

Styles P

"Am I In The Right Game"

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[Intro: Styles P]

There we go, that's why, there we go
Close that door
Always need ya niggas, I needed my nigga
Yeah...

[Verse 1: Styles P]

I told you that I'm lyrically fine tuned
Pay attention, to the ghetto prince in case that I die
soon
I'm waitin' for a war to come, yeah I'm I'll natured
But still see the lord in my son
They say the shits mysterious
I be bustin your lung,
Give me a gun the kid get serious
All I want is some peace and quite,
all I need is a little silence,
I can't get it though, still smokin weed n wildin,
niggas show loyalty, bitches know I'm a gangsta,
shit is for real they all wanna spoil me
If I ain't rollin up, then I'm loadin up,
Point out a block, s.p will sow it up
Don't ask where my niggas at,
Know where my niggas at,
I live long enough I'm blow with my niggas,
black, can't stand to see my people grope,
We hold guns and move lethal coke,
I'm an animal nigga, I'm a smoke,
drink and eat with you. play the streets with you,
Point 'em, I'm a hammer the nigga,
And these niggas talkin nonsense,
I'm on some don shit,
I'll rip you up on some real ex con shit,
I'm in the parking lot on Nepperhan in Yonkers,
To the top nigga,
Til they put me on the motherfuckin dirt,
I ain't never gunna stop nigga

[Chorus: x2]

God please forgive me, cause I know I'm a sin again,
til the end of time, then let me begin again,

Life so strange time keep tickin
But life don't change, am I in the right game?

[Verse 2: Styles P]

I'm in a room with a thousand people still feel alone
But I can walk through a graveyard and feel right at home,
I know this shit sound weird, just something I spit for ya ear
But heres my position, a lot niggas listen but they just can't hear,
So I'm puff a blunt why you in the front, I'm in the rear
Can I drop a little science
If david killed golith then whose the real giant,
y'all niggas dying, if ya'll niggas lyrists,
you can under stand that P is in the grind and my mind is a piramige,
Don't ask for acceptable, verbally I murder you,
my 24 bars is like a blast from a weapon,
Funny that I'm laid back, wild on the other hand,
kidnap and body you style on your other man,
don't care about you rough past,
Or if you bust ass,
All I know is I'm gunna send shots though your mustache,
Holiday here, mark down the calender,
Brain of a champion, heart of a challenger,
Come through the block with the big 40 caliber,
liquor and some weed, and a sword like eXcalibre
everybody get it,
Go through the block tell niggas that I'm flippin, like everybody with it,
Screw y'all niggas 2 in the head one in the chest,
fuck y'all I never knew y'all niggas, what

[Chorus: x2]

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til the end of time, then let me begin again,
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