

## Styles P

### "Beats To My Rhyme"

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[Intro]

S.P. this where it started at, on the microphone?

Rip a nigga, make him scream

(Yeah Poobs, let's get him nigga)

[Styles P]

Beats to the rhyme, street full of crime

Rap or the gat I got heat for your mind

Beats what a nigga got asleep on your spine

On the creep and the grind, rap the work or double up

Hit you with a scar on your cheek, watch it bubble up

Man pull the Hummer up, shoot any runner-up

Real cool niggaz but we might fuck the summer up

Niggaz wonder what I'm involved in

See me all alone when I'm runnin in Harlem

Bronx and Queens, fuck that I live life like I'm starvin

You don't like me, fuck you nigga!

I don't trust you, I cut you or bust you nigga

I shoot up where you hustle nigga, fuck the program up

Rob all your workers, cut yo' grams up

You dealin with big niggaz or pig niggaz

P don't give a fuck when it's time to jig niggaz

(I don't give a fuck) You dig? Niggaz big

Run up in the crib and wig niggaz and I don't mean

fake hair

You can bet that I'm goin, they said that there's cake

there

Might as well get them candles out; we ain't makin a

wish

We sayin a prayer cause I blammed you out - what?

Guess who back? It's P with the P-91

38 Specials, the extra gat

In the souped up Mirada nigga, extra black - what?

You know

You know who I am

I'm that nigga! (Ghost)

Poobs we out

