

## Sour

## Styles P

Sour, sour, sour, sour, sour-  
sour (This that "drink up with it", and I can't smoke it less it)  
(You drop the hits, they gon' get, soon as you get rich, they gon' be  
)  
Yeah, they gon' hate when you get power  
They gon' be sour, they gon' be sour

Opposite of sweet, hottest in the street  
I rep that purple haze, not that sour D  
I rep that L-O-X, that's a power three  
When you gettin' money, (that's just how cowards be)  
New crib, new ice, new car, hatin' niggas start gettin' S-O-U-R  
You can act like you ain't but you know you are  
But there's nothing you can do cause we just go too hard  
From the booth to the block, you get robbed, you get shot  
That's the feeling that you usually have after gettin' got  
Turn it into rock, or just leave it powder  
If that haze is all gone, fuck it, roll a lil'

Ay, make the ham in a hour, bake it up, where is flour?  
Stack that money tall, tower, nigga play, make it shower  
I don't give no fuck bout no coward, ain't no "i" in "team", I'm talk  
ing "our"  
Nigga, call my team, we in Ralph, I don't give a fuck if you in Okina  
wa  
Well prepared for that slime though, I go ham though, I'ont eat swine  
though  
I take vitamins, I keep iron on me, guarantee I keep more than slime  
on me  
(Early morning, drink cold coffee, patron and lime, shake the haters  
off me)  
I ain't jump off the porch, I lived in these streets  
And beast on these beats, a beast in these streets  
Real as fuck, how could you hate my guts?  
I was just waiting, I knew you hate my guts  
Straighten your face when I walked in the place  
You make it obvious that you ain't proud of us  
AlFB, we global, don't even come around if we don't know you  
Ever since we been in power, these pussy niggas been sour

Need a six-month, run with the Mexicans  
I don't touch the haze if the sour's on deck again  
'Nother six-month, run with the Colombians  
L-O-X concern is which, house to put the money in  
Half a stack of them indoors, half a stack of them outdoors  
Ride around in them Benzos, fuck it, nigga, we outlaws  
And I ain't even mad if you mad at me  
You came, on some sour shit, I came with a strategy  
I ain't out to get swag money, but I'm into that hard money  
Think about all my yard niggas, bathtub, now that's car money  
I blow a lil' haze on the appetize'  
But you knowin' what I'm lightin' if I have to fly