

Styles P

"Da 80's"

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I know y'all motherfuckers think
That I took long to get back at you
Not the kid
I could do this shit forever nigga

This is for the junkie on the track with a monkey on his
back
I feel bad 'cause I got him like that
This is for the G's, this is for the hustlers
Get a whip off the lot and still upgrade the muffler

Tryin' to hit the block, nobody else there yet
Get it poppin' with your baby mom welfare check
And I'll ring your bell, go fuck how you felt yo'
Blowin' on weed if it's sticky like Velcro

Bounce in, bounce out, always got an ounce out
Dig in your right pocket, 20 G count out
Used to ask yourself, what you wanna do this for?
Good Jewish lawyer turn a ten to a two to four

You in the game 'cause the game is in you
Who to blame, said I never came, I know the pain is in
you
I feel you, been there, I was in there
But I ain't goin' back like, I ain't been there

Can't make a million behind bars
Chill in a fly car, sit in the five star
If you think I'm preachy just check out the dialogue
I'm knockin' the iPod, first class as I go through the sky
loft
What?

I don't really need a hook, I got lyrics
Feel me Kid, you know?

Talk in bricks and speak in the buildings
Construction, grown now, gotta think of the children
No gangsters, real ones, you know that kill the civilians
The roughest, the addicts, Japanese and Sicilians

The rule to the sign'll say, "P, did you calm down?"
Cooled out but never ever put my arms down
Tell the boys ring the alarm now
Cops is comin', I ain't got a gun, I come with a bomb
now

So hard I walk the city in the streets, see Biggie in my
sleep
Then put 50 and the 20 in my leaf
I might wear somethin' with logos or dress like a hobo
Smack any rapper that showboat

Wanna battle me that's a no, no, uh, uh
Shiesty, sorta like the block you was juxed on
Please don't provoke me to shoot at

I know you vagina and your right hand man is a douche
bag
P is on the low where the loot at
Nine in the linin' of the goose coat, deuce in the book
bag
E'rybody think that I look mad
But I don't really care 'cause they don't think that'll look
bad
Feel me

I mean I do what I do, easily
I mean I'm a lyricist
If somebody's nicer let me know
I'll be here for a minute, y'know what I'm sayin'?

Y'all know my name, should I say it? Ha ha
Chach, let's get the fuck outta here
I like it like this
I'm just warmin' up

Who could fuck with me?
I mean I ask myself this a lot
I'm cocky, I'm real cocky
Come for me boys, let's go

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