

## Telly Port

Styles P

You know what it is  
That extra high shit, you know  
Sometimes you just zone the f\*ck out  
That's how it be

Took a drink, lit a joint  
Hit too much wax, am I off point?  
in the six, knockin'  
Renee remix by the Lost Boyz  
You felt pain if you lost joy  
Can't please a wolf with a dog's toy  
You got beef, bring it to the source, boy  
When Achilles killed Hector, he lost Troy  
You're forewarned 'bout the four pound  
Catch a 'em in a four by four, give 'em four rounds  
That was five fours but it wasn't a dub  
I was out there for the money if it wasn't the love  
On-site every night, that's the life of a thug  
Ran up every day gettin' tight with the plug  
If we all livin' wrong, am I rightfully bugged?  
Get the lighter, I got fire, I'm about to get buzzed  
It's inhaled then it's held in  
If I ain't goin' to Heaven, I go to Hell  
Then think about the black cloud, wonderin' if I fell in  
Am I Heaven sent or Hell bent?  
I be outside on the South side  
Come through the North side in a boss ride  
Shout to the West and the East side  
We gon' get high and pray to God that the beast die

Yeah, I'm always on some other shit, rubber grips  
Load up the fifth for another vic'

On the float gettin' high to the roach clips  
Oh shit, telly port style when I smoke shit  
Yeah, I'm always on some other shit, rubber grips  
Load up the fifth for another vic'  
On the float gettin' high to the roach clips  
Oh shit, telly port style when I smoke shit

Can't remember the beginnin' but you think of the end  
If I'm higher than the cloud, can I sleep on the wind?  
Can God cleanse my soul with the rain drops?  
I don't go to church, will it work, will the pain stop?  
Used to blow weed, get the money out the 'caine spot  
If you from the ghetto, you probably done heard a thang pop  
Seen it jump, it ain't stop, can't stop, won't stop  
That was three stops but we keep goin'  
I like to smoke, I pre-roll 'em  
The lab life, I keep flowin'  
Bruce P-Roy, I keep glowin'  
One mic check, four night checks  
Precise and hype if you don't know that I'm nice yet  
All black hoppin' out the white 'Vet  
I got the insight and my sight's set

Yeah, I'm always on some other shit, rubber grips

Load up the fifth for another vic'  
On the float gettin' high to the roach clips  
Oh shit, telly port style when I smoke shit