

Curb the Lames

Styles P

Prophet
Ghost
Yeah, nigga

If Christ resurrected and came right now
Bet a lot of niggas a miss him and other niggas a diss him
Giving you game right now
Cause a lot of niggas is lost and others is in the system
If Muhammed came through in a kufi that's sky blue
With a Navy blue robe, would you follow him, Piru?
Should I build with the Gods since the Devils destroyed
But niggas destroyed, too, when we never employed
I think, pain feel better than joy, when the valley low
But I hit my peak when I'm geeked up, in Cali, though
Vibing off the green, it's survival in my scheme
Is the good word dirty if my bible wasn't clean?
I ain't talkin' to the pastor cause it's faster when I dream
I be building with the sheck without the cards in my deck
Cause the hand I was dealt, just seems incorrect
We could talk about the other side, you wanna get in depth
But, you gon' owe me somethin', do you wanna get in debt
Yeah, I'm something like a scientist, the shit that I dissect
All love if it ain't, then it's blood on your Giuseppe's
He's a five-star, but he ain't come in with the set
Ghost

It's rule to this shit, got to learn the game
Got to earn your name
Work on your craft, roll a wood, got to burn your pain
Life's a bitch and she expensive, got to work the game
Put your family first, go get this money and curve the lames
Got to learn the game, got to earn your name
Work on your craft, roll a joint, got to burn your pain
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Never seen clock hands made out of sands
But it's the sands of time
Sittin' in the hourglass, dance with the devil and you ate
Now you gotta fast, strong so you gotta last
Ever felt so much pain that you gotta laugh
Paid dues, throw your shoes on, yeah you got a path
Build your enterprise, niggas is all desensitized
Kids gettin' killed and you worried about your mentions, right
Well mention this, you can smell the stench at night
The beast out, tellin' my niggas peace out
Knowin' it's no peace out, might pull a piece out
Fuck about police, them niggas a air your niece out
Your nephew, all of your kids, this shit's a cesspool
So I try to stay in the cut, Lighting the jet fuel
Basic, try to meditate so I can shapeshift
Above norm, meaning I can only form greatness
Tryna shed light in the diabolical places
Souls everywhere, no chronological placement
Illuminati high, my weed jar is a mason
Travel agent P sendin' rappers on vacation
Fallin' to temptation, try your hand

Have your man lookin' up like, "why my man?"
Don't ask God, or ask him, ask me
Only way to pass me is to pass speed
Any rapper try me, that's his last deed
Extraordinary gentlemen from the last league
What's a good bag of weed, if it got a bad seed?
You a crab, meet another crab by a crabtree
Do some crab shit cause y'all wouldn't understand me

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