

Styles P

"Star Of The State"

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(feat. Ghostface Killah)

[Intro: Styles P (Ghostface)]

Yo Vinny Idol, what do you call under the underground?
(Twin Ghost Experience!) YEAH!

[Styles P:]

From a hood where niggaz is miserable
Either gon' dead you or leave you in critical
Niggaz talkin money then show me the visual
And then stand right there and get plucked like a
chicken feather
Stickin up the stick-up kids, nigga I'm sick as ever
The gun is my bitch, and I bet you we stick together
Stuck like two dogs fuckin
You must be ready to die, fuckin with me like, you want
somethin
Ring your bell and I have you like "Who call? "
Smack you with a bat like Pujols, bottom of the ninth
You don't wanna see me at the bottom of the pint
Rowdy, be outtie cause I'm a problem for the night
Problem for your life, leg or arm missin
I can step it up, have you doubt or your mom missin
S.P. the Ghost and I'm trom' hittin
Arm kickin anytime I'm spittin nigga just like a bomb
hittin

[Chorus: Styles P (Ghostface)]

Somebody food gettin ate (gettin ate, yeah)
Somebody gettin robbed for they plate (for they plate
nigga)
You know I go hard for the cake
When it come to bein hard, I'm the star of the state
(nigga what)
I'm the star - somebody food gettin ate (food gettin
ate, gettin ate)
Somebody gettin robbed for they plate (robbed for they
plate motherfucker)
You know I go hard for the cake (it's the Twin Ghost
Experience!)
When it come to bein hard, I'm the star of the state

I'm the star

[Ghostface Killah:]

Yo, yo, yo I'm a tell you how we do on the Island
Squeeze your girl ass, now what, knock your punk ass
off balance
You can't come through Mickey D's, no burger no
cheese
Find your head missin, do you still want the #3?
+Big Mac+, large order of 9's, no shake, we got shells
Pissin on y'all bitches like R. Kell's
And more or less staple your balls together
And light you in kerosene, melt your whole face in your
sweater
You see the rubber gloves, thugs
Nervous doctors play in the E.R., still wind up pullin the
plug
Cause it's a Twin Ghost Experience, flesh and spirit
We bang, even the dead listen to deadly lyrics
Make Big turn in his grave, even 'Pac can hear it
Cochran, on Dirt's death, yo they tryin to appeal it
But fuck that, all we want is the crack, the cash in bags
Come through heavy, you might get yapped;
motherfucker!

[Chorus]

[Styles P:]

A lot of niggaz hoped I would die young
Pitched in the hood hard, want me to Cy Young
Real sharp words, guess I got me a fly tongue
Always get high cause I feel high-strung
I don't buy jewels, I buy haze and I buy guns
Or they "hear me now" like the dude from Verizon
Look at my eyes son, you won't see the next horizon
Kickin that typical rap, despicable rap
Or to get a hawk in your face, clip in your back
Guess who, still keep the thing in the sweatsuit
Hot blood leakin out your face is the best soup
Food in the kitchen nigga, shit in the restroom
Wreck when it's wreck time, S.P. the Ghost is five star
Orders to the death when I rep mine
King and the queen die, just like chess time
If I don't kill you now I'll catch yo' ass next time

[Chorus]

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