

## Styles P

### "In It To Win It"

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(feat. Bully)

[Styles P:]

Lot of people mad I ain't dead yet  
S.P. comin through your speakers and headsets  
Streets is in the buildin whenever the Ghost in it  
I remember cereal boxes with roaches in it  
I'm a double G, that's a gangster and gentleman  
Humble was nights I been homeless, cold and tremblin  
You don't wanna touch me, can't hold no grem-lin  
Gargoyle like Chow Yun, Fat in "Hard Boiled"  
Better stay away cause I'm toxic, hoch spit  
Right in your face and bang you out like the moshpit  
Heard I put in the work, it wasn't no gossip  
The man with the plan so you know that the plot thick  
Clip on reserve for whoever deserve  
I swear to God, that's my word that I'm off of the curve  
So you should know I'm in it to win it  
If it start with a 3-M with an A that meant to spin it  
I like European cars and I'm into the spinach  
Fuck around, you won't even get to finish the minute  
Cause, it could be over in two seconds with two  
weapons  
Think I really care about whatever your crew reppin?

[Chorus: Bully]

I'm in it to win it, you motherfuckers ain't pay no dues  
I dare you walk a, day in my shoes  
I'm in it to win it, I'm on a strip tryin to move these  
bricks  
But the streets won't let me quit  
I'm in it to win it, you best believe I'm on my grind  
You feel my pain in every verse and line  
I'm in it to win it, years end and I'm still goin hard bitch  
Knowin that these rappers is garbage  
I'm in it to win it

[Bully:]

Uhh, yes I is the best I is  
Go hard like that Bedstuy kid; nigga I'm in it to win it  
Momma said be the best I is

I burn shit down, just like Left Eye did  
Uhh, the game don't stop, the pain don't stop  
Bullets rip through his skull like a Drano shot  
Got a strip for me to eat on, P name the spot  
I take aim at any nigga (who?) name or not  
For my hand-to-hand niggaz, five gram niggaz  
Blam-blam niggaz, you know who it is - Bully bitch!  
Gun ready for any nigga who want it  
Slam me? I don't think so, I'm fo' hundred (ha ha)  
Yeah, I'm sittin in my Phantom  
Nah I'm lyin, I'm hustlin, tryin to get a Phantom  
You don't really understand him  
Five-star general, ten-hut; nigga get your face cut

[Chorus]

[Styles P:]

I do the knowledge if the cypher work  
But ask the homie that the knife insert, what life is  
worth  
When his heart pumps slow and his blood that he burp  
And it's all type of shit on his shirt  
And his girl and his mom look hurt  
And he thinkin 'bout his seed but he layin in the  
hospital, leavin the Earth  
They say real men pray for they enemies  
Forgive but don't forget so I don't slip when I'm drunk  
off Hennessy  
Blame that all ridiculous  
Hoody'd up, in the cut, inconspicuous  
Nina gon' burn them boys just like syphillis  
Cross me, I'm a show 'em all what trippin is  
The difference is, I'm a real G don't wanna make no  
noise  
Got a conscience, to really wanna take them boys  
To a place they never been or go again  
You could blame the wind cause look what it's blowin in  
S.P. the Ghost, here we go again, know that I'm goin in  
You ain't doin nothin but goin out  
My gun's like a candle, who dare me to blow it out?  
All these rappers garbage, who want me to throw 'em  
out?  
What?

[Chorus]

[Bully:]

I'm in it to win it  
I'm in it to win it  
I'm in it to win it

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