

Styles P

"Holiday Any Emcee"

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Bull pen in the building, Chasey chicken in the building
Yo... turn that shit, light up
Niggas think they nice
You don't think we nice
Wave your fucking arm
So I can take it the fuck off, fuck nigga
Go ahead, let me see, hahaha

H.o.l. all day, yeah ghost is for hell I can tell my way
You know I smoke smell hellfire
What you know about shellfire
Choke with your jesus chain, fucking with hell rider
Popped in the larinex, then fish your keys out the water
like mariners
I'm in sierra like the mariners,
I just wanna smoke and get high
All for the cameras, tell it top 10,
Or the top 5, but I kill all of them niggas
In one letter shot fly
Hardwork, I'm rapping the hustle I'm never off work
Before you give me 5, you should think about the forth
first
The white work get facilitated
Salute to the Spanish niggas affiliated
Now we hustle clean for the prison niggas that never
made it
I'm neighbors with athletes and actors
Still on the strip with the dope boys and jackerz
It's not that I hustle backwards
But I can fit in anywhere, move like traffic
Let me slow down for the dumb boys
You don't see me but you hear me like the gun noise
I'm in the gunshot, yeah, it's a thumble in the jungle
The minute you let the blunt drop
If you wanna hustle then nigga keep your gun cocked
I'm vito corleone in my middle age
Smoking rock in my jordans they say I be killing jays
The day I die they name it real nigga day
You the type to read a book and skip a page
You ratched, and my ratched don't care about your
gang

You label attack racket, blue habits, red habits
Niggas run the gangs in New York like dead rabbits
Holiday, I'm back and it ain't for the holiday
It's all year around, put niggas on your block
Don't even go there now
Yeah it's real quiet for you,
Kinda slow there now, warrup

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