

It's Over

Styles P

You gon get smashed and pulverized
So niggas know now you ain't bumpin' to sober guys; I'm over hi
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Tell Mayor Bloomberg sign the city over to me
And when he do it, make sure that it's notarized
Spray you with some mace bring you to a quiet place
Then beat you twenty minutes in ya face
No need to plead in ya case
Nah niggas, this ain't the court system
Let the three eight em', or the four fifth em'
So disciplined, lil' nigga you listenin
Came from New York but ya body was found in Michigan
After that I'm just fuckin ya lil sista and
Cookin bricks up in the kitchen and
Hit ya mom off with a little bit of grocery money
If you don't die over family, its supposed to be money
Natural causes is out of the question
When you breakin the law, every hour, every minute and second

Listen nigga you ain't got shit to bring
Less you wanna gargle on ya blood like its listerine
Felony niggas, have the lawyer break em down into misdermeanors
Used to run guns now a days I'm just shippin ninas
I could shoot you cocksuckers there ain't shit between us
Only say my name in a sense to a certain nigga
Big time hustlers, niggas just merkin niggas
Niggas think I'm under rated, I'm just under the radar
Til' I make a hundred thous. times a hundred baby
Until then, I'll be runnin crazy gunnin crazy ||FIG||
Listen close, and you probably hear the belly hunger
Old nina, old beamer, not the shelly's thunder