Either, Or

Styles P

Where does it all start? Where does it all end? (where)
Show me a black hole, I'm gon' fall in (ha)
I'm gon' climb out, what is this rhyme bout (huh)
This is the space ghost, you see the signs now (you see the signs)
Speak with the demons, sing with the angels (sing)
Come with the trench coat, the pump gon' dangle (it's gon' dangle)
Tied to a shoe string, who need a mood ring (who needs)
I hit ya durag, your house, and your boo thing
I'm tryna calm down, that is my new thing (calm)
Chiefin' a lot, use the gun for a bong
When I hear an ill beat, it's like they rung the alarm (they rung the alarm)
It's the jungle little nigga, who's for Kong
Yeah 'cause it's worse than Godzilla as God-ghost (God-ghost)
Probably in the hooptie with a gun in the console (hey)
You don't wanna gamble with a man with a console (uh uh)
Bullets in his gun, I can pass em like Rondo
What nigga?!

You either with the shooters or the targets
You ether with the dumb or the smart shit
You either with the kind or the heartless
But nobody gives a shit, fill your cartridge
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You plannin' to stay cool or plannin' to take food (you plannin')
With the hammer and the cannon you plannin' to break rules (hey)
Known to keep it real even speakin' with fake dudes
Known to keep it still, not makin' no fake moves (na)
Study the mongoose, know what the snake do (I know)
I don't talk on the phone 'cause I know what the jake do (uh uh)
They put you in your place or they try to replace you (they try)

I like five star meals, I ain't f*ckin' with state food (nope)
First class flights, beaches, and great views (you see it)
Weed and liquor and great moods
Fresh off a shroom from Jesus (ha)
If you ever cross me, get hit with the trey deuce (get hit)
That's the law around here (that's the law)
They get it wholesale so it's raw around here (it's raw)
They liftin' up the doors around here (woo)
With that European shit with big fours around here
Ghost

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You don't wanna die and I don't wanna kill ya (uh uh)
You don't wanna get touched and i don't wanna feel ya (I don't wanna feel ya

)
You don't wanna talk shit 'cause I don't wanna hear ya (shh)
You don't wanna go bananas I don't wanna peel ya (peel ya)
It is and his gold fronts why you tryna roll blunts
All he saw was a shell from a gold pump (all he saw)
Chillin' with a that would grow skunk
Stayin' on the low, I am no dunce

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