

The MC

Styles P

Kings lose crowns, teachers stay intelligent
That's what KRS said
The Ghost nigga, time is money
Double R, D-Block
Poobs let's go

If it's beef better move on nigga, or get shot in the head
Or trucked over by the UConn nigga (trucked over)
Touch me, lose two arms, nigga you might think you hot
You dead wrong, you just lukewarm nigga
I'm colder than the ice in the freezer
Butcher knife slice and you seize up
44 blunts, I got a right to amnesia
Late night I'm pipin a diva
All my niggaz hyper and eager
In case I miss the hit the sniper'll leave ya
This case it's better to give than be the receiver
In the M-6 blowin the weed up
Comin through the hood makin sure that it's G'd up
I'ma I'ma hustler, you know that I read up
My rap is like coke, so my shit stay ki'd up
Y'all lil' niggaz new to the slums
I'm from the spot where the dope move faster than the cougar'll
run
Come through with a chip, 22 in the bun
Ask the streets who can spit an iller fluid than son
Sheeit, nobody right? (Nobody)
Kill you, you a nigga nobody like
Fuck with me if you lookin for the rowdy type
I get it buzzin with cousin
Six dozen bullets skippin in the Audi right
This is Styles nigga, I keep it comin like gunshots
And you ain't said nuttin in the wild nigga
You ain't said nuttin, what? Motherfucker
Time is money nigga, that's all I'ma say
Poobs we fuckin out, see you at the finish line