

Shine (feat. Mela Machinko)

Pharoahe Monch

In my heart and in my mind
I'm gon' win and you'll come
You tell me to wait, give me a sign
And I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine
I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine
I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine
I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine Look, man, do not get my block pissed, we'll blast your brain
Two hundred-thousand dollar whips and chains
Crooked cops, crips, crack, cocaine
Tupac, Chris, I'm still feelin' the pain Seven year old girl shot and slain
What does it all mean, we're goin' insane?
In this struggle, stress, mayhem and panic
Where I'm from, we do not eat organic
Talk about it
You see my mama cannot afford Whole Foods
She break fast with a prayer, call it soul food
Where I come from, let it breath Where I come from no one runs when funds run low in lump
sums
We choose the dum-dum, dum bullets, dun dun
We livin' humdrum in the slums where scum conceal stun guns
The word's mum for fun, son Conundrums ain't pretty
In this cesspool called New York Shitty
I call it that 'cause it smells like shit
Walk around hunched-back or you might get hit I knew a nigger sold crack to his moms
The same mother fucker sold crack to his kids
Lookin' like 300 comin' back from his bid
Like, "Pharoahe, let's get this money for real"
In my heart and in my mind
I'm gon' win and you'll come
You tell me to wait, give me a sign
And I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine
I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine
I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine
I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine He said, "Pharoahe, let's get this money up, what the fuck?
What you need me to holler at Steve Rifkind?
Let him escape from New York like Snake Plissken?
I told you from the gate that you needed more marketing
And these major labels is not listenin' "Stood in a B-boy stance, teeth glistenin'
From the gold in his mouth, summer breeze was whistling
I contemplated my retort, eyes fixed in
On a crucifix around his neck, I guess he was Christian Just then the police siren, it pitched into
the sound

Track to the hood so I spoke with conviction
Spoke as if I was 6'10", thick skin
Put a little bass in my voice like pitch bend 'Cause where I come from, where I come from
We all come from sky, moon, stars, the earth and sun
Multiple skin tones, the blood is one
The pen is the ammo to my automatic, I bring to fruition
What I write to get me out of the slums And I'mma shine, shine, shine, shine
Shine like the sun, the world is mine
Each line is speech designed to transcend time
And reach the unborn and transform your mind
And I'mma shine, shine In my heart and in my mind
I'm gon' win and you'll come
You tell me to wait, give me a sign
And I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine
I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine
I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine
I'm gon' shine, I'm gon' shine Now, New York, if you're in the house
If you're turnin' it out without a doubt
You know what I'm talkin' about
Just scream and shout and everybody say
Shine, shine, shine, shine, shine, shine Now Detroit with the funky beats
Gettin' wild on the street, see the mark of the beast
Say fuck the police, what up, X?
Shine, shine, shine, shine, shine, shine Chi-town, with the funky sound
Soul by the pound just get on down
What the fuck do you want? What the fuck do you want?
Say shine shine, shine, shine, shine, shine, shine West coast, side with the most
Holdin' your toast, brag and boast
What [Incomprehensible], what the hoe?
Everybody heard, shine, shine, shine, shine, shine, shine Uh, uh, dirty, uh, uh, dirty
Uh, uh, dirty, uh, uh, dirty
Uh, uh, dirty, uh, uh, dirty
Uh, uh, uh, I say, shine, shine, shine, shine, shine, shine

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