

Welcome To NY

Styles P

We came to get busy
We ain't come to talk
Welcome to the handgun, welcome to the hawk
This that grimey shit you supposed to hear in New York
For niggas gettin' killed or gettin' years from the court
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Came to get busy, Styles done made him spin, now he dizzy
Face-Off, niggas gotta ask who is he?
I be in the Benz, high as f*ck, playin' Biggie
Pretty bitch, half a brick of yay by her titties
Egg full of dope and her p*ssy hole
Cops gotta kill me, can't book me though 'cause I ain't doin' time
Got beef with them niggas, I bet you I get 'em lined up
Let it buck and I bet you it's in the spine, my gun
Deathrow records, I bet you I get 'em signed
Not a major deal but they may just steal I kill your man, ask you how it made you feel
Shoved the blade in you, yeah, the rage is real

Look at me now, doin' what the f*ck I'm supposed to do
Me shinin', they sucka niggas emotional
I'm already wavy, just think what the pressure do
Tried to make a quick meal, call it a Lunchable
Hatin' in my comments is somethin' a punk'll do
Them emojis and punctuals'll gon' leave you discoverable
I'm out here chillin' on them back blocks killin' where they crack rock deal in', shit, the trap my buildin'
Lames gettin' money, start shittin' on niggas
Not me, If I'm on, I got positions for niggas
As soon as I got the plug, I shock the shit outta niggas
Kept shit bottled in then blew the lid off them niggas

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Hey yo, Snyp gotta bounce like he runnin' from one-time
Bars, gyms, start sharp, cut through your frontline
Hustled my whole life, went to jail for a gun crime
On the grind, robbed twenty niggas with one nine
Smokin' like a chimney while I'm listening to Biggie
We livin' off experience, my niggas run the city
If we ain't come to talk, shit, we came get busy
And get the guts, meanin' run through it 'til it's empty

That's D-Block style, two hammers and a hawk
No pork, but I eat these rap niggas with a fork
Before I say my Grace, shit, I'm blowin' out your face
Then I'm runnin' in your safe, we the hardest in the state

Started with the work but I had to go cop the baggies
Bricks are in Texas they workin' out like the Aggies
Gave 'em a slice on First Av' like patsies
Uncle in the kitchen, cookin' up, knockin' Patti LaBelle
I could sell if a nigga gotta get it
These in the store, I threw the dubs in my fitted
Explicit, my shit is rated R
Couple shots at your chest, I'm not tryna break your heart
I shake the narcs
A quiet spot, paint a picture for 'em like Basquiat
Feel like Biggie sippin' on private stock,
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Yeah!