When I'm red niggaz die from paranoia  
Sureshot, play yourself, get got, forget me not  
Or I'll be runnin shit in ya' spot  
Die hard, crackin shit, like ty cobb  
Keep it real, plus stay black, roll with a tight mob  
Forever high, I'm the type of guy to puff chocolate thai  
Then blow the smoke all in your eye  
You're blinded, the rap style I posess, you can't find it  
That's why you wanna constantly rewind it

(down low reka)

Yo, d. allah represent at sparkin mics like flint  
With style that you can inhale and get the nigga bent  
Cash rules, no choice but bein top biller  
Have ya blinded by the fire like that bitch in the killer  
You know I'm iller, than the caviar, with these rhythms  
That's acquired to break down immune systems  
In any battle i'm-a come in first  
With raw techniques that shock ya ear like a f\*\*kin curse  
I like sex after ballentine triple x  
Understandin, I run through hoes like barry sanders

Niggaz get lost in the land  
Reachin, it'll cost your hand, now ya sink in the sand

(shyheim)

I'm-a live shorty, word up, the shit ain't hard to tell  
I kill verses, just like, napsilnac to sperm cells  
My lifestyle, it didn't change, I'm still the same  
Nike sneakers, guess jeans and gold chains  
The rugged child be bringin drama to your system like drugs  
Live and direct, from new york like lugz  
Is it the ruckus you want, come and get that ass lynched  
You complain to throw, I play your jake with a twelve inch  
Kid, I be just f\*\*kin in the cut, on some shaolin what  
Jiggy-june bust a nut

(junelover)

Who dares to test me, bring it to the cypher  
Niggaz you don't really wanna see the God hyper  
Active, make teachers run back for practice  
And tell they proteges, they can't f\*\*k with the tactics

So give me room, when I speaks with verbal knowledge  
You put your best man, even if he went to college  
With this mutation, I serve like a chef  
What do you know, I be that nigga squeezin air from your last breath  
Got you gaspin from suffocation  
Then I leave without a clue nor an explanation  
It's the mister hip hop, b-boy, rap addict  
Static, you don't want, cause when I brings it, it get tragic  
Faggot, now put an h on your chest and handle  
Whatever comes at ya, best beleive i'ma gat ya  
Now move back from this jack, you can't touch it  
Cause if you do, you catch a buck 50 muggin  
I'm thuggish, with enough stamina to damage ya  
Crew, plus jerk em like a crooked ass manager  
Corrupt indeed, my mind is the backbone of evil  
Causin me to to hurt innocent people  
Niggaz playin hard rocks on the wrong block  
Thinkin it be you until I let the nine glock  
Pa-pop, my man shitted all in his pants  
It's the same old song and dance  
And I'm out motherf\*\*kers!