

I'm Home

Styles P

In your ear like a Q-tip
On it like a phone
Niggas talk that shit like I wasn't coming home
It wasn't about me
If it was I woulda aired y'all niggas out the same day that I got out
But just to talk slick
And make niggas sick, suck dick if you a nigga to doubt me
Yeah, let me talk slow with 'em
I don't get dough with 'em I collect four hit 'em
Nah, you ain't a hombre of mine
Surprised to see me hop out a Hyundai with nines
Hustle so hard in the hood so much that niggas call me up to remind me I rhy
me
Shit is haywire and you wanna play sides
When it's so much gunfire that niggas going blind
Nah, I don't feel you nigga
And it won't be long 'fore I peel you nigga

I don't wanna kill you
I just want you paralyzed
Fucking up your spine so you can take time to analyze
Wrong one to fuck with is P
You don't wanna duck, it's gonna hit your head and then touch your knee
Can't y'all see that we different kind of niggas
Y'all the rappers with cops, we the rappers with killers
Got to be under the ground to understand it
And I put you under the dirt when I shoot underhanded
Now I'm back on my grind like I'm fucked up
Truth is I'm coupé out, sedan'd out and trucked up
Yeah, and it's a lot of niggas mad at me
But I got knifework and they don't wanna stab at me
And I'm good with a pistol
Probably got the same one that that cop with you issued
I say what I do, and I do what I say
So when you hear me pop shit, bitch, it's official

New York city is grittiest
Y'all niggas wanna be the prettiest
Can't be serious
My attitude's the shittiest
Flow still hideous
Tryna make you bleed like a chick on her period
Had to switch my style up
Feds on my back had to switch my vials up
Niggas got my flow like I'm selling it
I don't know these niggas from a can of paint, this shit is irrelevant
Matter of fact I would call it inappropriate
You wasn't an associate
You ain't have a chair at the table when I was down in Chinatown getting opi
um
You ain't a gangster like me
A nigga owe cash you ain't fucking breaking ankles like me
Who am I?

Ghost or the G-Host, host of the G's
Nigga in the hood squeezing toast at the D's
New York I'm responsible for most of the P's