

Styles P f/ Bully

"In It to Win It"

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[Styles P]

Lot of people mad I ain't dead yet
S.P. comin through your speakers and headsets
Streets is in the buildin whenever the Ghost in it
I remember cereal boxes with roaches in it
I'm a double G, that's a gangster and gentleman
Humble was nights I been homeless, cold and tremblin
You don't wanna touch me, can't hold no grem-lin
Gargoyle like Chow Yun, Fat in "Hard Boiled"
Better stay away cause I'm toxic, hoch spit
Right in your face and bang you out like the moshpit
Heard I put in the work, it wasn't no gossip
The man with the plan so you know that the plot thick
Clip on reserve for whoever deserve
I swear to God, that's my word that I'm off of the curve
So you should know I'm in it to win it
If it start with a 3-M with an A that meant to spin it
I like European cars and I'm into the spinach
Fuck around, you won't even get to finish the minute
Cause, it could be over in two seconds with two
weapons
Think I really care about whatever your crew reppin?

[Chorus: Bully]

I'm in it to win it, you motherfuckers ain't pay no dues
I dare you walk a, day in my shoes
I'm in it to win it, I'm on a strip tryin to move these
bricks
But the streets won't let me quit
I'm in it to win it, you best believe I'm on my grind
You feel my pain in every verse and line
I'm in it to win it, years end and I'm still goin hard bitch
Knowin that these rappers is garbage
I'm in it to win it

[Bully]

Uhh, yes I is the best I is
Go hard like that Bedstuy kid; nigga I'm in it to win it
Momma said be the best I is
I burn shit down, just like Left Eye did
Uhh, the game don't stop, the pain don't stop

Bullets rip through his skull like a Drano shot
Got a strip for me to eat on, P name the spot
I take aim at any nigga (who?) name or not
For my hand-to-hand niggaz, five gram niggaz
Blam-blam niggaz, you know who it is - Bully bitch!
Gun ready for any nigga who want it
Slam me? I don't think so, I'm fo' hundred (ha ha)
Yeah, I'm sittin in my Phantom
Nah I'm lyin, I'm hustlin, tryin to get a Phantom
You don't really understand him
Five-star general, ten-hut; nigga get your face cut

[Chorus]

[Styles P]

I do the knowledge if the cypher work
But ask the homie that the knife insert, what life is
worth
When his heart pumps slow and his blood that he burp
And it's all type of shit on his shirt
And his girl and his mom look hurt
And he thinkin 'bout his seed but he layin in the
hospital, leavin the Earth
They say real men pray for they enemies
Forgive but don't forget so I don't slip when I'm drunk
off Hennessy
Blame that all ridiculous
Hoody'd up, in the cut, inconspicuous
Nina gon' burn them boys just like syphilis
Cross me, I'ma show 'em all what trippin is
The difference is, I'm a real G don't wanna make no
noise
Got a conscience, to really wanna take them boys
to a place they never been or go again
You could blame the wind cause look what it's blowin in
S.P. the Ghost, here we go again, know that I'm goin in
You ain't doin nothin but goin out
My gun's like a candle, who dare me to blow it out?
All these rappers garbage, who want me to throw 'em
out?
What?

[Chorus]

[Bully]

I'm in it to win it
I'm in it to win it
I'm in it to win it

