

Back on My New Shit

Styles P

Yeah
D-Block
Double R
You know what time it is
We ain't fuckin talkin too much this year
Fuck niggas

Back on my new shit, ruthless
Imma keep it live you can die if you useless
I'm stealin and boostin, robbin and shootin
Coming through the block with a truck full of hoodlums
Bricks still movin, dice still rollin
We can shoot five cause my hand game is golden
Best that ever did it with hard bars
If you think not then you can eat a dick like a Mars bar
SP the dog that'll walk you to Allah
Cause your bars just ain't up to par pa
Big truck, big stand, coupe in the cut
I don't let the hood see it til I loosen it up
700 horsepower 200 easy
I can watch time fly why watch tv
They wonder why I talk so breezy
My brain produce the thoughts so greasy

Whatever is mine
I'll get it in time
It's alright with me
Your place may be worth more than mine
But Just like me

My gun need work, who lookin for a death sale?
Threw away the chirp cause the feds own nextel
Chanel shades, first class, probably on my 10th L
Touchdown, 10 more, my rap style excels
Nice like Frank Wizza, rap style sharp as a jail shank
You can feel the blade if you ain't with us
In case you ain't get it all, my nigga Frank Wizza is Biggie Smalls
D-block larger than city hall
I don't need your vote though, hold the tre-ocho
Dope by the boatload picked up by the popo
Play me, you can find out where the smoke go
You can disappear into thin air
My man got a tank full of sharks, hope you came with the swimgear
Or you can fill a pot full of acid
Legs and his body and his top's white plastic
His head's like a knockout blasted

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When the knife hit, a 9 mil kick, I'm that scary
I get you touched like a sidekick or blackberry
I'm just hoping you get the message
You saying you got a gun ain't really giving the effort

Go ahead and fuck with me I'm really getting the desert
Already know you're food go ahead and give me a beverage
Might be kinda short but I bet you I get the leverage
Hit yo ass up and I bet you you gon' hemorrhage
Go ahead and make the tease I bet you he gon' perish
If I don't shoot him up then I throw him off the terrace
Really wanna urine on him
But he's too far down so I put it in a cup and go pour it on him
Hit him with the blade from the carpenter
Always stay on point like a pencil in the sharpener
You know that the phantom is back
You gon have to give me bread to get your family back nigga

Whatever is mine
I'll get it in time
It's alright with me
Your place may be worth more than mine
But Just like me
Yeah
Just like me
Oh, just like me
Yeah