

# Kill That Faggot

Styles P

Liveson  
The ghost

All the weed smoke bustin' my lungs  
I'm in the whip, with the 8 dollar bottle only trustin' my gun  
You would think I was born in the pot, the way my blood boil  
Put ya' brain in the dirt, and call it thug soil  
Flow till ya' sick of me, what up?  
So if ya' Catholic get ya' Rosary, Muslims get ya' thicker beads  
Yeah that's a real thug  
I like to pray when I'm high, the weed is my shek, the blunt is my prayer ru  
g  
P ain't got a religion  
Yeah I believe in God, but I'm harder than the cops in the prison  
And I'm glad that the L.O.X. made it  
I'm in the parkin' lot, gun on my waist while I get intoxicated  
You would be surprised all the drugs that I operated  
Come through ya block, we got beef you cooperatin'  
Ghost cause' I'm outta this world  
And I don't play, I blow the large intestine right outta ya girl, what

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Kill that faggot (what?)  
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The Ghost got telepathy  
Shine in the dark side, disappear in the light, y'all want the recipe  
You think I'm sleepin'  
Dog this is Styles, if I'm lookin' in the sky I'm tryin' to find a cloud to  
creep in  
Come back when it rain again  
You could get my drift on, understand my science then I'ma spit the pain aga  
in  
You can't sing with' angels, you chat with' a demon  
I'm as loud as the gat that I'm squeezing, adapt for the heathens  
Told you I'm the lord of the slums  
Flow is water, words is fire, I order the guns  
It ain't nothing like the comin' of Christ  
You wanna roll and I'ma leave a hole you ain't numbin' with ice  
Yeah I'm a soldier dog  
Fuck around with Styles, you'll never get a colder war, guaranteed I'm foldi  
n' y'all  
Yeah I'ma tell you my name

You wouldn't understand, it's so deep that I'ma tell you my game, what

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I wanna kill the world and bouncin' is my remedy

P will go to war if I ain't got a ounce of energy

Die for my ace goons, live for the younger me

You could look in my eyes and see where the hunger be

Blood, sweat, and tears been dropped, dip ya bowl in it

But what make this shit bad, I put my soul in it

Fuck you, fuck them

Y'all ain't got honor, respect the customs

Niggas don't want me to flip, I don't stand still

Been made my decision, how I was livin'

A couple years ago when I learned how a few grand feel

It's my time to grind, my turn to burn

So I'm askin' where the matches at, and if you can't answer that

Then answer this, where the FUCK you want P to put the casket at?

What, mothafuckas

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