

# Blam, Blam, Blam

Styles P

Yeah  
L-O-X  
I got 'em  
Machine, baby

Look  
Word to the coke that in my shooter nose (Sniff)  
Beluga 2.0s in the coupe I drove  
On the stoop in the cold movin' stupid O's  
Whip the fish before it even dried, deuce was sold  
Take a half, produce a whole when I use the stove  
Went from trappin' in Pelle jackets to rockin' Gucci clothes  
That's why when you see me I'm with a group of hoes  
Bad bitches that look like Karrueche, I'm used to those  
Bal Harbor shoppin', my pockets do be swole  
Cuban's gold  
Put my knife in your body, remove your soul  
Use your homie shirt to wipe my knife off  
His blood splattered on my Kev Montclair, I stabbed him twice more  
The f\*ck I'm takin' your advice for?  
When they cut mama lights off, I started sellin' white soft  
It's ironic the nigga they tried to write off was takin' the league by storm  
, I'm kinda like Mars  
Wake up in the mornin' to a blunted sour  
Then I'm up in lust, I'm makin' money shower  
You got money and respect, then you got f\*ckin' power  
I'm rich but I clap a nigga over a hundred dollars

Where I'm from, you keep the hammer tucked  
Niggas is foul, f\*ck around and get your nana bucked  
Grimy niggas'll stick Santa though  
Kill Rudolph, then eat 'em, you couldn't manage us  
Why you think niggas is comatose?  
Homie gave the other homie mama bag, now he got mad  
Gotta kill 'em with the mag 'cause she overdosed  
If I gotta box, it's the 52 or the rope-a-dope  
Stuntin' in the drop  
Plottin' on the lot I could build on  
Cross me I'ma rock a nigga knot  
I ain't thinkin' like your average nigga  
I got carats off of carrots sellin' juice  
Peaceful yet a savage nigga  
You could lie about Cartel ties  
Well I'm the type of guy to leave the Cartel tired

Get the match and the gas, watch the Cartel dive  
I'll catch 'em slippin' in the gym and let a barbell fly  
Break his face with a plate like the ghost of Charlie Murphy  
But I'm the real ghost, you ain't no Charlie Murphy  
Not in the comedic way  
I'm the one who make Paul and Peter pay  
9 millimeter spray

What you know about the trap bein' slow 'cause the grams bad?  
But the plug want his dough so you pay for your man half (I'll take care of that)  
.44 Bulldog makin' your pants sag

I swim the swamp with a gator, I made it a handbag  
They tell me I'm how hope look  
Them pots had to slow cook  
Stack of paper on my kitchen table look like notebooks  
Two shooters with you? We know them niggas, they both puss  
Roll through and I let this toast cook like Rosewood  
Black Soprano family, I probably should make the movie  
Pray over a brick while I'm slidin' a razor through 'em  
Back to back trips now I got my bitch draped in Lou  
I'm known for rock and a guitar like David Bowie  
Yeah, I went against the FBI and crooked judges  
When rappers start losin' limbs you know the Butcher comin'  
Y'all still gassed off my rookie numbers  
This the kid that's from a block that did Westside Gunn hoodie numbers  
Uh, I grew to be a hustler but I ran with thieves (But I ran with thieves)  
You steal from the gang, I bet your hands'll bleed  
I met in a plug in the feds who used to hand me ki's  
We was like Donovan McNabb and Andy Reid  
Take me to your trap, I outta draft the plate  
I f\*ck around and put my signature on a bag of H  
Y'all niggas usin' 12 12's and call it stackin' cake  
When my niggas bag up, we usin' garbage bags and tape  
Let's go, agh