

## Rude Boy Hip Hop

Styles P

That 187 when the ghost on spree  
I like the toy rappers run for cover tonight  
It's 187 when the lights on spree  
It's that rude boy hip hop, New York shit that you like

Vocals out of the windpipe is giving you insight  
Real New York nigga, that's word to the pin stripes  
Can't fly the kite 'less the wind right  
Blow the city up then skip on that Jeremy Lim light  
Yeah, I'm a shooter like Glen Rice  
Long range and the Range the color of corn  
Watching the Bull game  
Like bird in the garden with the leprechauns  
Everything is money, upper echelon  
Cheaper than the food in a Chinese restaurant  
On the corner in the hood  
They come to body a man, you'd warn them if you could  
If you can't you body them niggas and leave 'em in the woods  
Faith before favor, lighten our senses since Scarface here  
Niggas will kill your family for Scarface bread  
I'm on suicide dough, SP, the ghost on coast with no strap flow  
What up

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Lyricist, the weed is the therapist, the therapy  
'Cause my pedigree is higher than yours will ever be  
Devil got kicked out of heaven because of jealousy  
Balls is like mental telepathy with melody  
Niggas can't measure my wave length  
Playing Max B when I'm pounding the pavement  
You should get paid off the shit you engaged in  
Fresh every day like the shit's an occasion  
Tell my son to do what I say, don't do what I do  
Did shit I shouldn't have done for a dollar or two  
And you'll always be the leader, never follow the crew  
Study today then peep what tomorrow could do  
And you keep your ears open for wise words  
The bird's the only animal that's meant to fly first  
'Cause you crawl before you walk and you walk before you run  
And you fly around the world and you shine like you the sun

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