

Styles P f/ J-Hood

"G*Joint"

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[Verse One: Styles P]

Man I rock the fuck out, though
I don't know about everyone else

Whatever we don't make, we gon' take muh'fucker
Get this straight and fix yo' face
I ain't got to sell millions, I'm in the buildings
where papi comin through with them bricks by 8
Listen cocksucker and clown, I'll be leavin you cut
You're like a dutch, how I'm bustin you down
Niggaz drivin in a circle wit'cha hoe in the back
'll be the only damn way I be fuckin around
And I'm aimin for your waist, hopin you duck
So I can bust you in the head when I'm buckin the
pound
And I told you that I'm Holiday Styles, let's celebrate
Heard you gettin money, I'll rob you right now
And you gon' get popped in the head, true story
Crips do they thing in blue gloves, pop off some red
Me, I'm on the move only stopping for bread
Double R and D-Block nigga, copper and lead, whattup

[Verse Two: Styles P]

Stay in the zone

I don't know why the fuck you amped yo
Got hoodrat bitches, carryin birds on the public
transpo'
Niggaz in the hoods that go out like Rambo
They hot since 138th had that cancelled
Young buck... dumb fuck
I'm two guns up, "Ryde or Die" 'til the sun's up
"Gangsta and a Gentleman" dog, I got class
I'ma send a bunch a roses to your men in the morgue
I'll be down South bendin a whore, ten in the morn'
Dirty on 85 like Jay, Barnes, Sean Paul
Beef with New York rappers, I'm killin 'em all
On my Slick Rick shit, y'all could "Lick the Balls"
I been cool cause these niggaz is ass, but fuck that
Might as well call me pool cause I'm gettin splashed
And that Lamborghini liftin the stash, even gettin the

mass

While some haze to mix with the hash, whattup

[Verse Three: J-Hood]

Pass that blunt nigga!

I'm in the hood where the eggs get knocked off
Gang members find they family members with both of
they legs chopped off
Niggaz ain't scrappin, they bangin ya
The judge don't need a tree branch when they hangin
ya
All y'all fags'll get ate like clams
Since this is a "Bloodsport" bitch, you could call me J
Van Damme
All these so called guerillas be tellin
How a rat gon' give you "Thoughts of a Predicate
Felon," muh'fucker
Homey what you want, the blade or the slug
I'm the one that send the order when they sprayed up
the club
Bitch nigga, bow your head in the presence of G's
Load the lead up and squeeze; I'm a great dane,
niggaz is fleas
Fuckin rats cant wait to call cops
'Til I make 'em sick and put pellets in they mouth like
cough drops
J-Hood bitch, my name ring in the ghetto
Cause I'm O.G. and I play the streets like a cello

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