Street Shit

Styles P

Where my hood at?
Where them red and blue flags, where that good at?
Somebody tell them hood rats to come up front
And let the club know I'ma smoke my blunt, Ghost
Money green, weed green, hood black, heart black
And never let 'em see where you live, where you park at
Never let 'em know how you get it just squash that
Never let the beef ride long, go squash that
You can shoot it out or go and peace it up
If we was in jail I would make you give your sneakers up
'Cause I'm a loyalist and I spray shit
44 make niggaz look like crawfish
'Cause you seafood, so go on sleep with 'em
I don't trust no niggaz, I don't eat with 'em
Matter fact, I'ma keep it street with 'em
I don't like his style, I don't even speak with him
I keep it G from the get-go
Real go-getter and I let my shit blow
You don't wanna get your shit broke
I got the hawk, you don't wanna get your shit broke
Yeah, uh, where my hood at?
Where them red and blue flags, where that good at?
Where them vanillas? Where that sticky?
Where my right hand man with the blicky?
Somebody tell them hood rats to come up front
And let the club know I'ma smoke my blunt
Bitch, this ain't Gucci, this ain't Prada
This street shit I'm fuckin' with them niggaz say "Nada"
Geyeah
Hey yo, it's never gon' be another
Shocked the world with the half face gorilla cover
Clip on top of each other, now e'rybody wanna listen to the Sheek
Funny I'm on the plane watchin', 'Get Him to the Greek'
Twenty thousand when I land just to listen when I speak
Bully, he in my will somewhere, he like to eat
'I Get High' high like P's song
That's why my shades on, used to be in love with Nia Long
Donny ain't around now I'll talk 'bout Viet Cong

That's means more bitches more haters on my song

But I don't go back and forth, me no ping-pong
Donny at your door like Avon, ding dong
Yeah, me and my E hawk
Pop them things off on your block then later we pop klikko
Hah, amazing ain't it?
If you can paint a bigger picture, well go 'head and pain it
Yeah, uh, where my hood at?
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Geyeah
Bang like them white boys in mosh pits
Hach-too spit on your favorite rapper, he's not shit
My catalogue is colossus
Blunt for the prelude, one for the process
Perform with a swarm of fully loaded objects
Make it clearer than Podus ring
I'm reachin' for my phone 'cause I hear it before it ring
I'm reachin' for my gun 'cause I hear it before it ring
In the hood, I'm a muse
Phantom that's verbal, demolition in the booth
Slicker than the oil that you get at the masseuse
Chrome thing with the conehead in the goose
Addin' in the coupe, subtractin' what I shoot
Get in with a axe and some matches and a noose
You have no idea on the havoc I produce
'Til it's way too late the brain matter's on your shoes
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