

M.C.

Styles P

Master of ceremonies

Most of the niggas don't even know what that means
That means I'm an MC nigga

For crying sake, live asleep, die awake
And I ain't tryna get fat I'll divide the cake
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, hide the eighths
And I'm tryna stay positive
But I wile out
And who am I to lie to fate?
But I ain't tryna ride the gates
Getting wise, while I'm institutionalised
Seen my man on the dancefloor boofin' them knives
Selling dope in the pen to send loot to their wives
You don't know the meaning of grinding
Street life, meet life with bad timing
We all was involved in criming
I went from dead broke
To going out wining and dining
European cars, jewellery shining
Clothes from the latest designers
Ready to bleed and take heat
Back then we was minors
Now I see life through a clear lens
Die for my dear friends
You can see the Benz from the rear end
Come through doing a buck suttin'
Fuck front and back niggas down
When I pull up and touch suttin'
End of a ten year run now
I don't wanna talk everybody get gunned down
Only count hundreds, I don't fuck with the ones now
That's a lie, count every dime
And shoot it out when the sun down
Nigga...

Yeah

Time is Money
Ghost is coming
I'm like the quiet before the storm nigga
I ain't gon' say much
Poobs we out