Styles P Feat. Ghostface Killah "Star Of The State"

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Yo, Vinny Idol, what do you call under the underground?
Twin ghost experience, yeah

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'

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 (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

Yo, yo, you want me to 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

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Somebody 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

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

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When it come to bein' hard, I'm the star of the state I'm a star

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