

Styles P

"Come Clean"

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[Styles P]

Yeah, yeah, Ghost, hah
Feel the kid, y'know?

Ghost in the Machine nigga, time to come clean nigga
Wanna touch the kid bring your infrared beam nigga
Got to stay far cause none of y'all is close to me
Most of you niggaz is butter, you know I keep a toast
with me

New York is way gone, I'ma be the one to get it back
Try to stop the kid and get, popped in your fitted hat
More respect than money, but fuck it I can live with that
Ride around in luxury, but be where the Civics at
Smokin haze, sippin 'gnac, gimme love I give it back
Ride or die, two guns up, you can get with that
The rage make me evil with the gift

I'm mixin up the haze with the diesel with the piff, it's lit
And niggaz rap funny so to me they seem humorous
I bet they really bounce when the body count is
numerous

(You gon' bounce then) And there's nuttin you can do
with this

It come to bein street, we the niggaz that been true to
this

You softer than a blouse up in Bloomingdale's
You probably wouldn't know what to do in jail
You a bitch so you'd probably get screwed in jail
But fuck jail, we here now, bitch nigga you a frail
It's been a long time since I shot somethin
And if I put you on your back nigga you not frontin
It's been a long time since I stabbed somethin
And if I take your life away nigga you have nuttin

What? Y'know

Ghost, time is money

Poobs I don't even feel like talkin

I might as well fuckin be out, YEAH!

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