

Shine (feat. Baby, Mack 10 & Mikkey)

Lil Wayne

What, wha, wha, wha, wha
What, wha, wha, wha, wha
Cash Money Millionaires
So take it there Yellow Viper, yellow Hummer, Yellow Benz
Yellow PT Cruiser, yellow 'Lac on rims
Drop yellow 'Vette and a platinum Rolls Royce
That's seven different cars, everyday I got a choice On my way to pick up Joyce, she be makin'
me moist
Givin' me head while she hummin', she can play with her voice
And she got nice thighs, a big plump ass
She could ride a dick too, make me cum fast I like them modelin' bitches, I love them
swallowin' bitches
Where them hoes headed at, I'm 'bout to follow them bitches
(Let's go)
I know you with your folks, but that nigga is broke
You might as well open your legs up and let a nigga poke
I'm a show you what it is not to be a window shopper
Mama you can have Fendi, mama you can have Prada
All you gotta do is break a nigga off proper
You could be with your man, I ain't tryna stop ya From my head down to my shoes
Skirtin' on twenty two's check my baby mamma
Whip Rovers, not Hondas I'ma spend it 'til it's gone
Don't know when I'm comin' home
Pop X and drank Cris' my life is the shit And the name be fire Wayne, ice and change
You can catch me in an aqua range, squattin' things
With them twenty-two inch chopper blades
Diamond face, diamond brace More colors than the game Simon says go, 'hind me
And mami on forty-fifth she told me "I'm a lez"
And she ain't like too much of dick
But give the bombest head, and so I took it anyway
But bitch I got family, don't need your pussy anyway
OK, let's talk about this ice that I'm carryin'
All these karats like I'm a fuckin' vegetarian
Niggas play, I bury them, y'all already knowin' I threw up my arm and bitches thought it started
snowin
See I'm a keep it goin, Big Tymin, you heard's me?
Dog I got cake like everyday my birthday wait, don't think they heard me
I say dog I got cake like everyday my birthday From my head down to my shoes
Skirtin' on twenty-two's check my baby mamma
Whip Rovers, not Hondas I'ma spend it 'til it's gone
Don't know when I'm comin' home
Pop X and drank Cris' my life is the shit I'ma Hot Boy, that's name brand and top of the line

Ride fly daily, all year 'round I shine
 Ain't a nigga and they mama gonna stop me dog
 Come through on dub-dueces, they jock me dog Glock cocked for haters tryna block me dog
 Catch 'em so low, they geezy, don't shock me dog
 Well get the fuck, slide on out the way
 And let B.G. ease down the shinin' linen Let the diamonds and the jewelry light shit up
 Each piece of jewelry I own, I ice it up
 You don't wanna put your vehicle next to us
 'Cause all of our vehicles, we dress 'em up With television, Dreamcast, DVDs
 Nice sounds, buttons, it's twenties
 I'm a Cash Money Hot Big Tymer nigga
 That'll hold a pinky finger up and blind ya nigga From my head down to my shoes
 Skirtin' on twenty two's check my baby mamma
 Whip Rovers, not Hondas I'ma spend it 'til it's gone
 Don't know when I'm comin' home
 Pop X and drank Cris' my life is the shit I'm a stunt 'til I die, so you better respect it
 Cause whoever try testin' is gonna be restin
 I'm a young millionaire, Hot Boy, Lil' Turk
 Bling blingin' everyday, plus I got work
 (Bling) Nigga like me stay in the cut twenty four/seven
 Steady stackin' my ends on dubs, twenty four/seven
 Every car you wish you had, we got it, we got it
 Bentleys, Hummers and Jags, big bodies, big bodies Love to floss, no secret stun'ner's
 Niggas steady baller block, can't take nothin' from us
 Young nigga, livin a life surrounded by ice
 Hoes be like, "Damn, them boys, they're nothin' nice" They on fire, that must be them Hot Boys
 You motherfuckin' right, you think this not girl?
 Better think twice, get it right dog
 Know you recognize, we got it on lock for all From my head down to my shoes
 Skirtin' on twenty two's check my baby mamma
 Whip Rovers, not Hondas I'ma spend it 'til it's gone
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 Don't know when I'm comin' home
 Pop X and drank Cris' my life is the shit Uhh, uhh, uhh huh uh
 (Oh shit)
 2001, my life is the shit, know why?
 (Lemme see that)
 I'm representing, I'ma spit it
 (Bling) As long as they make that shit I'ma break that shit
 Ya heard me? It's like that; believe that
 This year; fuck it I said it befo' and I meant it
 I'm buyin' me a city, New Mannie, Louisiana ya biatch you, ohh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

