

G-joint

Styles P

Yo, I rock the fuck out
I don't know 'bout everyone else
Whatever we don't make, we gonna take, motherfucker
Get this straight and fix your face
I ain't gotta sell millions, I'm in the buildings
With poppy comin' through with them bricks by eight
Listen cocksucker and clown, I'll be leaving you cut
You're like a dutch hound, bustin' ya down
Niggaz driving in a circle wit your hoe in the back
Be the only damn way I'll be fuckin' around
And I'm aiming for yo waist, hopin' you duck
So I can bust you in the head when I'm buckin' tha 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
Whaddup?
Stay in the zone
I don't know why the fuck you amped, yo
Got hoodrat bitches carryin' birds on the public transpo
Niggaz in the hood that go out like Rambo
They hot since 138th had that [unverified]
Young Buck, dumb fuck
Two Gunz up, ride or die 'til the sun's up
Gangsta and a gentleman, dawg
I got class, I'ma send a bunch a roses to your men in tha morgue
I'll be down south bendin' a whore, pretendin' I'm on
Thirty on eighty-five like Jay Barnes, Sean Paul
Beef wit New York rappers, I'm killin' 'em all
On my Slick Rick shit, y'all could lick the balls
I been cool 'coz niggaz is asthma
Fuck that, might as well call me pool 'coz I'm gettin' splashed
And that Lamborghini liftin' the stash
Even gettin' the mass while some haze be mixed wit the hash
Whaddup?
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

Niggaz 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

This is a blood sport bitch, you could call me J Van Dam

All these so called 'Guerrillas' be tellin'

I'ma rag on these Thoughts of a Predicate Felon, motherfucker

Homie, 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, niggaz is fleas

Fuckin' rats can't wait to call cops

'Til I make 'em sick and put pellets in they mouth like cough drops

J-Hood bitch, my name rang in the ghetto

'Coz I'm O.G. and I play the streetz like a cello

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