Different Shit

Styles P

I'm hustlin' tryna' get out of the city
And you tryin' hustle to get to me
I got plans, I can't get it on in the [?] jungle
And when I get it together my way, I'm going back home
To clean that open space, doin' my thing

Machine
Ghost
My nigga, I'm on some cool shit
'Cause I'm in the money, not in the bullpens
You should be into fuckin', not in the bullshit
Smokin' a balcony, daiquiris by the pool, kid
Splurge on the late night menu
I seal off the way, the thirty-eight might end you
No longer selling raw, I'm an entrepeneur
Take a good look, you ain't seen a monster before
Yeah, I'm real ghetto, you ain't been to Yonkers before
My young days was 2 guns up, blowing dumb haze
Real quick to shoot at a nigga, even on Sundays
Yeah, I changed, I ain't the same fella
Ask the wifey what she think about the Range, yella
We smokin' on the beach, drinkin' pain killers
You ain't a gain, I got guns but you [?] killers, nah
But a bodies nothing to brag about
I'm tryna' find my chi, you want the dragon out?
Nigga fuck yo' set, whatchu flag about?
Niggas is pussy so fuck it, I pull a Magnum out

Game is fact but some fiction in it
Slang with some diction in it
Peaceful but I hurt you, does that make me a hypocrite?
Liquor pour a fifth of it, leave all a splif of it
Always act the same, but I'm always on some different shit

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The joint lit, I got appointments
If you ain't talkin' about cash, then it's pointless
I got a itchin, gettin' moneys the ointment
Niggas get you shot in the face over a coin-flip
Couple a bucks ain't enough
Never on Front street, rather lay in the cut
Paddle shift cool but I'd rather play with the clutch
Silence is golden, never sing it enough
My mama told me to shoosh
No telling and no telling what I'm doin' to crooks
What I'm doing with books is getting information, yeah
Call the cleaner, fix the situation, yeah
When I rhyme its like a dissertation
Whether its vocal or verbal, the hood hoppin the hurdles
Shit hurt your heart when your homie is tryna burn you
Puttin' in work, the sweat soaked in your thermal

Give people my pain, never wrote in a journal
Maybe I outta do it, but maybe I'm talking through it
Every line when I rhyme, my nigga, recorder to it
Truth

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