

All I Got

Styles P

Yo I got...

Yo I got guns from Italy, smoke trees considerably
Yo I got slugs for snitches, no love for bitches
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I got a couple of niggas that'll drop yo body
Ridin in Ferraris and Maseratis
Sweets in Dubai and Abu Dabi
Catch em at the juice bar guzzling baji
They can chef it up like admiral Agazi
A game when daddy can't play them posse
Martini and Rossi, asti spumante
You doin the science, I'm a giant just like Andre
Talk about washin the money like it was laundry
Probably smoking a blunt, sippin upon a Don P
Not all these whack rappers is beyond me
And the fact they think they nice - that alarms me
But like alchemist I smoke calmly
The army couldn't harm me
Kill yourself before you ever think to bomb me
Yea boss of the boss, nigga Don P

Yo I got guns from Italy, smoke trees considerably
I got upmost respect everywhere I go
Yo I got slugs for snitches, no love for bitches
I got love from my fans when they hear my flow, yo!
Yo I got guns from Italy, smoke trees considerably
I get saluted by the people when I'm on my block
Yo I got slugs for snitches, no love for bitches
I ain't got it all but I'm good with all I got

I got some wild Albanians that come through the block
Get some slippers and a jumpsuit and lift off yo top
All maple on the shifter
Armagnac up in the snifter
Catch me in the 5 with the 6'er
Leather vest with the patches all embroidered
I tuck Jackie with the soy milk
Mad ginger before I rap, bunch of joints like a pack rack
You warm pussy and it's time to take a cat nap
Smoke the catnip, fiends rip the plastic
Hookers getting played, no G ways playin domestic
Took your business in the bath house
Hilfiger has rock and stack house
The crib look like Shaq house
Uh, sharp foot like a John Bones Jones kid
Time a hook chop, red bone in
Grab yo bitch, lay nuts on the whole chin
Only thing for me to do is go in

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I got a couple of niggas that'll smoke yo boots
Ridin on a train, know they flew in the hoop
Probably in the projects or most of the stoops
You can see em in the juice bar pulp in the juice
Motherfuckers will shoot like they playin for doop
Deuces wild get the bricks, throw em off of the roof
Crack pack and yo sneakers are boots
With a gun on yo waist
Keep it movin when police in pursuit
I'm out here in the Jeep ball coupe
About that life
If you ain't, I ain't speakin to you
About that mic, SP a beast in the booth
Like I'm indian, I'm the fuckin chief in the booth
Know the difference between a sheep and a wolf
Trade deuce dues dues
You don't wanna talk shit to a bull
Get yo higher than the first blunt, head in the pool
If your automatics are semi, get a full wuddup?

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