

Green Piece Of Paper

Styles P

It's a lot of pain (a lot of pain)
You learn to live with it though (know'msayin)
Things we do

Hungry, starvin in beast mode
Live by the street code, where niggaz take your shit like the repo
The boys'll sell crack, to your mother if you're good (damn)
So-called brother in the hood (brother)
Lord help us (Lord help) you gotta know we possessed (y'know)
I guess it's the stress that make us a hot mess
It's somethin on the chest cause none of my niggaz rest (none of them)
Graveyard shift; my guns with the laser spit
'Til you're hit, all the tissue come off (off)
Nobody go to church but they hustle to get across
Who am I to argue or fight or bicker (who am I)
When, I could see my demon in the cup of the liquor
Reflection, my section, shit's gettin thicker (shit's thick)
Cause love don't mix with the liquor - you should know that
Gun, knife or bat I'm yellin out hold that
Twenty, fifties or hundreds, you know I'm tryin to fold that

I live my whole life for a green piece of paper (five)
Did some trife shit, for a green piece of paper (ten)
Did some hype shit, for a green piece of paper (twenty)
A green piece of paper (fifty) a green piece of paper (a hundred)

In the game for mad years, paid a whole lot of dues in it
Never bite the hand that feeds you (never) but the rules is different
When the hand that feeds you ain't got food in it (what do you do then?)
Room full of scholars, bet you it's a fool in it (I bet you!)
Yeah, I learn my wisdom from the wise (whattup)
But then I learned livin from the lies (salute)
Both drop the same jewel boy, better get it it's your time (no it ain't)
But nope I say it's God time
I'm just a maker of hard rhymes, due to the hard times
Skin's real thick, you could look at the scar lines
Sometimes in my mind, I be still on the yard time
Hittin the bar time; crunches to the push-ups to the dips (yeah)
But real niggaz push up with the clips (that's what it is)
My niggaz is raw, you heard right, no cook up in this bitch (no cook up)
Let it go you better duck, don't look up in this bitch (don't look up)
We came to body somethin, we ain't shook up in this bitch (we ain't shook)

I did some trife shit, and hype shit (yeah)
On the grind every night that's why I don't write shit (why I don't write)
Used to go hand-to-hand, rob niggaz man-to-man
Hoppin out the hoopty or the van cause I ain't have a plan (I ain't have a Plan)
Now I did a lot of shit, for a green piece of paper (a lot of shit)
I formed my teams, I was on the scene thinkin major
Before a e-mail I served fiends off the pager
Gettin high, dreamin 'bout a green piece of paper