

G Joint

Styles P

Man I rock the fuck out, though
I don't know about everyone else

Whatever we don't make, we gon' take motherfucker
Get this straight and fix yo' face
I ain't got to sell millions, I'm in the buildings
Where papi comin' through with them bricks by 8
Listen cocksucker and clown, I'll be leavin' you cut
You're like a dutch, how I'm bustin' you down
Niggas drivin' in a circle wit cha hoe in the back
'll be the only damn way I be fuckin' around
And I'm aimin' for your waist, hopin' you duck
So I can bust you in the head when I'm buckin' the pound
And I told you that I'm Holiday Styles, let's celebrate
Heard you gettin' money, I'll rob you right now
And you gon' get popped in the head, true story
Crips do they thing in blue gloves, pop off some red
Me, I'm on the move only stopping for bread
Double R and D-Block nigga, copper and lead, what up

Stay in the zone

I don't know why the fuck you amped yo
Got hoodrat bitches, carryin' birds on the public transpo'
Niggas in the hoods that go out like Rambo
They hot since 138th had that canceled
Young buck, dumb fuck
I'm two guns up, "Ryde or Die" 'til the sun's up
"Gangsta and a Gentleman" dog, I got class
I'ma send a bunch a roses to your men in the morgue
I'll be down South bendin' a whore, ten in the morn'
Dirty on 85 like Jay, Barnes, Sean Paul
Beef with New York rappers, I'm killin' 'em all
On my Slick Rick shit, y'all could "Lick the Balls"
I been cool cause these niggas is ass, but fuck that
Might as well call me pool cause I'm gettin' splashed
And that Lamborghini liftin' the stash, even gettin' the mass
While some haze to mix with the hash, what up

Pass that blunt nigga!

I'm in the hood where the eggs get knocked off
Gang members find they family members with both of they legs chopped off
Niggas ain't scrappin', they bangin' ya
The judge don't need a tree branch when they hangin' ya
All y'all fags'll get ate like clams
Since this is a "Bloodsport" bitch, you could call me J Van Damme
All these so called guerrillas be tellin'
How a rat gon' give you "Thoughts of a Predicate Felon," motherfucker
Homey what you want, the blade or the slug
I'm the one that send the order when they sprayed up the club
Bitch nigga, bow your head in the presence of G's
Load the lead up and squeeze, I'm a great dane, niggas is fleas
Fuckin' rats cant wait to call cops
'Til I make 'em sick and put pellets in they mouth like cough drops
J-Hood bitch, my name ring in the ghetto
Cause I'm O.G. and I play the streets like a cello

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written by WETTON, JOHN KENNETH/DOWNES, GEOFF/STYLES, DAVID/MARCELLINO GERALD

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