

Beats To My Rhyme

Styles P

S.P. this where it started at, on the microphone?
Rip a nigga, make him scream
(Yeah Poobs, let's get him nigga)

Beats to the rhyme, street full of crime
Rap or the gat I got heat for your mind
Beats what a nigga got asleep on your spine
On the creep and the grind, rap the work or double up
Hit you with a scar on your cheek, watch it bubble up
Man pull the Hummer up, shoot any runner-up
Real cool niggaz but we might fuck the summer up
Niggaz wonder what I'm involved in
See me all alone when I'm runnin in Harlem
Bronx and Queens, fuck that I live life like I'm starvin
You don't like me, fuck you nigga!
I don't trust you, I cut you or bust you nigga
I shoot up where you hustle nigga, fuck the program up
Rob all your workers, cut yo' grams up
You dealin with big niggaz or pig niggaz
P don't give a fuck when it's time to jig niggaz
(I don't give a fuck) You dig? Niggaz big
Run up in the crib and wig niggaz and I don't mean fake hair
You can bet that I'm goin, they said that there's cake there
Might as well get them candles out; we ain't makin a wish
We sayin a prayer cause I blammed you out - what?
Guess who back? It's P with the P-91
38 Specials, the extra gat
In the souped up Mirada nigga, extra black - what?

You know
You know who I am
I'm that nigga! (Ghost)
Poobs we out