

# 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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