

Don't Turn Away

Styles P

Lot of old stars, lot of new brothers
All makin a movie, but none of them the Hughes brothers
Gotta laugh at my wittyness
'Bout makin some change, but you can feel my paper miss
Love gritty chicks, real hoodie chicks
You know what I need cause I'm an idiot
Brains and the money machine cause I'm gettin it
Did' call me (Miracle) man cause I'm (Whippin) it
A lot of reefer and the large Hennessy
'Bout a thousand a bottle for the Richard Hennessy
Just pay for it, heaven sent
And the live ascent block the chron chron scent, yes!

Baby, baby, baby, don't turn away - from love
Baby, baby, baby, don't turn away - from love

I'm just sippin Courvoisier
Tell the accountants and the money, the concierge
Sauna to the steam room, put it in the air
Told you that I'm sittin on it somethin like a chair
Hey ladies! Dear babies
I'm the last gangster left, it's so crazy
It's impostors, it's no shocker
If that shit come in a can it ain't lobster
If that boy come with a guard he ain't a mobster
But I am, I ride hard
And fly too high for the SkyCam
Club to the Benz to the telly short time span

Short dude... big moves
Window stretch floor to the ceiling, big view
Real suite all a treat to a visual
All this from bein a street individual
I ain't the richest nigga, who am I to kid you?
But I'll set the standard for G, that they live to
Listen boo, I ain't tryin to kid you (nah)
I'll tell you what it do and what it did do
And then tell you what you gon' do
Hit this drink and blunt right in front of you
Better hope I don't front on you
Real boss, I can do what I wanna do