

Marie Antoinette

Styles P

Kill all of these rappers, nigga, it's too I'll
I am in the Matrix but never takin' the blue pill
From Son of Sam town
If they ain't got the ratchet get a hatchet or gas the car to run a m
an down
Not a camera but a hammer so run with the round
You don't stand there when they gunnin' a man down
Unless you the clown that came to catch the spare round
If you pull it then you know how a bullet through air sound
Sicker than sickin' a dog on a sick man
Shoot it out with all of these rappers, not have shit planned
Put five in the startin' five, six in the sixth man
Whoever come off of the bench is gettin' drenched
Beat his face to a dent like I was Raid or IP man
The Ghost back, this them old raps in a new me
But new me is older than the old me
Which would make the old me retarded, see your face and I blow heat
Ghost, nigga

Wanna meet up with the Reaper? I'll introduce you to him
Set me on a blind date once, I hit Medusa for 'em
Wise man can see that a peasant has a king in 'em
Dance with' the devil but never for you to sing with' 'em
Run with' a demon but never for you to cling to 'em
See the angle, all of the angels ain't got wings to 'em
Me? I go black when they challenge my G
I blow my soul out the challenge tryna balance my chi
Channel my rage or it's Animal P
Yeah, he plant-based but he could lead this room on a cannibal steez
You ain't fuckin' with the Phantom, you see
If you don't, 'cause I knocked your eyes out for your family to see,
yeah!

Wack rappers shouldn't be breathin', at least not a rhyme
Fuck about your set, my nigga, throw up a dollar sign
Five niggas, ten guns, right up in the Impala ride
Playin' Spotify, tryna spot a guy, then a shot'll fly
All twenty in them shits, yeah, it's homicide
You can get the picture, bitch, I ain't got to dramatize
I ain't take drama class, askin' where the at
Hash in it, askin' shit like, "where his baby momma at?"
My hood, it get terrible
And the wrong territory leads to a burial
Fucked up scenario
Back on that shit, loadin' up, yeah, here we go
Comin' through the strip, niggas skip, like, there they go
Air hose and everything we pack, we prepared to go war like it's over
seas
Kill 'em if it's over cheese or principles
You tried to violate what I oversee
Stick 'em like a with a hawk, watch 'em over-bleed