

Tha King

"Midnight Storm Ft. 50 Cent, Styles P"

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(Tha King)

Back in 92' i was just trying to eat right, felt the
heat of day and the dark of night, i didn't hear the bark
all i felt was the bite, tryin to get my self better tonight
cus livin like this has no meaning, all the countless
hours,
that ive been spending, seems like im gonna be stuck
here forever
working long days, always getting better, no
reasonable doubt,
was ever put on my head, just music's deep thought
while,
i lay in bed, my passion is unforgiving, those who hear
it are undeserving,
because most are doubters who had no faith in me,
i just think its cus you envy me, because you aint,
got the courage to step to the mic and scream,
all the shit i do in reality,
is in your dreams, like game said in his life long story,
dont let bitches like them take your glory, put em in a
lyrical choke hold,
dont let go, until your finished with your flow,
because a bitch like you becomes dust, two shot with a
mac is a must
aint got no trust in the king, i now see your deserving,
quit with all the hurting, and end your shit, i keep hear
the hood say,
king you got a hit, 2 clip barrel loaded, two week later
your floatin,
smokin the city's best, try this shit its yo test,
NY's best cant stop my game,
all you wanna do is stop my fame,
keep talking that shit and my next is gonna make your
name famous,
Now known as the guy who cant tame his business,
my coke business is str8 profit,
i got niggaz in South America making my coffee,
I'll put you out of business in one week's time,
then ill have you working for me most of the time,
keep the 9 on my left, and on my chest i got my vest,

neva know when your gonna need to make a mess,
take my test cus your gonna need a gangsta degree,
just so you can actually chill with me ,
turn your back on me, kill your ass then put it all over
BET,
where your should be, cus your not real,
the pain in my heart is never gonna heal.

(Hook)X2

The Storm is coming and we gotta make moves for
today,
so let me show ya what were gonna do, were gonna
keep it real,
till the storm comes thru

(50 Cent)

I be that yung'n with that gun-ness, tellin ya stop frontin
I be that yung'n on the run, after I pop some'n
In the Bible I read, death is of the tongue
And if you talk about death enough death is gon' come
Dave taught me how to flow, they shot him in the head
Randy ass was there, now he runnin scared
Some say I'm gangsta, some say I'm craaazy
If you ask me I'll say I'm what the hood made me
Now I can stunt 'til my ass dead broke like Jay-Z
Or put a hundred grand on e'ry nigga head that play
me
See I'm cool with them Hatian mob niggaz
{?}Tu say sapa say mavule{?} and rob niggaz
The media be tryin to make a nigga look bad, whassup
with that?
See my flick, next to bring Papi and Cat
And Montana, I kill 'em with the grammar
I enhanced in the slammer after bangin them hammers

(Styles P)

Yeah, word, yeah
If your head ain't offa your shoulders (uh-huh)
You ain't get shot, you got nicked nigga (just nicked)
Cause if my chrome hit a piece of your bone
It's gon' do more than chip, nigga (a lot more than that)
Yea, what the fuck is the problem
The Porsche is red the buckets is Army
30 shot handguns the gutter is starvin (yea)
Niggaz like me might rush your apartment (word)
Bloodstains'll fuck up your carpet, brain on the window
I smell murder every time that the wind blow
Tie him to the chair and then knock out his chinbone
I don't want the throne or the crown, I ain't sellin up
You can have the jail or the ground, you ain't in hell

enough

(hook) x2

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