

Styles P "Styles"

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Yeah, Holiday, Gary
I don't want y'all to compare me to niggas no more
Unless they got a case pending
Unless they poke somethin' up
Unless they keepin' it real gutter, y'know

SP, I'm the closest thing to poison it is
You think you hot, I'ma boil your kid
You think you cool, I'ma throw you in the river
Wit some cement shoes you could sleep with the fishes

Niggas actin' funny, so, I gotta keep it movin'
I don't speak to the bitches we could handle this like
gangsta's
Dog, I'll kidnap your little man and send you to the
banker
That money get dropped off, so do he

Right off the booth of his mama' building
Feel the drama building
Told y'all niggas don't fuck wit P
I said, m fuck rap and a verse

I get down like the bishops it the way you clap at the
hearse
I get it crunk wit a blunt and a package of Herc
I'm in the shottie of the Cadillac wit niggas that'll take
Twenty a body, the shottie will handle that

Styles
Paniro the most, you hearin' the Ghost
Styles
Holiday shit, it's robbery shit
Nigga talkin' funny then body the kid, let's go
Styles
Mafia boss, rockin' the corpse

Styles
Pullin' the three, cockin' the four
Styles
We're closin' the windows and lockin' the doors

You could die today
Or you could die tomorrow, baby boy, the option is
yours, c'mon

I smoke weed 'cuz the future is grim
I'm knockin' this ash off the dutch on the roof of your
Benz
My lil' man been runnin' since the shootin' begin
Y'all niggas talk about cases of Crist
I talk about cases where niggas get life of the shit

And your girl visit two years, mom come forever
But near one of your mans aint right wit his shit
But like corn I'ma flip, smokin' weed influenced by the
fix
And old timers with the too lies by the hips
So come and creep wit me, and I ain't lyin'

When I tell these motherfuckers that I got the streets in
me
One felony, wit two cases beat, so be about your
business
When you come and beef wit me I got coke for sale
And I got dope for sale if you wanna cop some work
You oughta come and speak wit me

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Y'all niggas know my name, but you don't know my
style
What make it all ironic is the shit is the same
Keep a Milli in the coat, puffin' on the chronic
In the hood wit my niggas that's distributin' 'caine

If your man get bodied, number one rule is
You body somethin' back then live with the pain
Young guns of this shit, so when I get hit

I'ma yell, Sheek and Kiss, let's finish the game

I got discipline and dedication
I'm the boss of the S N F, that's the Shootin' Niggas
Federation
Light a blunt and get cloudy wit me
Go get your gun and get rowdy wit me

It's a Holiday dog, mouth big, you could swallow the
four
Don't you ask me what I'm robbing you for, what
'Cuz you was talkin' big money and I'm a little broke
And I'm a firm believer in equality dog, what

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