

MC Wacko

"Styles"

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Yeah, Holiday, Gary
I don't want y'all to compare me to niggas no more
Unless they got a case pending
Unless they poke somethin up
Unless they keepin it real gutter, y'know

[Verse 1]

SP I'm the closest thing to poison it is
you think you hot, I'ma boil your kid
you think you cool, I'ma throw you in the river wit some
cement shoes
you could sleep with the fishes
Niggas actin funny so I gotta keep it movin I dont speak
to the bitches
We could handle this like gangstas
Dog, I'll kidnap your little man and send you to the
banker
That money get dropped off, so do he
Right off the booth of his mama' building
Feel the drama building
Told y'all niggas don't fuck wit P
I said fuck rap and a verse
I get down like the bishops, wit the way you clap at the
hearse
I get it crunk wit a blunt and a package of verc
I'm in the shottie of the Cadillac
wit niggas that'll take twenty a body, the shottie will
handle that

[HOOK: Styles and Jadakiss]

Styles
Paniro the most, you hearin the Ghost
Styles
Holiday shit, it's robbery shit
Nigga talkin funny then body the kid, let's go
Styles
Mafia boss, rockin the corpse
Styles
Pullin the three, cockin the four
Styles
We're closin the windows and lockin the doors

You could die today
Or you could die tomorrow, baby boy the option is
yours, c'mon

[Verse 2]

I smoke weed cuz the future is grim
I'm knockin this ash off the dutch on the roof of your
Benz
my lil man been runnin since the shootin begin
y'all niggas talk about cases of Crist'
I talk about cases where niggas get life of the shit
and your girl visit two years, mom come forever
but near one of your mans aint right wit his shit
but like corn I'ma flip, smokin weed influenced by the
fix
and old timers with the toolies by the hips
So come and creep wit me
and I aint lyin when I tell these motherfuckers
that I got the streets in me
one felony, wit two cases beat
so be about your business when you come and beef wit
me
I got coke for sale and I got dope for sale
if you wanna cop some work you oughta come and
speak wit me

[HOOK]

[Verse 3]

Y'all niggas know my name, but you don't know my
style
What make it all ironic is the shit is the same
Keep a milli in the coat, puffin on the chronic
in the hood wit my niggas that's distributin 'caine
If your man get bodied, number one rule is you body
somethin back
then live with the pain
young guns of this shit, so when I get hit
I'ma yell Sheek and 'Kiss let's finish the game
I got discipline and dedication
I'm the boss of the S N F, that's the Shootin Niggas
Federation
Light a blunt and get cloudy wit me
Go get your gun and get rowdy wit me
It's a Holiday dog, mouth big, you could swallow the
four
Don't you ask me what I'm robbing you for, what
cuz you was talkin big money
and I'm a little broke and I'm a firm believer in equality
dog, what

[HOOK] - 2X

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