

# 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 couped 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  
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