

Styles Of Beyond "G-Joint"

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Styles P Talking:

"Yo I rock the fuck out.

I don't know bout everyone else"

Verse 1 - Styles P

Whatever we don't make, we gona take mofucker.

Get this straight and fix your face.

I aint gotta sell millions. Im in the buildins

With poppy comin thru with them bricks by eight.

Listen cocksucker and clown

Ill be leaving you cut.

Youre like a dutch hound, bustin ya down.

Niggaz driving in a circle wit your hoe in the back.

Be the only damn way I'll be fuckin around.

And I'm aiming for yo waist, hopin you duck

So i can bust you in the head when im buckin tha
pound.

And I told you that Im holiday Styles

Lets celebrate.

Heard you gettin money, I'll rob you right now.

And you gon get popped in the head.

True Story.

Crips do they thing in blue, bloods pop off in red.

Me, I'm on the move only stopping for bread.

Double R and D-Block nigga, copper and lead.

Whaddup!

Styles P Talking:

"Stay in the zone"

Verse 2 - Styles P

I don't know why the fuck you amped yo.

Got hoodrat bitches carryin birds on the public transpo.

Niggaz in the hood that go out like Rambo.

They hot since 138th had that ???

Young Buck, Dumb Fuck

Two Gunz up, ride or die til the suns up.

Gangsta and a Gentleman dogg,

I got class, Ima send a bunch a roses to your men in

tha morgue.
Ill be down south bendin a whore
(Ten in the morn)Pretendin im on.
(Dirty) Thirty on eighty-five like J-Bo and Sean Paul.
Beef wit New York rappers, I'm killin em all.
On my Slick Rick shit, y'all could lick the balls.
I been cool 'cause (these) niggaz is (ass.)asthma
(But)Fuck that, might as well call me pool 'cause im
(givin')gettin splash.ed
And that Lamborghini liftin tha stash
Even gettin the mass while some haze (to mix) be
mixed wit the hash.
Whaddup!

J-Hood Talking:
"Pass that blunt nigga"

Verse 3 - J-Hood

Im in the hood where the eggs get knocked off.
Gangmembers find they family members with both of
they legs chopped off.
Niggaz aint scrappin, they bangin ya
The judge don't need a tree branch when they hangin
ya
All y'all fags'll get ate like clams.
This is a blood sport bitch, You could call me J Van
Dam.
All these so called "Guerrillas" be tellin'
How a rat goin' give you thoughts of a predicate felon.
Motherfucker
Homie, what you want, the blade or the slug
Im the one that send the order when they sprayed up
the club.
Bitch nigga, bow your head in the presence of G's
Load the lead up and squeeze.
Im a great dane, niggaz is fleas.
Fuckin rats can't wait to call cops,
Til I make em sick and put pellets in they mouth like
cough drops.
J-Hood bitch, my name rang in the ghetto.
'cause im O.G. and I play the streetz like a chello.

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