

Styles P

"Open Up"

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(Verse)

Open up up and take the block over
Pause and stare at me, felonies in the holsters
38 special, don't let them bullets catch you
But pull out that long thing and long range stretch you
Lace the Easy Rider with elephant tranquilizer
Came through with niggas cuz most of em 85's
Hit yo baby moms, embody yo baby father
Proud of couple rappers, they probly yo favorite artists
Fuck is all these charts? A lot of these niggas garbage
From D Block to the Bullpen we the hardest
Still keep that riffle clip loaded, who the target?
I move anything and everything's on the marble
Layin niggas down, roll em up in the coffin
I'm drawin from the waistline, I'm drawin from the
arm pit

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Every time the D's come and kick in the same door
Alive niggas' time, cut short when they change loads
Some niggas came up, some of em still lost
Floss all niggas, that's whatever the bill brought
Feed yo whole team, now you being a real boss
Can't smell the sour or the kush cuz it's sealed off
I'm lightin up the night, take flight and I peel off
2 guns up, yea nigga that's 8 scratch
All pan like canned up, it ain't wax

(Hook x2)

We open up up the shop, drop down
Open up, we got the block locked down
Real niggas is reppin the streets first
G's coming here first, remember to squeeze first
(Verse)

Loadin up the tray deuce, sippin on the deuce deuce
Lightin the blue dream, it's blue like blue screws
Rap of the street, yea I'm in the who's who's who
I don't floss, I sit on money like the jews do
Robbing in the vits, another 5 star with the bricks od
down south and the
Trap of the pits
I don't pump, I just come through the spot she'd
Visions of the M8 wagon with the ostrich

Seats and the steering wheel,
You a liar lil nigga, you just appearin real
Niggas know to fear the real
There never was a nigga like I
The town that hold me down like Iâ€™m big in Bedstock
Pull it out, cock back, nigga let it fly
Then a nigga gone and a riga red eye
My movement is laudable, my hand in
Any type of handgun seems so compatible
Rappin emphatical, dogs so radical
Pull out the mack so I can rat tat tatter you
Nigga you should leave it at that
Iâ€™m a cool fly nigga that get weed in stacks
Driving in a hardtop drop
Couple homies got killed, couple homies got popped
Dumping 7 grams cuz the plan donâ€™t stop
Like when itâ€™s hot in the projects the fans donâ€™t stop
Iâ€™m in the lex land with my hand on the gwap
Off the end of island, camp 10 on the block
Told you bout the fam, just imagine when the shit hit it
Niggas got a pound then you know we getting lit with it
You getting money then stick with it
Pass me the mic, Iâ€™m sick with it
Something like Cyrus the Virus
Came from the dirt but my touch is like the Midas
(Hook x2)
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