

Out the Way

Styles P

You got to mastermind to your business
It's the best thing you could do
Trust me

Money on mind with a gun on my waistline
Think about death if you plannin' to take mine
Shout out to the homies that's doin' the state time
Wasn't race related but know it's a hate crime
Niggas hate bein' broke, bein' late on the rent
Hustle graveyard, a nigga laid on the bench
Came from the trenches, there's a pump in the trenchcoat
I love drug money, the plug send dope
But then I had to think about the games
Death or a cell or a life full of pain
Once you get the picture, you could get up out the frame
'Cause a fed shot or a headshot's all the same
I'm just gettin' money while doin' this G shit
Me and hoe blowin' a O, leavin' the weed scent
Probably on the plane, I don't fuck with the pre-sent
'Cause the Jakes all in it, rats and snakes all in it

Stayin' out the way-out the way of the pigs and the snakes 'Cause these verm
in ass niggas gon' rat
I'm about peace but I'm still up on the streets
So I'm lookin' at my piece like I left the shit black
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Not givin' a fuck is what I'm great at
Who wanna get hit in the face with the eight like, "where the weight at?"
"Ghost don't play that"
Ghetto niggas'll say that
Laid back but I push your hairline way back
Scalped you like a native, shoot you like I'm a cowboy
Alpha and Omega, that data say I'm a wild boy
Tokyo drift when I shift
Let off a clip out the window with the left
Raise it up, proceed to dip
Who wants to live like that? Not I
Rather shop and pop by
Pull up in a drop five
The four-door M, no top and a Glock nine
I'm in the player's suite when I stop at the stop sign
I never tell a poor-ass nigga that I got mine
Unless I'm in my nine and I'm really on that time
'Cause I know it's on-site 'cause he tryna get me lined
Stay away from rats and them snakes and that swine, you'll be fine

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Stayin' out the way, it's a new day
Used to be the handgun next to the cocaine
Flyin' on the through-way, seals goin' in and out
If you from the slums, you ain't have venom
You don't give a fuck what the sinnin' 'bout
Jack boy, dope boy, better have the change
'Cause I seen the game, I ain't gon' have shit to show for it
Now I'm blowin' this weed, I'm gettin' chauffeured
Could put you on a poster or give you my poster
You say you gettin' that money, I tell you go for it
Wanna reach for your hammer? I tell you go for it
'Cause I put in my work and got the dough for it
When you sold your ass and was a hoe for it

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