

## Da 80's

## Styles P

I know y'all muh'fuckers think that I took long to get back at you  
Not the kid  
I could do this shit forever nigga

This is for the junkie on the track with a monkey on his back  
I feel bad cause I got him like that  
This is for the G's, this is for the hustlers  
Get a whip off the lot and still upgrade the muffler  
Tryin to hit the block, nobody else there yet  
Get it poppin with your baby mom welfare check  
And I'll ring your bell, go fuck how you felt yo  
Blowin on weed if it's sticky like velcro  
Bounce in, bounce out, always got an ounce out  
Dig in your right pocket, 20 G count out  
Used to ask yourself, what you wanna do this for?  
Good Jewish lawyer turn a ten to a two-to-four  
You in the game cause the game is in you  
Who to blame, said I never came, I know the pain is in you  
I feel you, been there, I was in there  
But I ain't goin back like, I ain't been there  
Can't make a million behind bars  
Chill in a fly car, sit in the five-star  
If you think I'm preachy just check out the dialogue  
I'm knockin the iPod, first class as I go through the sky loft  
What?

I don't really need a hook, I got lyrics  
Feel me Kid, you know?

Talk in bricks and speak in the buildings  
Construction, grown now, gotta think of the children  
No gangsters, real ones, you know that kill the civilians  
The roughest, the addicts, Japanese and Sicilians  
The rule to the sign'll say, "P, did you calm down?"  
Cooled out, but never ever put my arms down  
Tell the boys ring the alarm now  
Cops is comin, I ain't got a gun, I come with a bomb now  
So hard I walk the city in the streets, see Biggie in my sleep  
Then put 50 and the 20 in my leaf  
I might wear somethin with logos, or dress like a hobo  
Smack any rapper that showboat  
Wanna battle me that's a no-no, uh-uh  
Shiesty, sorta like the block you was juxed on  
Please don't provoke me to shoot at  
I know you vagina, and your right-hand man is a douchebag  
P is on the low where the loot at  
Nine in the linin of the goose coat, deuce in the bookbag  
E'rybody think that I look mad  
But I don't really care cause they don't think that'll look bad  
Feel me!

I mean I do what I do, easily  
I mean I'm a lyricist  
If somebody's nicer let me know  
I'll be here for a minute, y'knowmsayin?  
Y'all know my name, should I say it? Ha ha!  
Chach, let's get the fuck outta here

I like it like this  
I'm just warmin up!  
Who could fuck with me?  
I mean I ask myself this a lot  
I'm cocky, I'm real cocky  
COME for me boys, let's go!