

Styles P

"Kill That Faggot"

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[Intro]

Live shit, The Ghost

[Verse 1]

All the weed smoke bustin my lungs
I'm in the whip, with the 8 dollar bottle only trustin my
gun
You would think I was born in the pot, the way my blood
boil
Put ya brain in the dirt, and call it thug soil
Flow till ya sick of me, waddup
So if ya Catholic get ya Rosary, Muslims get ya thicker
beads(?)
Yeah that's a real thug,
I like to pray when I'm high, the weed is my shek(?), the
blunt is my prayer rug
P ain't got a religion,
Yeah I believe in God, but I'm harder than the cops in
the prison
And I'm glad that the L.O.X. made it
I'm in the parkin lot, gun on my waist while I get
intoxicated
You would be surprised all the drugs that I operated
We come through ya block, we got beef you cooperatin
Ghost cuz I'm outta this world
And I don't play, I blow the large intestine right outta ya
girl, what

[Chorus] x2

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Kill that faggot (what?), kill that faggot (what?), kill that
faggot (what?), kill that faggot (what?)

[Verse 2]

The Ghost got telepathy
Shine in the darkside, disappear in the light, y'all want
the recipe
You think I'm sleepin
Dog this is Styles, if I'm lookin in the sky im tryin to find
a cloud to creep in
Come back when it rain again

You could get my drift on, understand my science then
I'ma spit the pain again
You can't sing wit' angels, you chat wit' a demon
I'm as loud as the gat that I'm squeezing, adapt for the
heathens
Told you I'm the lord of the slums
Flow is water, words is fire, I order the guns
It ain't nothing like the comin' of Christ
You wanna roll and I'ma leave a hole you ain't numbin'
with ice
Yeah I'm a soldier dog
Fuck around with Styles, you'll never get a colder war,
guaranteed I'm foldin' y'all
Yeah I'ma tell you my name
You wouldn't understand, it's so deep that I'ma tell you
my game, what

[Chorus] x2

[Verse 3]

I wanna kill the world and bouncin' is my remedy
P will go to war if I ain't got a ounce of energy
Die for my ace goons, live for the younger me
You could look in my eyes and see where the hunger
be
Blood, sweat, and tears been dropped, dip ya bowl in it
But what make this shit bad, I put my soul in it
Fuck youâ€¦ fuck them
Y'all ain't got honor, respect the customs
Niggas don't want me to flip, I don't stand still
Been made my decision, how I was livin'
A couple years ago when I learned how a few grand
feel
It's my time to grind, my turn to burn
So I'm askin where the matches at, and if you can't
answer that
Then answer this, where the FUCK you want P to put the
casket at?
What, mothafuckas

[Chorus] x4

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