

Styles P f/ Sizzla "Fire & Pain"

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[Sizzla]

WOOO~! Ha, King Selassie I know
Sizzla Kalonji, girls smiles, whoa-yeah-yeahhh

[Styles P]

Shit is too too crazy, listen
Got bad luck, like I ran and fucked the voodoo lady
Every other week I'm in handcuffs
Stack somethin, lose somethin, somethin keep fuckin
my plans up
Movin in a hurry, thinkin time is slow
when I pass the cemetery where my lil' brother is
buried
All I can do is salute, pound on my chest
God got his army and we all his recruits
But, every other night I see demons
Do somethin wild and I don't know the reasons
Blame it on the air, so I say it's the seasons
Tell my niggaz light the fuck up cause I'm fiendin
Get it - it's somethin when the sadness turn into
madness
Got me doin shit, where I'm runnin from badges
I can see my life in some flashes, they think that I'm
clashes
I pour more 'gnac in the glass kid

[Sizzla]

It's all about we got da tools wid us
Fuckin CRAZY~! Things ain't gonna be cool wid us
Luxurious - bring the guns along dey always cruise wid
us
Those fuckers know better, that's cause dem no fool
wid us
Huh, fuckin dogs, we gon' put dem in some leeches
As far as it reaches, we gon' iron out dem creases
with the four pieces, DEM got to use around the neck
Cannon go squeezes, DEM a soldier CRAZY believe it

[Styles P]

I go to sleep and my soul cry, nigga it's no lie
Why you think I'm so high, I flow like it's no time

Funny when your mind is a goldmine, and niggaz is
golddiggers
Guess you gon' learn when it's yo' time
Stressed up to my shoulders, fuck it I'ma ride now
Brim of the Yankee, sittin on my eyebrows
Look at the stash and think that I'm gassed
off the Godfather saga cause Vito wouldn't lie down
Me and destiny got a date, wheover with me rollin
If you ain't then you go get your 8, cause I ain't gon'
fold
I take 'em all on
I've been dyin for the day to get my war on
I reflect on the days when I played Rahway gettin my
score on
And came back to the hood with my forearms
Go get more mans, I got floor plans
and 23 ways to blow you out of them Jor-dans

[Sizzla]

Try to beat me but don't worry I got dem
Make dem bleed blood it's a pleasure to squash dem
They ain't all that so, I saw dem
escapin from de cops dem ain't see me tryin to stop
dem
Say you're livin BIG~! On top of de world
You go against me you gon' get freed on dis side of de
world yah
They say you're mad I say things comes and go
But I never leave mi gun because I wan kill dem fuckin
punks

[Styles P]

Some niggaz say I'm the sickest
If I got a show ghetto niggaz go get the ticket
If I ain't blow on the stage, I had me a gauge
Outside on some bullshit, ready to stick it
Like the hood made me wicked as hell
Thought about more bullshit sittin in jail, listen up
It's nothin more important than feedin your seeds
I got two, so I just start believin in greed
It's like I'm needin the weed and needin to read
Got to go against the odds just to even achieve
It's like I'm tired of the hassle and all that
You the king I run up in your castle and all that
I'm nicer than whoever you can name, been through
the dark side
Walked back through the flames and came with a
lightning push
Shined on the game, and e'rybody die
at the drop of a dime if they rhyme on my name

[Sizzla]

Sit bak relax heah we kickin for a while
Sizzla Kalonji and Styles, yeah beautiful girls dey smile
Bless your feet on de Jamaican side, dat's de profile
Why de fuck de fuckin enemies wanna spoil, yeah
True born leaders woo yeah we navigate
Yah life is a cycle, so things got to gravitate
Smoke de fuckin herb, that's how I meditate
One love to de world, damn tell dem we ain't gon'
seperate

[Styles P]

Shit is crazy, life is somethin really
I'm the Ghost, woo~!
We gotta live though, fuck it y'know
I know, feel me nigga

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