

Sour

Styles P

Sour, sour, sour, sour, sour-
sour (This that "drink up with it", and I can't smoke it less it)
(You drop the hits, they gon' get, soon as you get rich, they gon' be
)
Yeah, they gon' hate when you get power
They gon' be sour, they gon' be sour

Opposite of sweet, hottest in the street
I rep that purple haze, not that sour D
I rep that L-O-X, that's a power three
When you gettin' money, (that's just how cowards be)
New crib, new ice, new car, hatin' niggas start gettin' S-O-U-R
You can act like you ain't but you know you are
But there's nothing you can do cause we just go too hard
From the booth to the block, you get robbed, you get shot
That's the feeling that you usually have after gettin' got
Turn it into rock, or just leave it powder
If that haze is all gone, fuck it, roll a lil'

Ay, make the ham in a hour, bake it up, where is flour?
Stack that money tall, tower, nigga play, make it shower
I don't give no fuck bout no coward, ain't no "i" in "team", I'm talk
ing "our"
Nigga, call my team, we in Ralph, I don't give a fuck if you in Okina
wa
Well prepared for that slime though, I go ham though, I'ont eat swine
though
I take vitamins, I keep iron on me, guarantee I keep more than slime
on me
(Early morning, drink cold coffee, patron and lime, shake the haters
off me)
I ain't jump off the porch, I lived in these streets
And beast on these beats, a beast in these streets
Real as fuck, how could you hate my guts?
I was just waiting, I knew you hate my guts
Straighten your face when I walked in the place
You make it obvious that you ain't proud of us
AlFB, we global, don't even come around if we don't know you
Ever since we been in power, these pussy niggas been sour

Need a six-month, run with the Mexicans
I don't touch the haze if the sour's on deck again
'Nother six-month, run with the Colombians
L-O-X concern is which, house to put the money in
Half a stack of them indoors, half a stack of them outdoors
Ride around in them Benzos, fuck it, nigga, we outlaws
And I ain't even mad if you mad at me
You came, on some sour shit, I came with a strategy
I ain't out to get swag money, but I'm into that hard money
Think about all my yard niggas, bathtub, now that's car money
I blow a lil' haze on the appetize'
But you knowin' what I'm lightin' if I have to fly