

# Creep City (feat. Sheek Louch)

## Styles P

I'm a G about mine, while most holdin' the 9s  
Niggas crossin' the line, I'm a leave it right in their spine  
I regulate on these herbs, I'm sick in it with the words  
I pitch on these curbs, I'm Iron Mike with the birds  
Hold up! Not enough manical, golden cross, Sabathical  
Black hoodie, black pimp, here we're nukin' 'em radical  
Fuck around with them boys, I'm sittin' low with them toys  
Diamonds on my wrist piece, fifty somethin' in royalties  
Silver back of the rat and front in back of the trap  
And front and back of the trap, forever clappin' the Mac  
I done seen niggas get shot, I'dda bagged up in the spot  
I don't ran when it got hot, I don't slept on that cock  
Been gettin' money, imagine what I'm bout to do  
You a bitch, name a hood that will vouch for you  
Get popped up, find yo ass chopped in two. Let's go!

I'd rather be a have than a have not  
There's a lot of shit that I'd rather not have  
Drama, being a nigga that the shot blast  
Hustlin', bein' a nigga that the cops pass  
Smokin', sayn to myself this will not last  
Lookin' at the bottle with pills, drop the pop half  
I put a bullet in yo body, in the top half  
You's a funny ass nigga, I did not laugh  
Blood shed, tears fall, fuck the hero is the villain that we cheer for  
Family money and weed the things that I care for  
And it hauls the war, that I'm prepared for  
Cold heart, black soul, I ain't got to be drunk to whyle and let the gat go  
Lirically, I'm on a whole 'nother plat, so  
Talkin' to the holy ghost, but we ain't in the chapel  
(Imagine what I'm bout to do)  
(You a bitch, name a hood that will vouch for you)  
(You get popped up, find yo ass chopped in two)  
We'll kill you, that's what D Block will do  
(Been gettin' money, imagine what I'm bout to do)  
(You a bitch, name a hood that will vouch for you)  
We'll kill you, that's what D Block will do  
Niggas land and the hammer's off  
Givin' cocaine out like Santa Claus  
The fan I'm playn, Diana Ross

From my hood, where niggas tell you to handle yours  
You don't wanna be the one that they light the candle for  
Hit 'em in the face, broad daylight, Channel 4  
Go scientific, think it as not typical  
Hold then a nickle, play to killin' is not difficult  
Gettin' money, imagine what I'm bout to do  
We from D Block, I'll lay a nigga out for you  
I'm wolf, saw some what the Alfa do  
Cut guts out, even chop a scalp or two  
(Imagine what I'm bout to do)  
(You a bitch, name a hood that will vouch for you)  
(You get popped up, find yo ass chopped in two)  
We'll kill you, that's what D Block will do  
(Been gettin' money, imagine what I'm bout to do)  
(You a bitch, name a hood that will vouch for you)  
We'll kill you, that's what D Block will do  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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