

## Styles P

### "The Myth"

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[Intro]

[Verse 1:]

Cocaine Cowboys, Heroin Indians  
Drug dealer fly, which car to put the Fendi in  
I'm in a condo on a Louie couch  
New York fly nigga, California gooey out  
Mobster, know I got the tooly out  
Cops come, you don't even put the doobie out  
From the block, them niggas will make a movie out  
Everybody fly like they got gear from groovy house  
G'd up, know what you out for  
I get high riding out to the Outlawz  
Broke right hand, load the southpaw  
Get off the turnpike, different route ya  
How I know they sent a different scout ya  
Trying to figure out, how the cat got the mouse ya  
Trying to figure out, how the dog got the cat ya  
From the hood where they let it go blat! ya  
Weird science, simple math  
Take a cab wherever you got the rental at  
Check the spot wherever the connect sent you at  
Check the creditor, homie that fucking lent you that  
Word!

[Verse 2:]

Smoke break, at the table bagging up snowflakes  
9 mil at my waist, but I don't feel so safe  
Cause a lot of niggas is ghostface  
I mean two face, bitches get yo'food laced  
I don't stay in the spot unless the mood straight  
I rather be mad high in my new place  
Rather be mad high in my old place  
Wondering if the pearly gates is white like Colgate  
A lot of dollar bills, can't fold straight  
Cause the knot thick, told you that the plots thick  
You in the way, you gon' hear the Glock click  
God bless this ignorant and obnoxious

[Verse 3:]

European American, V's with the smoke tints

Ten rack, black label suit with the smoke scent  
Meet the connect by the ocean  
I do my deals on the beach  
Up to my neck in the water, and it ain't sweet  
Cause trust is an issue  
The ice pick tip with the rust gon' hit you  
It cut through your tissue  
Cause you could go to jail, niggas'll act like they miss you  
It's only when they see you, when you gone they forget you  
I fell in love with the money, and lust with the pistol  
Always hated the cops, they fuck when they get you  
I still "Kill Bill" I'll, monster from "300"  
Talking money to G's want it  
We roll up then we load up  
It's a cocaine deal or a hold up?  
I could care less about the set that you throws up

[Verse 4:]

Came from nothing, used to have nothing  
Now I'm somebody and I got a lil something  
Rich nigga, Ritz nigga  
You don't know this nigga  
I don't like snakes, I'll kill it if it hiss nigga  
Rat nigga, snitch nigga  
Rap nigga, fuck 'em all  
My posse over there tell your girl to go suck em off  
They say I'm underated, I just be getting faded  
Cause niggas'll have your name all on the affidavit  
I find it fascinating  
I know how to kill em all, holiday'll kill em off  
When ghost procrastinating  
You could see the holy ghost  
I stretch your flat  
And leave some herb in your pocket  
You could call that the holy smoke  
We ain't cut from the same cloth  
I'm the boss, we couldn't work for the same boss  
Point blank nigga, I would shoot your brains off  
In the spot, the manteca and the cane soft  
But you know that the bass hard  
Dealer death and there ain't no safe card  
That's Alchemist, this is Alchemy  
Sniper on the balcony, higher then the Falcon be  
It's a pack of wolves and you know I'm where the alpha be  
Guns go north, but the drugs go south for me  
If anybody is out for me  
Better go the fuck in, cause I'm gonna go the fuck in  
New York fly, California high

Miami hustle when I get up on a pie  
Down south lean, midwest bounce  
And I wanna double up, it's the buck that counts

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