

Screw Y'All

Styles P

Hatin niggas thinkin the air of me
Motherfuckers is not scarin me
Nigga you're not hearing me
Nigga you never heard of me
Who'd be the first cocksucker that want to murder me?
Whip engineer down in Germany
Outside scene but the inside's Burgundy
Life ain't promised but nigga death is a certainty
Bubbling and struggling, yea like the purp with me
And get faded, no head but
Elevators broke them niggas and take the stairs up
I'm real, you ain't nigga so don't compare us
You the type of nigga I tears up
Just like a tissue
So killing you ain't issue
Get stripes in the whistle and you still ain't official

So screw yall, I never knew yall
You clickin like yellow lights, I'm runnin through yall
Screw yall, I never knew yall
Yall pimpin at the end of the phase, I'm runnin through yall

Dance with the devil, I bet you you'll pay the price
Couple niggas die and a couple will get life
Couple niggas change when they get to see the light
Couple get a second chance and do the same shit twice
Doing wrong shit but I can do it right
That's the life, you don't know what I could welcome you tonight
Get a light, sit back, nigga welcome to the flights
When the cheese fly high, these ride by and you try to bring em love
Me, I'm getting sick of dope rhyming, Singapore
You don't like that? Nigga middle finger though
These niggas won't match but I bet you they clingers do
Yap to yo face but the battle swingin low
These first teeth next, you don't want beef yet
Getting money nigga so I don't make cheap threats
The tray pound is the big three and you ain't see the heat yet

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They say half the world sick in the brain
Takin flicks of a man getting hit by a train
No way, too many people that are rich will complain
While the homeless sing in the rain, living off change
Other countries claim that heroes suicidal
Over here it's strange, fake killas become idols
Don't believe in gangsta? Let's swear on the bible
Keep the enemy close, now yo best friend yo rival
Tryna be honest in a land full of crooks
When they'll read your rights and they'll hand you the book
Mom cryin up in court while you can't even look
Can't compare to the bombs or the kids that stand me up
Who's written and I wanna rollie
This is the rap race, now we all nothing but rollies

Tryna find the snakes of the grass, I gotta smoke it
Now lookin for the driver but still waitin for my moment

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Stop fooling with these folks who haven't been through anything
You are not going to get a flaw from people who have not been crushed
The real flow of glory will always come from somebody who's been crushed
There will be a flow from out of him like you have never seen before
It's beyond anything you have ever seen before
Somebody shout, let it flow