

# Shine Blockas

Big Boi

Yeah! All the ladies say hoooo  
All the hoes say, (Hah, Hah, Hah, It's Gucci)  
Here we go A-town! C-post!  
Cutmaster Swiff, down your throat  
Boy stop!!!!

Sir Luscious Left Foot's on fire  
Trying to block my shine just ain't gone happen so don't try  
Every time I get on this microphone I like to spit  
Inking hit up after hit, This penmanship is so legit  
I came equipped like a prophylactic, now they riding dicks  
+Lifestyling+ on these suckers out here tryin to buy they bitch  
Now they rich try to convince everybody to trick off  
But a true boss done paid the cost, she giving away her drawers  
Word to the +Brown, James+, she some chicken chowmein  
Really mayn you done said the silly things  
And the fella Dana Dane, boy, you cuffed and claimed a dame  
Hey, my main thang got my last name, got all her, mayn

I'm on my grind shawty, don't block my shine shawty  
Hold up, hold up guess who just showed up?  
Rolled up, rolls cut, drop with the doors up  
I'm on my grind shawty, don't block my shine shawty  
Wait a minute, wait a minute, chill a little, sit a minute  
I can't close my safe no more cause I got too much money in it

They put Gucci in a cell, did my deal went to jail  
I make music, I make movies, I need Tyler Perry's cell  
Loud smell coming out the Lamb', fuck it, what the hell  
Gucci Mane, so I'm Gucci down, she got on Chanel  
In the cut rolling stupid kush like I'm in a rush  
In the club with half a pound, 150 blunts  
Zone 6 Atlanta, fuck with me the longest  
So I shine like it's showtime, all my jewelry on  
On the block with the stupid watch, boy you need to stop  
When I stop everybody watch, car don't have a top  
And stretch cost a stupid check, rolling up the pack  
Now I'm gone, I can't even flex, Eastside where you at?

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Can't be tripping bout no paper cause the safe is not so safe,  
The piggy bank got legs and feet, and can get up and walk away, shawty  
With my southern drawl, awkwardly I spray  
Like the backside of a skunk and the stash house with the pump  
Pistol whip in my lap at all times in the 'Llac  
From Atlanta to Savannah, can a nigga stop that?  
Not when God's got his hands on me only the strong survive  
And the weak minded are falling by the wayside  
They try But which I overcome and succeed, indeed  
But with success comes a great responsibility  
We chose to lead not follow, It's a hard pill to swallow

Better get prescriptions filled cause there might not be tomorrow

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Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah

A-Town representer (Hold-hold-hold up)

East Point, College Park

Decatur, Yeah!

I got me armor on, sword and shield on deck