

## 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