

## Styles

### "The Mc"

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[Styles P]

Kings lose crowns, teachers stay intelligent  
That's what KRS said  
The Ghost nigga, time is money  
Double R, D-Block  
Poobs let's go

If it's beef better move on nigga, or get shot in the head  
Or trucked over by the UConn nigga (trucked over)  
Touch me, lose two arms, nigga you might think you hot  
You dead wrong, you just lukewarm nigga  
I'm colder than the ice in the freezer  
Butcher knife slice and you seize up  
44 blunts, I got a right to amnesia  
Late night I'm pipin a diva  
All my niggaz hyper and eager  
In case I miss the hit the sniper'll leave ya  
This case it's better to give than be the receiver  
In the M-6 blowin the weed up  
Comin through the hood makin sure that it's G'd up  
I'ma I'ma hustler, you know that I read up  
My rap is like coke, so my shit stay ki'd up  
Y'all lil' niggaz new to the slums  
I'm from the spot where the dope move faster than the cougar'll run  
Come through with a chip, 22 in the bun  
Ask the streets who can spit an iller fluid than son  
Sheeit, nobody right? (Nobody)  
Kill you, you a nigga nobody like  
Fuck with me if you lookin for the rowdy type  
I get it buzzin with cousin  
Six dozen bullets skippin in the Audi right  
This is Styles nigga, I keep it comin like gunshots  
And you ain't said nuttin in the wild nigga  
You ain't said nuttin, what? Motherfucker  
Time is money nigga, that's all I'ma say  
Poobs we fuckin out, see you at the finish line

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