

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 hope
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