

## **Pist.on**

# **"In Too Deep"**

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[P.K]

Yeah....P. Killer.....L-O-X....Ruff Ryders

[Styles]

Holiday Styles, catdaddy show me the green  
And if not, show me the work, show me the fiends  
I be writing in the week 'cause I know the routine  
Pardon you, light grey off the ?marteen?  
Nickel the wheels, used to have to whistle for sales  
And now I cop work every tip of the scales  
And I can make money for bait, sittin' in jail  
Walk by the C.O., hittin' an L  
Ayyo, this is for the industry, consider it rep  
I'll dis any nigga you name, you give me a check  
Old school, new school, hungry nigga not signed  
He ain't saying shit if he ain't talking with a glock nine  
Please don't call the cops  
We got beef, then the shells will pop I'm tryin' to hit you  
while you park  
Hop in, push you over, take it up the block  
But I know the jakes is coming, ya man's a snitch  
Wakes is comin' so start getting candles lit  
I'mma show you how the hustlers handle shit  
I'll crack your head like a customer with grams and  
spliff  
Family shit, but ain't no picnics involved just a trip to  
the zoo  
Dressed in all brown with a banger in your shoe  
In too deep in the yard with a thousand niggas just like  
you, cocksucker

[Jadakiss]

A thousand niggas just like you  
Narcs is trying to crack down, coke went back down  
It's hard to get green, but everybody got brown  
They know I got the China for 15 in the diner  
20 after 12 in the building, see the minors  
Martega massacare  
You run around buying bundles, I get eggs from Africa  
Burn the block for a year then I'm stashin' ya and  
snatch the truck

Free bile with half the dutch  
While they got you on the wall, I'm crackin' up  
And the police could send you shokin'  
When they ask you if you wanna cut them a deal that  
send you bookin'  
In the bullpen with dopeheads and niggas from  
Brooklyn  
You scared to move, another nigga wearin' ya jewels  
By the time you get upstairs, he wearin' ya shoes  
Got the blood ?cane yettas? and niggas with the coofys  
In the dayroom, blowin' each other like Lucys  
Matter how big you are or strong you are  
Right or wrong, you all get along with star  
Just toe to toe with you with the cannon in your face  
Motherfuck lappin', here's a stare to face--BLAW!

[Sheek] {\*overlapping last line\*}

Sheek got niggas that'll cover his tracks when he  
walkin' in mud  
And use gats with no noise when he dealin' with blood  
But they bounce to one bone to the next, like bitches  
Hole small enough to use band-aids, no stiches  
Everything's eternal from my life to my journal  
It's deeper than secrets government keepin'  
So bounce with me if you don't wanna fall on the  
weekend  
Or die the weekend, literally, fly off the beacon  
Talk slick and get send somethin' quick  
Only nigga hard enough to look up to me is my dick  
My clique the boss, we don't take no loss  
When we flow, the whole room smell like tobasco sauce  
Come in your crib with something hot, dead in your  
brain  
And watch your family jump around like the House of  
Pain  
All the numbers takin' off my Benz, no name  
Just tints on the window so you can't see through  
While my gun is at your face like, "Peek-a-boo!"  
I'm teasin' you like an invisible string  
Tied to a bag of money, when your reach, I'll pull  
Clip hard to stay full, nigga, we in too deep  
I rock niggas to sleep, like a Jew, I'm too cheap  
Fuck a car show; I don't wanna be around nothing that  
can heat  
And I'm 2-7-30, gimme your gun clean  
It's comin' back to you dirty, nigga, watch the birdie

Hook:

[Styles]

If you a player in the game and you in too deep

And you get knocked, yo, please don't snitch  
[Jadakiss & P.K]  
That's my word  
[Styles]  
Take your time like ya man do in front of the judge  
Ayyo, dog, don't be no bitch  
[Jadakiss & P.K]  
Dog, ya heard?  
[Styles]  
'Cuase if we all get knocked then we all get locked  
Word is bond, won't be no clique  
[Jadakiss & P.K]  
That's for real  
[Styles]  
Ayyo, sex, money, murder, music, and drugs  
Big chains and plenty of whips  
[Jadakiss & P.K]  
That's all we know

[Jadakiss]  
Uh, N...I...????

[P.K]  
What?....L-O-X.....Double R.....P. Killer

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