

# 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 man 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