

Styles P

"Float Intro"

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(Intro)

Hardest nigga

Slim

GÂ'd up

Goes

(Verse)

Ignorant niggerish, holiday shootin at the cigarette

While the shit is lit in yo mouth

And you gotta be kiddin me nigga

IÂ'm like an Italy nigga

On some mob shit, figure me out

CanÂ't stop me, IÂ'm Luca Grassi

From the book, not the picture though

You ainÂ't talkin me, I keep the nickeload

The Kansas made for Nicolo and me too

Lightin weed, this way green in the be soup

Wronger than the oil from the tea tree

Singin aloud, playing the Beegees, nigga take it easy

And my new name is D Rock

Hearts throwed back as if you so afraid to ease up

IÂ'm a genius and a retard

Just the other day I stopped to piss onto these cars

You sweet and your heart pump Kool Aid

Block might take off yo top like itÂ's a tope

Probly blowin booty, mixed with the sour

Riff right now will get you clipped in a hour

If itÂ's corn thatÂ's 2, get hit with the 3-4 times 5 star

General coming through (you the man!)

Ask me to go since Scram Jones

You donÂ't want yo brains on yo manÂ's phone

You donÂ't want my niggas and yo famÂ's on me

WonÂ't see shit like you caught up in a sandstorm

(Outro)

SS S be the deuce

5 star general, you die if you try me

Any nigga in the city murdered

SS S be the deuce

WasnÂ't me, I was smoking weed with his bodyguard

Motherfuckin, this is beast music

All these rappers is food, I feast to it

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