

## Float

Styles P

Hardest nigga  
Slim  
G'd up  
Goes

Ignorant niggerish, holiday shootin at the cigarette  
While the shit is lit in yo mouth  
And you gotta be kiddin me nigga  
I'm like an Italy nigga  
On some mob shit, figure me out  
Can't stop me, I'm Luca Grassi  
From the book, not the picture though  
You ain't talkin me, I keep the nickeload  
The Kansas made for Nicolo and me too  
Lightin weed, this way green in the be soup  
Wronger than the oil from the tea tree  
Singin aloud, playing the Beegees, nigga take it easy  
And my new name is D Rock  
Hearts throwed back as if you so afraid to ease up  
I'm a genius and a retard  
Just the other day I stopped to piss onto these cars  
You sweet and your heart pump Kool Aid  
Block might take off yo top like it's a tope  
Proibly blowin booty, mixed with the sour  
Riff right now will get you clipped in a hour  
If it's corn that's 2, get hit with the 3-4 times 5 star  
General coming through (you the man!)  
Ask me to go since Scram Jones  
You don't want yo brains on yo man's phone  
You don't want my niggas and yo fam's on me  
Won't see shit like you caught up in a sandstorm

SS S be the deuce  
5 star general, you die if you try me  
Any nigga in the city murdered  
SS S be the deuce  
Wasn't me, I was smoking weed with his bodyguard  
Motherfuckin, this is beast music  
All these rappers is food, I feast to it