

Styles P

"Green Piece Of Paper"

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A lot of pain
You learn to live with it though
Things we do

Hungry, starvin' in beast mode, live by the street code
Where niggaz take your shit like the repo
The boys'll sell crack, to your mother if you're good
So called brother in the hood

Lord help us, you gotta know we possessed
I guess it's the stress that make us a hot mess
It's somethin' on the chest 'cause none of my niggaz
rest
Graveyard shift, my guns with the laser spit

'Til you're hit, all the tissue come off
Nobody go to church but they hustle to get across
Who am I to argue or fight or bicker
When I could see my demon in the cup of the liquor

Reflection, my section, shit's gettin' thicker
'Cause love don't mix with the liquor you should know
that
Gun, knife or bat I'm yellin' out, "Hold that"
Twenty, fifties or hundreds, you know I'm tryin' to fold
that

I live my whole life for a green piece of paper, five
Did some trife shit for a green piece of paper, ten
Did some hype shit for a green piece of paper, twenty
A green piece of paper, fifty, a green piece of paper, a
hundred

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In the game for mad years, paid the whole lot of dues
in it

Never bite the hand that feeds you, but the rules is different

When the hand that feeds you ain't got food in it
Room full of scholars, bet you it's a fool in it

Yeah, I learn my wisdom from the wise
But then I learned livin' from the lies
Both drop the same jewel boy, better get it it's your time
But nope I say it's God time

I'm just a maker of hard rhymes, due to the hard times
Skin's real thick, you could look at the scar lines
Sometimes in my mind, I be still on the yard time
Hittin' the bar time, crunches to the push-ups to the dips

But real niggaz push up with the clips
My niggaz is raw, you heard right, no cook up in this bitch
Let it go, you better duck, don't look up in this bitch
We came to body some, we ain't shook up in this bitch

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I did some trife shit and hype shit
Yeah, on the grind every night that's why I don't write shit
Used to go hand-to-hand, rob niggaz man-to-man
Hoppin' out the hoopty or the van 'cause I ain't have a plan

Now I did a lot of shit for a green piece of paper
I formed my teams, I was on the scene thinkin' major
Before a e-mail I served fiends off the pager
Gettin' high, dreamin' 'bout a green piece of paper

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