

## Styles P

### "The Cipher"

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[Intro: Styles P]

BET get your recorders

You rocking with the ghost Papoose

And Lupe the skate boarder (this is crazy)

Welcome to the cipher the beginning of rap,

For record deals first I'm going to toss you the cap

[Verse 1: Papoose]

Over 100 soilders died dis month I drop info out of  
ahundred da majority was negros George Bush is on a  
roll like a round hero dey still findin human remains  
at ground zero dey foundem in da sewers yeah it  
shows

aww man yo I guess dats y dey call it a man hole when  
we say B.E.T we ain't tryna spell bet black  
entertainment

Papoose is da best Nacirema wait till my album drop  
he hop up I clap him in his hip u can call it hip-hop  
rappers be actin like dey tougher den dey really is  
so I sitem in wheelchairs like jada pinkin kids u was  
puttin your sneakers on da wrong feet whan Papoose  
was reppin for da streets man defeat u mineaswell  
face

your defeat look patna I have u lookin at defeat like a  
foot docta

That's Right

[Verse 2: Lupe Fiasco]

They say the game as the belly of a beast (Lupe)

Blunt for fingers and hallo tips for teeth

Wire taps for ears NIKE AIR for feet

Blaspheme for prayers the system full of heart

Rap music for beats heorin for the son and married to  
the streets

Crack pipes for lungs

And he never sleeps just spized with dice in his eyes

Love life cause he like when it dies

For baking for the soul he cough up pleasure

Clothes made out of dolar bills that he sowed together

He knows he's clever

Jealous his house all the liquor that pours out and goes  
right to his mouth  
Rides around on a stray bullet  
With prostitute, pimp, dope dealers and killers tied to it  
to pull it  
TV in his head  
Strippers slide down his leg and he known to ride  
around with the Feds  
He's  
Out there [x4]

[Verse 3: Styles P]

[Let's go P] Don't call me ghost no more call me the  
phantom  
Real brothers lover street brothers understand 'em  
This is to the man with his hand on his Canon  
Right at this moment I know we need an atonement  
The Malcom is dead, The Martin is dead the guns the  
barber  
Let me know who want to pardon there head  
And I am back to the clip fill to the top  
I'll grill with a bop  
Poloce coming through kids still a rock  
I don't give a F cause I wanna die cause I am gonna die  
You to figure, don't boo who figure  
Want to the play the game find out who's who figure  
After you do that, find out who's true figure  
Lots of brothers died over B.S, nonsense  
School of Hardknocks no Parent Teacher Conference  
Got to learn the rules real fast, move fast  
Stand up the [? ] shortie  
Cause they know that you ass

[Outro:]

[Styles P:] Yeah

[Papoose:] Yeah that's hip hop

[Styles P:]

Before there was radio, before there were videos,  
before there were magazines  
Put the camera down this what it was

[Papoose:]

The cipher 360 degrees, the cipher  
Show you cats how to rhyme man  
Take that [x2]

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