

## Styles P

### "Gangster, Gangster"

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(feat. Jadakiss & Sheek Louch)

[Chorus x2: Styles P]

Sheek Louch is a gangster, gangster  
Jadakiss is a gangster, gangster  
Styles P is a gangster, D-Block  
Won't you come fuck with a gangster, gangster

[Styles P:]

You don't get nothin but gun shells  
I ain't on the bar, Louch pass me the dumbbells  
I'm in war mode, they in more mode  
Body after body so the story was foretold  
Twist 'em up real tight just like a cornrow, stick in they  
hair grease  
Bullets in ya eye and your earpiece  
Bullets whistle like canary for canaries  
Your stones is yellow but so is the owner  
Ain't a Blood but I'll make him a donor  
Crash the whip at the dealer tryin to get me a loaner  
Got a spliff that I dipped in Corona  
Fuck around make you sip some ammonia  
Karma, put your ass in a coma  
Ain't nobody give a fuck if you paralyzed  
'Kiss past the saw so I can shave down to barrel size  
Said he was the king 'til he looked in the pharaoh eyes  
Blow was the bulb was the verse as the arrow ride  
What nigga!

[Chorus]

[Jadakiss:]

Yup, AH-HA!  
Yo, you ain't got to remind me, I'm a top-of-the-line G  
If you a fan you can say I been poppin since 9-3  
If you my man then you know I been poppin my whole  
life  
Outside 'til it's finished my nigga, the whole night  
Few contract and inkpens later  
Turn into boss respect, mob ties and kingpin paper  
Mountin the D, Cardi frames and pink Gators

Gotta learn how to deal with the weak link haters  
Don't even think about the top 10, just think Jada  
Never eat no less, then I think greater  
Gambino affiliate - still transport bricks  
A boy on a bike, while my man willie it  
Silly shit, imagine how rich we could really get  
Fuck a pool table, the crib got a billiard  
Streets is our problem, hope Allah's got 'em  
Three-piece purple label with the hard bottoms -  
gangster

[Chorus]

[Sheek Louch:]  
Silverback! No doubt (yeah)  
That's you son, ayyo I got you though

Ayyo straight out the gate I pack heavy, big Chevy  
24's, bandanna like I'm one of the outlaws  
4-4 sit on my lap, other thing in the truck  
It's too big and it come with a strap  
I got bitches, money, cars in a lot  
I already got weed, bring cigars to the spot  
Coke in a pot, 'gnac on the counter  
Three money countless; get from around us  
I probably won't do Yay' or 50 sales  
Like they probably won't last in none of these jails  
I'm tattooed up, Levi's double sewed Chuckers  
No shirt, I'm back muh'fuckers!  
The mac muh'fuckers don't clack muh'fuckers  
That keep your lil' stink mouth intact muh'fuckers  
Silverback nigga, the Barack O. of rap  
L.O.X., D-Block coward, hold that!

[Chorus]

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