

Street Shit

Styles P

Where my hood at?
Where them red and blue flags, where that good at?
Somebody tell them hood rats to come up front
And let the club know I'ma smoke my blunt

(Ghost!) Money green, weed green, hood black, heart black
And never let 'em see where you live, where you park at
Never let 'em know how you get it just squash that
Never let the beef ride long, go squash that
You can shoot it out, or go and peace it up
If we was in jail I would make you give your sneakers up
Cause I'm a loyalist, and I spray shit
The 44 make niggaz look like crawfish
Cause you seafood, so go on sleep with 'em
I don't trust no niggaz, I don't eat with 'em
Matter fact, I'ma keep it street with 'em
I don't like his style, I don't even speak with him
I keep it G from the get-go
Real go-getter, and I let my shit blow
You don't wanna get your shit broke
I got the hawk, you don't wanna get your shit broke

Where my hood at?
Where them red and blue flags, where that good at?
Where them vanillas? Where that sticky?
Where my right hand man with the blicky?
Somebody tell them hood rats to come up front
And let the club know I'ma smoke my blunt
Bitch!! This ain't Gucci, this ain't Prada
This street shit I'm fuckin with them niggaz say "nada"

Hey yo it's never gon' be another
Shocked the world with the half face gorilla cover
Clip on top of each other, now e'rybody wanna listen to the G
Funny I'm on the plane watchin "Get Him to the Greek"
Twenty thousand when I land just to listen when I speak
Bully, he in my will somewhere, he like to eat
"I Get High," high like P's song (AYYYYY!)
That's why my shades on, used to be in love with Nia Long
Donny ain't around now I'll talk 'bout Viet Cong
That's means more bitches more haters on my song
But I don't go back and forth, me no ping-pong
Donny at your door like Avon, DING-DONG!
Yeah, me and my E hawk
Pop them things off on your block then later we pop klikko
Hah! Amazing ain't it?
If you can paint a bigger picture, well go 'head and pain it
Geyeah

Geyeah, bang like them white boys in mosh pits
Hach-too spit on your favorite rapper, he's not shit
... My catalogue is colossus
Blunt for the prelude, one for the process
Perform with a swarm of fully loaded objects
Make it clearer than Podus ring
I'm reachin for my phone cause I hear it before it ring
I'm reachin for my gun cause I hear it before it ring

... In the hood, I'm a muse
Phantom that's verbal, demolition in the booth
Slicker than the oil that you get at the masseuse
Chrome thing with the conehead in the goose
Addin in the Coupe, subtractin what I shoot
Get in with a axe and some matches and a noose
You have no idea, on the havoc I produce
'til it's way too late, the brain matter's on your shoes

Geyeah