

Styles P

"Monopolizing"

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Featuring Bucky & Large Amount

Like I'm sitting on the tear with years left ahead
Too much pain but I ain't got a tear left to shed
I'm speakin to myself like yea, get the bread
The meat and the cheese too, the money will appease
you
In case the love leaves you, nah
It's only a meth that gets this type evil
All I know is takers and givers and fowl niggas
Ain't no love, they just scared to throw paper around wit
us
And we gotta go to heaven cuz the underground wit us
If we all don't blow then I'd prolly die bitter
I figured the equation, everything's amazing
You locked in the cage or stuck in the maze and
I burn your rat though, I tip my hat though
Cuz now it's been said that the game is the devil's last
hope
I just wanna play God's house
I'm on the streets though, still taking the hard route

Monopolizing, or how this game is being played
Every day I sit back and think if I should quit or stay
In many ways, this paper be calling, this is not a dream
I write rhymes to keep me from falling, tryin not to
sleep

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Kill all racks then hard crack
Yeah that D block bullshit, I'm still on that
All rappers be aware cuz the villain's back
50 shots, let me see who tried to dodge that
I had a crime scene lookin like we in Iraq
Hit the spot, jades closed and I spin right back
Hold up, Poovs wait, let me fix my hat

Now please raise the volume up so I can spit that crack
Smoke loud, pop perks til my lips get chap
And niggas I done seen grown men get kidnapped
All cuz they said they stash at endless racks
Back on my block we used to have endless packs
We started with it, pulling both Bentleys back, nigga

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Insane like jackin the shinin, money rhyme it in Han
sight
I only look for it when I'm findin
But you gotta find more than what you look for
Fool, but I know that there's a book in the jewel store
Smoke good, get it high I cook raw
Tired of this every day ghetto shit
Hoes, strippers that try to get fellons to get your melon
split
But if you know the game no tellin shit
These is the rules, I ain't make em up
Yea they put em to sleep but couldn't wake em up
He was just in the strip club throwin paper up
Now the family is throwin Rolls' down
And these niggas is yelling they gonna hold it down
You know the streets, it's the same old cycle
9 on my mountain bike, the same old cycle
Ghost me in the cut cuz the game so tryful yeah

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