

Bring It In

Styles P

We gon light up some sour to this one Fortes, zone the f*ck out
ya know? Shit real...

No matter the weather it's always cold

If you wanted to be there, you should've rode, now whoever's a rat
shouldn't of told, but you hop off the porch and put a foot
in the Rolls, it's members only, in the members only, brown leather
jacket like I'm Jon Voit, but I would never rat on a convoy, I'ma die a
gangster and I'ma bring my mom's joy, inhale again when the headspin,
Ghost float, I probably spoken to dead men, I played Redman then seen
red men, laying on the ground after niggas done let the lead spin, the
toasters in the safe you put the bread in, fact, it's always a rat that
let the feds in, that's why I always light weed with my brethren, if
you got smoke well go head bring the meds in

If you got it bring it in

f*ck them bottles if it's finished then roll again

Come with models, tell the models to roll with friends

That's the motto, only smokers can bring it in

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Here's why I'm willing to bounce, the devil don't just knock at
my door cause he lives in my house, my bars spoke to me, not the
bars that I write I'm talking about the bars that the doctor wrote
for me, only a few people left got hope for me, and I got this new
diesel that ya'll gotta smoke for me, they call me 40 they don't ask
me for a gram, we some mothaf*ckin wolves, ya'll are sacrificial
lambs, you fraternize with people that you got nothing in common
with, I'm just a hustler with a temper I just wanna flip, I'm at
Juices For Life, my whip is double parked, motto is love is love,
I need to sip a cup of bark, dip my joint in hash oil, put some
keef on it, rather give somebody money than give em some free
chronic, got a verse on the track and I made the beat on it, pound
like a pillow but I never sleep on it

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It's always profit to gain, they say water cleanse the soul but
I couldn't wash up the pain, think about the niggas that got t
he Glock at their brains or the homies in the cells that got lo
cked in the chains, or the fiends in the hood you know they're
popping their veins, and the pretty little girls that's only f*
cking for change, he a boy but he dress like a girl, this shit
is strange, on a level do God and the Devil have this arranged?

Am I insane or sane light a plane stay fly stay high and maint
ain, if you in the struggle you probably doing the same, but ne
ver sell your soul that shit ruins the game, thought of money a
nd fame when I use to ride on the train, then I got my money an
d niggas ride in a range, walking on the air how Jordan glide i
n the lane, yeah the sun don't shine my niggas ride in the rain

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