

## Styles P

### "Gripping Over Here"

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[Intro]

Throw something up fools  
It's all about the money  
Gotta notice  
Word

[Verse 1]

Probably backin' up at motorway  
All hoopty but we just put the motor in  
It's the whip, them niggas yelling  
y'all away  
Gun under my arm like it's deodorant  
Bullet 'bout as big as a candy put a sodder in  
End up in the trunk of a car that got O definitive  
I don't sip the liquor, I take a go  
Fuckin' with a nigga, that's strong  
enough to fix a ho  
44 long cuz Shorty was all wrong  
Thought he was thugged but now his face is all wrong  
I don't care about their fam, I'll make  
them 4 more  
There were Biggie and Sean, closets, taking bullets  
home  
On the phone with the chit (word) crissed out bitches  
And ace holes, it's money in my name like  
mace though  
Body broad daylight, nigga no case though  
Fuck the funny money niggas, I get strayed up

[Hook x2]

Niggas talkin' like they got something for me  
Nigga you and what army? Dawg  
Niggas grippin' over here  
Hit you with a hundred then I blow a little air

[Verse 2]

Got a line of the dope from this bitch named Tammy  
Tammy's from Miami, round all the nose  
Camy  
Bronze tanned on 'er like I'm  
walkin' with the Grammy

Ex nigga popty flop and turned Sammy  
I ain't for the bull  
Sign of a setup then a trigger's getting pulled  
Thinkin' that it's thrillin' when my  
nigga turned wolves  
Do as Simon says like the '95 chug  
All red on, death row chain  
MGM fight night, Orlando was to blame  
Outcome was the same  
Death on arrival, death to my rivals  
Empty out the clips, spin a nigga like a spiral  
Yea, that's the stairway to heaven nigga  
On my big shit, waitin' on the seven nigga  
Order cocaine white like a wet nigga  
The king's stuntin' on these peasant  
niggas

[Hook x2]

Niggas talkin' like they got something for me  
Nigga you and what army? Dawg  
Niggas grippin' over here  
Hit you with a hundred then I blow a little air

[Verse 3]

It's like bringin' around the  
Rosay  
Hand on the bottle, sit back and get cozy  
Still killin' that white bitch OJ  
Knockin' home comin' from Kanye,  
Coldplay  
It was me and Jose in the hallway  
House full of dope with the punk by the doorway  
True story, niggas is true for me  
But I ride out, you heard more than a few stories  
I while out, throw you off of a 2-story  
Nigga, just to break your leg  
Your connect got the work, nigga tryna break an egg  
Yea, so hurry up and get it poached  
Get the feds, get the light when you're  
fuckin' with the dope  
Catch me in LA fuckin' with the smoke  
Or maybe in San Fran with an OG nigga that used to get  
it on pan am  
Wut?

[Hook x2]

Niggas talkin' like they got something for me  
Nigga you and what army? Dawg  
Niggas grippin' over here  
Hit you with a hundred then I blow a little air

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