

5 Star General

Styles P

Idol

You know
Some of y'all niggas is working on 3 stripes and all that
I'm working with 5 stars, bitch
Niggas see me and salute
What do they do when they see you?
Ask yourself

This is for the nigga that decided to move weight
Got knocked, now he rhyming on the gate
Shit, you know the slum of snitches hung up decided the nigga's fate

He a 5 star general, salute him
Cops wanna lock him up, niggas wanna shoot him
If you on his block, then he think you intruding
Knife fight, gun fight, fuck it, he a hoodlum
You don't think he do it, then I bet you he gon' prove it
Gun, he gon' shoot it
Coke, he gon' move it
Fuck with his man or his fam, he gon' lose it
Sitting in his whip, lighting cheese, just knocking his own music
You know the game, if you got a little ghetto in you
Tryna get cash, and them niggas'll put the metal in you
Shit
You could say I'm befriending you
Tryna give you the scoop on the 5 star general

1 star
2 star
3 star
4 star
5 star general
5 star general
Go hard
Grind hard
Born hard
Bred hard
5 star general
5 star general

He be in the slums, toting on the guns
Him and his man talk about a 10 year run
He been in fist fights, knife fights, and gun fights
Niggas in the hood know the nigga to get his 1's right
He go to jail, don't rat, hold his tongue tight
He get jumped, stand tall, throw his [?]
Come back, one deep, book bag with 6 heaters
5 star general, salute him tall
He got too much beef, so his roof ain't off
But he always in the car with the stash box
Half legal money, other half from the crack spot
If he ain't dolo, then he chill with the have-not
Strange
None of them is in the range, but none of them is a bad shot
Come from a block where it's mad hot, mad cops
Shoot your whole team, and the coach, and the mascot

Smack you with a sock and a padlock, nigga

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Who wanna come fuck with the general?
Bullets up the middle, knock 'em out the box just like the center do
You won't even talk in your interview
I'm 'a knock your teeth out your mouth when you interview
I don't like your album, not even the interludes
Good credit, hood credit, nigga, I been approved
Beat you with the chain off your bike or the inner tube
Shit
Or it might be the handle, nigga
What you could handle, nigga
Move, or make the news
Probably every channel, nigga
We could go to war today
Got the Emily Rose, [?] swing your head around all the way
Hell no, it ain't a exorcism
Put his face on the floor
If he get lonely, then his chest get with him
I'm a 5 star
At least he could say the best just did him
'Cause niggas know I'm live and I die hard
A1 criminal
General
Count all 5 stars

1 star
2 star
3 star
4 star
5 star general
5 star general
Go hard
Grind hard
Born hard
Bred hard
5 star general
5 star general