

Super Gangster

Styles P

I.V. this shit is hot like the old jail music
I might as well go in

I'm a super gangster, G'd up extra
Stretch you out plus the nigga you're next ta
Weeded up, liquored out
On a crate real late, four-fifth is out
I'll let you know if it's a drought or them bricks is out
The Dominicans got 'em but the Columbians shipped 'em out
Know the big time hustlers, all of the drug smugglers
3-Card Molly niggaz, crooked card shufflers
Even though the O's on the hoes stroll
Ex-baseheads that got a job, now they got 'em the Soul Glo
Know all of the stick-up kids, dice shooters
Old school niggaz that chill and light buddha
Niggaz that cop cars and throw work in the engine
Boys that do nothin but buy sneakers and denim
I know niggaz that get drunk at the bar
And the young boys who keep the handgun and the pump in the car

Up in the hood, it's a lot of gangs and gangsters
But I'm a super gangster
I super grind, I'm tryin to get super paper
Told you I'm a super gangster

Kick it with the O.G.'s and the parolees
Light a blunt with 'em, tell 'em put out a stogie
The young boys that'll kill yo' ass over a Roley
Maybe even a Fossil; them niggaz is hostile
Some hoe-ass bitches that bag crack
threwed up in they ass crack, leave with they bags packed
Go where you tell 'em to go
The O.G. number man who sniff a little blow off the federal note
The white boy that'll sell you a boat
Get your papers cleared up, old church lady that'll tell you it's hop
e
The politician that'll tell you to vote
And my jail niggaz that always get it in, with a sock and the soap
What!

I'm a super gangster, I fly off haze
I'm invisible, nobody ain't seen me in days
I'll crush every bone in you, I ain't get paid
Got a gun with a laser that shoot out grenades
I'm a super gangster, better ask the hood
All I need is some gloves and a mask, I'm good
I'll rob everything I could, anytime I can
Is S.P. the super gangster? Yes I am