

Uhh-Ohh

Styles P

Master of Ceremonies in the building
Aiiyo Poobz, roll a whole zip up
Yo Louch get like four bottles of Courvoisier
Tell the soldiers bring like a hundred guns
D-Block, forever, BITCH! Ha ha ha ha ha

Say you gettin money but you not like me
I heard your lil' raps but you're not S.P.
Close your fuckin mouth when you next to a G
The Glock 500 but these bullets come free
The money make the world go 'round, plus vertical
From no car to a luxury convertible
Niggaz that had love, now wanna murder you
I be spazzin, blitzin like All Madden
Me and this pretty honey sharin the orgasm
I'm on the 'gnac and shorty on the merlot
Fur coat, to the homey on the furlough
Drivin to Myrtle Beach, slower than a turtle
65 there then, 65 back
You can get a million dollars off of 65 stacks
We neither here - we neither there
but if the car smell like smoke then niggaz'll freeze the air
Spray the ozium, still break bread
with niggaz that move opium and still racketeer
Huntin for money so run like a pack of deer
If you ain't hand me clear that's why I'm clappin at'cha ear

Three guns on the set - which one you wanna hear?
Got that paper on deck - throw that money in the air
When I pull up in the front - all these niggaz do is stare
I'm a dream to these women - but these niggaz nightmare (Uh-ohh!)
(You say you gettin money but you not like me)
(I heard your lil' raps but you not S.P.)
(So close your fuckin mouth when you next to a G)
(Glock 500 but these bullets come free) (Uh-ohh!)

The hardest out just got cockier (ha ha!)
Tell these rap niggaz 'round they lil' posse up
The cars got bigger, and the jewels got rockier
But the Ghost move just like the mafia
You wanna know what I'm talkin 'bout?
Knockin I ain't home then go to my other house (get it?)
My moms ain't home then go to her other house
Real 'til I go to my father and lil' brother's house
That's up in heaven nigga
God forgive me for robberies, never was a beggin nigga
Put thirty holes in you fuckin with a 7 nigga
You work for anybody that rap - whatever nigga!
And I mean it, with no clique or no crew
Bring the steam to you like the cleaners
And I press you, and let you air dry
And it's a wrap my nigga, that's your air time

I live to see my young son turn into my older son
Smokin weed, countin money with a loaded gun
Never thought the platinum era's better than the golden one
(NEVER) These niggaz gon' see when the soliders come

Titanium raps, lyrically lap niggaz
To tell the truth, none of us is on the same track
You just came to the park, I'm runnin cross country
like the Africans the ones that don't be stoppin when it's dark
I'm just tryin to break the strip, you just tryin to clear the park
You the arms, I'm the brain and the soul and the heart
These them over your head bars
Live nigga killin you dead broads