

Styles P "#1 Homie"

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Ghost

Hoodie Season

Somebody gotta hold it down, you know

[Verse 1]

It's a couple rappers that snitching (snitches)

It's a couple rappers that's kissing (bitches)

It's a lot rappers that's tripping,

talking about they have bricks and never been in a
kitchen (never)

Me killing all of ya, ill premonition, (ew)

If I promise paradise in the next life (ah)

I turn this rap thing into a holy war,

holiday, cut your arm off and take the Rollie off

Let me slow down on the violence (slow down)

fly high but the dutch masters the pilot

The purse violet, all of the whoopies bust ground (all)

and I hold it down the minute the homie touch down
(salute)

Stepping up the scifer when the loose gets bust down

I don't like stogs spoke, (a ah)

play the vote for the honeys and got money selling

dope to the old folks (yes)

Turning robbery, so why would you bother me

[Chorus]

Number one homie on the hood's list

Number one homie on the street's list

Number one homie on yard's list

Number one on the list when it's time to make harsh

Number one homie on the hood's list

Number one homie on the street's list

Number one homie on yard's list

Number one on the list when it's time to make harsh

[Verse 2]

I don't think skinny g's, (nah)saw punch lines fake as
Jews

and these rappers running with one time

I'm so hard, killers want me to get their gun signed
(hard)

I'm so real, your girl was hoping that your son's mine

I know I don't like a bunch of down south rappers (hell
no)
Cause I don't need to like a bunch of east coast rappers
(no)
SP the ghost and I eat most rappers (yea)
to tell the truth I eat all rappers (all)
fall back and you can fall forwards and backwards
(hahaha)
Think about your life is and cherish it (think about it)
I ain't even weighing the work, I just measure it
I damage the city, yeah, Heath Ledger it, (damage)
nothing like the joker something like the ace
so you can tell the king to go and poke it in the face (go
tell him)
with the six inch blade, (ya)
I'm the barber of rap, who wanna come and get an
instant fade (hmm)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I splat the face down like dominoes, (ha)
deliver these bullets to you like dominoes (niggas)
Sweet like sugar, dominoes, (sweet)
SP the ghost you should vamonos (strat)
School of hard knocks, graduated on a honor roll
make your fast money hard to tell where the comma go
(fast life)
Get it quick, I could scare the shit like komodo (ha)
You ain't gonna pop so what the hell you hold your
lamma for?

Act like you know, ghost, fuck all ya'll, one.
Nigga.

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