

## Styles

## Styles P

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

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 don't speak to the bitches we could handle this like gangsta's  
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, m fuck rap and a verse

I get down like the bishops it the way you clap at the hearse  
I get it crunk wit a blunt and a package of Herc  
I'm in the shottie of the Cadillac wit niggas that'll take  
Twenty a body, the shottie will handle that

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

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 too lies by the hips  
So come and creep wit me, and I ain't 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

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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

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