

Styles P

"Shoot You Down"

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(Chorus)

Play no more around this town
Play no more around this town
Â'Cause I am gonna shoot you down

(Verse)

Half asleep, half up
Mad house, leaning on the fast buck
You know me that's if I got my mask up
I'm mad cool like the AC on max
Show money on weed and the clothes out of sacks
No soil in the jungle so we rose from the cracks
Of the sidewalk, why you think we specialized in ply
talk?
From the dark side of the force, I'm not the Skywalker
Know I named a pizza shop but nigga get the paws off
Remember misery loves company
Yo homies got yo back but ask yo self, who's frontin
me?
How much is the work worth?
How much getting murk worth?
Sometimes I get high and I wonder if church works
As I changed the first verse and the kirk first
Gonna ask myself Â- yo, how much is the verse worth?
I know it's priceless but I still gotta charge a price
Shit is static, go back to the heart of life

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

Masked like Bane, Dark Knight like Wayne
Gangstas with night skills is missing from the game
Stand up G, I strive for my son
But the cold ass streets forced me to crater with my
guns
Ones is the only thing that matters
I try to keep it real
They just here about swagger

King of New York shit, meet me at the Plaza
You can talk shit and get pluck with the dagger
IÂ'm on it, on one, up one
Proibly on the dolo with the Top Gun
Shout to polo niggas with the dutch done
Trinnies on the bamboo, jeps on the raw booze
New to the jail niggas that never wanna go home
You should do the science
If you donÂ't know math then build your alliance
But will yo man stand in the pan when you fry him?
All of us is living but all of us is dying
Getting money or you trying

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

Blow up OZ, meditate and levitate
The time is money nigga so we never wait
We got shit to do, kill you all for principle
Cool and I ainÂ't listen cuz I thought I was the principle
Custom kidding on the European
You see me, I blow the weed and then I look Korean
But I ainÂ't from Korea though
LifeÂ's a bitch, money gon burn like gonorrhoea though
ItÂ's all truth or itÂ's all lies
Need a bionic man on a full guy
IÂ'm major like Lee Majors
Cop money for crack as a teenager

(Chorus)

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