

## Styles P

### "Get Your Dream Smash"

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[Intro]

Two guns up nigga  
And a vest nigga, Big Fonz comin at you nigga  
Think you a gangsta nigga? I eat you boy  
Spit you out and throw you back up nigga  
Quick turn the lights out 'fore you get your dreams  
smashed

[Styles P]

Let's go Poobs  
S.P. the gunfire is rapid  
And I don't talk on the phone just in case that the feds  
tap it  
Fuck with me, you a lame, it's plain the game  
backwards  
I'ma put your brain where your front doormat is  
With the pump or the 9-M-M  
P harder than jail and your time ain't end  
Yeah, it's the Ghost motherfucker  
Cop P's off a block close to Post motherfucker  
And I went to Broadway for coke motherfucker  
And the block close to Preston for the dope  
motherfucker  
And I can name spots that I robbed, work I put in  
Case you thought that I was not on the job  
Damn, you frontin for who nigga?  
Big Mike, Green Lan', Kay Slay or the Clue nigga  
Fuck it keep frontin cause the fans gon' believe you  
nigga  
'Til a real nigga catch you then he leave you nigga  
Me I'm in the streets of New York, me and my gun  
Run up on P I'll shoot your shoes off  
Frontin nigga, pull your Coupe off  
Ice your watch out, floss stacks when they pullin them  
dice out  
Matter fact pop Crist', tell that bitch what your life 'bout  
Invite her to the studio to see what you write 'bout  
Sheeit, but I'll be comin round the corner nigga  
Two guns up, you a motherfuckin goner nigga  
Shit, I'ma show you how to wrong a nigga  
Write a nigga swish on his face, straight Nike a nigga

Shit goin down when, P don't like a nigga  
You ain't really hard, you just fuckin actin hyper nigga  
What?

(Yeah Poobs)  
The Ghost, I'm there nigga  
Time is money comin soon, feel what I'm tryin to do

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