

D-Block

"Styles Freestyle #2"

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{I told myself forget about it, Mario - take it easy!}

[Styles P]

Yeah, whattup three times?

Time is Money niggaz

Truly believe that

Play your feet, no sleep lil' nigga don't lie down

It's real when the beef don't die down

Me I gotta eat, I keep the heat, so picture me high
clown

I don't give a fuck, ride later or ride now - keep it on the
waist

Let a nigga jump, I'll have him leakin from the face
and put a beatin on the case

Niggaz in the hood might hate me

But they don't try shit cause them 38's ain't got no
safeties

S dot, P dot, D-Block

Dolo at the juice bar, weed spot, came with the heat
cocked

Seat low, black Crown Vic', let the beat knock

Deep thoughts, ride through New York, who got the
streets locked

You can tell your man I'll smoke ya

Rap's Alejandro Sosa, hang you from the helicopter

Hoppin in the Yukon with the tanned out sofas

I only eat seafood

And when I look at these rappers I see seafood

I heard y'all don't give a fuck niggaz, me too

We can meet up the bill, matter fact we can meet up to
kill

And to niggaz from crosstown we can meet up the hill

Second album is comin I'm expectin the hate

But I'm the same S.P. so the weapons is placed

And I don't press charges

I'm the type of nigga that'll hop out the garbage

Dressed in camouflage like I came out the forest

Four in the Taurus

Cause everybody singin like the court need a chorus

I'm tired of the games, blowin niggaz brains out the

frame

Point blank put it short get a florist, what?

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