

## Styles P f/ Ghostface Killah

### "Star of the State"

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[Intro: Styles P] + (Ghostface)

Yo Vinny Idol, what do you call under the underground?  
(Twin Ghost Experience!) YEAH!

[Styles P]

From a hood where niggaz is miserable  
Either gon' dead you or leave you in critical  
Niggaz talkin money then show me the visual  
And then stand right there and get plucked like a  
chicken feather  
Stickin up the stick-up kids, nigga I'm sick as ever  
The gun is my bitch, and I bet you we stick together  
Stuck like two dogs fuckin  
You must be ready to die, fuckin with me like, you want  
somethin  
Ring your bell and I have you like "Who call?"  
Smack you with a bat like Pujols, bottom of the ninth  
You don't wanna see me at the bottom of the pint  
Rowdy, be outtie cause I'm a problem for the night  
Problem for your life, leg or arm missin  
I can step it up, have you doubt or your mom missin  
S.P. the Ghost and I'm trom' hittin  
Arm kickin anytime I'm spittin nigga just like a bomb  
hittin

[Chorus: Styles P] + (Ghostface)

Somebody food gettin ate (gettin ate, yeah)  
Somebody gettin robbed for they plate (for they plate  
nigga)  
You know I go hard for the cake  
When it come to bein hard, I'm the star of the state  
(nigga what)  
I'm the star - somebody food gettin ate (food gettin  
ate, gettin ate)  
Somebody gettin robbed for they plate (robbed for they  
plate motherfucker)  
You know I go hard for the cake (it's the Twin Ghost  
Experience!)  
When it come to bein hard, I'm the star of the state  
I'm the star

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, yo, yo I'ma tell you how we do on the Island  
Squeeze your girl ass, now what, knock your punk ass  
off balance  
You can't come through Mickey D's, no burger no  
cheese  
Find your head missin, do you still want the #3?  
+Big Mac+, large order of 9's, no shake, we got shells  
Pissin on y'all bitches like R. Kell's  
And more or less staple your balls together  
And light you in kerosene, melt your whole face in your  
sweater  
You see the rubber gloves, thugs  
Nervous doctors play in the E.R., still wind up pullin the  
plug  
Cause it's a Twin Ghost Experience, flesh and spirit  
We bang, even the dead listen to deadly lyrics  
Make Big turn in his grave, even 'Pac can hear it  
Cochran, on Dirt's death, yo they tryin to appeal it  
But fuck that, all we want is the crack, the cash in bags  
Come through heavy, you might get yapped;  
motherfucker!

[Chorus]

[Styles P]

A lot of niggaz hoped I would die young  
Pitched in the hood hard, want me to Cy Young  
Real sharp words, guess I got me a fly tongue  
Always get high cause I feel high-strung  
I don't buy jewels, I buy haze and I buy guns  
Or they "hear me now" like the dude from Verizon  
Look at my eyes son, you won't see the next horizon  
Kickin that typical rap, despicable rap  
Or to get a hawk in your face, clip in your back  
Guess who, still keep the thing in the sweatsuit  
Hot blood leakin out your face is the best soup  
Food in the kitchen nigga, shit in the restroom  
Wreck when it's wreck time, S.P. the Ghost is five star  
Orders to the death when I rep mine  
King and the queen die, just like chess time  
If I don't kill you now I'll catch yo' ass next time

[Chorus]

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