

Styles P

"Screw Y'all"

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(Verse)

Hatin niggas thinkin the air of me
Motherfuckers is not scarin me
Nigga youâ€™re not hearing me
Nigga you never heard of me
Whoâ€™d be the first cocksucker that want to murder
me?

Whip engineer down in Germany
Outside scene but the insideâ€™s Burgundy
Life ainâ€™t promised but nigga death is a certainty
Bubbling and struggling, yea like the purp with me
And get faded, no head but
Elevators broke them niggas and take the stairs up
Iâ€™m real, you ainâ€™t nigga so donâ€™t sompare us
You the type of nigga I tears up
Just like a tissue

So killing you ainâ€™t issue
Get stripes in the whistle and you still ainâ€™t official
(Hook x2)

So screw yall, I never knew yall
You clickin like yellow lights, Iâ€™m runnin through yall
Screw yall, I never knew yall
Yall pimpin at the end of the phase, Iâ€™m runnin
through yall

(Verse)

Dance with the devil, I bet you youâ€™ll pay the price
Couple niggas die and a couple will get life
Couple niggas change when they get to see the light
Couple get a second chance and do the same shit
twice

Doing wrong shit but I can do it right
Thatâ€™s the life, you donâ€™t know what I could welcome
you tonight

Get a light, sit back, nigga welcome to the flights
When the cheese fly high, these ride by and you try to
bring em love

Me, Iâ€™m getting sick of dope rhyming, Singapore
You donâ€™t like that? Nigga middle finger though
These niggas wonâ€™t match but I bet you they clingers
do

Yap to yo face but the battle swingin low

These first teeth next, you don't want beef yet
Getting money nigga so I don't make cheap threats
The tray pound is the big three and you ain't see the
heat yet

(Hook x2)

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(Verse)

They say half the world sick in the brain
Takin flicks of a man getting hit by a train
No way, too many people that are rich will complain
While the homeless sing in the rain, living off change
Other countries claim that heroes suicidal
Over here it's strange, fake killas become idols
Don't believe in gangsta? Let's swear on the bible
Keep the enemy close, now yo best friend yo rival
Tryna be honest in a land full of crooks
When they'll read your rights and they'll hand you
the book

Mom cryin up in court while you can't even look
Can't compare to the bombs or the kids that stand me
up

Who's written and I wanna rollie

This is the rap race, now we all nothing but rollies
Tryna find the snakes of the grass, I gotta smoke it
Now lookin for the driver but still waitin for my moment

(Hook x2)

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Screw yall, I never knew yall
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(Outro - Sample)

Stop fooling with these folks who haven't been
through anything
You are not going to get a flaw from people who have
not been crushed
The real flow of glory will always come from somebody
who's been crushed
There will be a flow from out of him like you have never
seen before
It's beyond anything you have ever seen before
Somebody shout, let it flow

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