

D-Block f/ Bully, Snyp Life, Straw, Styles P "Discipline"

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[Styles P]

Straw... 354... Ghost...

Feel this... yeah

Let me break it down I'ma nigga to Ryde or Die homey
2 Gunz Up or they either on my side homey
I ain't first base so I won't let you slide on me
I ain't Great Adventure so I won't let you Ryde on me
You opened ya mouth but believe I can shut it nigga
P ain't the barber but ya face I can shut it nigga
Spent a half a million on the lawyer nigga
Extraordinary Gentlemen just like Tom Sawyer nigga,
yeah
Bust the rifle from far away
And I'm still tryna figure the triflin'est part of day
Is it morning when the fiends cop
Or is it noon when the willies wake up from they dream
ock
Or is it night time when we all grind till the green come
I'm smoked out with a machine gun
I'm in something all black know I'm always on the lean
son
Steady lookin' for the cream ma
And I'm probably with a bad bitch
But I'm usually for delf where I'm headed where the
cash is
When you come through the hood get a pass like Steve
Nash kid
Cause shit thicker than molasses; get blasted

[Snyp Life]

They say you only really as good as ya last rhyme
So I make sure my next one bring back time
So niggaz can reminiese when they last had shine
Through my lines see that's heart felt
Make a cold heart melt
Gring ain't for everybody homie get a new route
Re-in' with the same shit you only see the same shit
'Se goin' through them shoot outs my niggaz did the
same shit
And they bang 'fits and they 'on't care who you came

with
Me I just happen to spit and got a knack for flippin'
packs on the strip
Turnin' rags to chips put that hawk in ya face 'fore I
squeeze my clip
I 'on't clap back I pop first read my lips
3-5-4 nigga the shit so tell ya men
And for my nigga P I'm puttin' it in till this shit end
You know what it is one for the Block two for the Team
Screamin' 2 Gunz Up while I'm strippin' ya gleam yo

[Straw]

Ever since Straw small truck the mercedes
You'd think that I'd be dumpin' a pump the way it drive
the streets crazy
The flows crack 60 for a verse is a pack
And 16 keep the fiends comin' back
It got me where I can't be without my hard hat
Teflon long sleeve and a large gat
Heat seekin' shells attract to ya body heat
And even bullet time couldn't help you dodge that
It's too easy niggaz can't handle my beef it's too
greasy
500 SL Benz with 3 TVs
Narc scope radar lens with green screens; built in
beams
And some eagles in the trunk with the money and caine
Tryna figure out the best route boat or tha train
Cause wit 9:11 crime feds watchin' the planes
It's them Arliss boys at it again, immaculate mane

[Bully]

Comin' to box the S knockin' A Tribe Called Quest
I'm comin' for you bad guys like I'm Elliot Ness
I'm with the host the Ghost
We gave you toast to coast it's 354 bitch you supposed
to know
I got it, you get it, you pay it, I spray it, you wit it
There never been a time in my life that I couldn't get it
Still got my eye on the prize, still in the hood with them
guys
Still got the hood and gloves, the ski mask for diguise
Motherfuckers been hatin' you ready to dance with
Satan
The Rugers cocked; I'm patiently waitin'
P just gimme the word on these herbs that's my word
Mail his head to his mom in a jar that preserve
Hannibal Lector style nigga dinner served
Still got birds with curves that move birds
Gucci frame Donna Karen bitches that's nerds
Get in where yo fit in motherfucker that's my word

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