

Jagged Edge F/ Trina, Jermaine Dupri

"What, Why, Where, When"

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[Styles]

The Ghost, Desert Storm {New, Styles P!}

DJ Envy, feel me nigga, fuck with us nigga

Whattup? {C'mon man!}

If it's a gun I don't mind to pull it (uh-uh)

Hit your son with the nine millimeter with the rhino
bullets

Know S.P.'ll lose your peeps (lose 'em)

Come through in a bullshit hoopty with the Gucci seats
{Yeah!}

With some Brooklyn bitches that'll boost for weeks
(boost)

So you know I stay fresh for days (fresssh)

Tote the gun in your mouth, 'til your death is just a
breath away

You alone like "The Castaway"

Listen dawg, if you ain't pass a dude then you pass
away (that's it)

They ain't tell you that the Ghost was here?

You ain't seen me comin?

Told your man that the coast was clear (it ain't clear)

Now I'm tearin off both your ears (both)

Kick in the door, load the shotty watch the sofa tear

Y'all "Scarface" niggaz, Sosa here (boss)

So the army and the coke are here, we loc' out here
(crazy)

They ain't tell you that I + Ryde or Die+?

Thirty niggaz on your block, only five alive

Shit, they ain't tell you that I'm harder than Brillo
(whattup)

I'ma give your mother the wire, your father the pillow
(shit)

I don't play too much, I weigh too much

And when it comes to the drugs, I wait too much

And I don't say too much, I spray too much

Step over the dead body then I blaze the dutch

What? {What!} My niggaz {Envy!}

[Chorus: Styles]

You know what?

I'm takin over the game cause niggaz is lame and
everybody's so butt
You know why?
Cause I feel I could, I + Ryde or Die+ and everyday I'm
so high
You know where?
Right in they crib in front of they kids, I feel I gotta go
there
You know when?
I ain't tellin you niggaz so load up your guns or join up
in Gold's Gym

[Styles]

{Desert Storm!} I buy back haze just to get me weeded
One cornball nigga just to get me heated (one)
Listen nigga I am not playin (uh-uh)
He gon' know, the .3 gon' blow and he gon' see the
shots sprayin
Wrong end of the barrel (wrong end)
Too bad but, I'ma ring your bell like a Christmas Carol
(ding dong)
If I run out of bullets
The Ghost is a Sage', and I don't ever miss with arrows
Got a old, old soul; I miss the pharaohs
I am too deep for you, street for you (deep)
Wanna fuck with S.P. I'll bring the heat to you (bring it)
Five niggaz holdin tec's on a creek for you
Make the whole family weep for you
Too bad that, they was too sad but you was a scumbag
(scumbag)
What.. and that's why you fuckin with dickheads
If they drive through the block I'm turnin the whip red
{C'mon!}
Y'all better keep shiftin ahead
'Fore I take your nose off, put your lips in the head
And all the fiends call me the pusher
But if you see my knife work then you call me the
butcher
And it ain't no meat I cut
I'm S.P. listen dawg, I run every street I touch
And you oughta come fuck with the Ghost (c'mon)
I got butter open your mouth, see if you could fuck with
the toast

[Chorus] - 2X

{Envy ad libs shoutouts to Ruff Ryders}

[DJ Envy]

It's the People Choice, DJ Envy

Blok Party, Desert Storm Mixtape, Volume 1

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