

On The Double

Styles P

Gettin' mad high was a lowlife
Now I meet the connect, what is this lowlife?
When I get on the ride, know what the road like
I'm just tryna travel the world see what the globe like
If you getting knocked by the police, know what the code like
You dont ask for none, but a phone call
Fuckin with niggas that break your bones off
They gon' run up in the crib n' cut the phones off
It gets scary seeing the infrared
Gun sings a song n' you in the bed
It was an alibi, you was nullified
Im just tryna flow like a butterfly
Staying out the way run it up or you runnin' line
With them dumb niggas that are fool when it comes to time
But Ima buss it off when it come to mine

They know my body what type and time I'm on, yeah
Tryna send a shawty you get shot, dead n' gone, yeah
Playing by my back, I like my cash stripping phone, yeah
Got a deal which you won't be sitting out on warning
Just in black, load that piece
This ain't no cap, go to sleep

Tony!
Used to move work off the next town
While I receive a hustler, all I did was crack sales
I dont care about you [?]
40 at the jeweler, homie this is nut sales
Brown bag lifestyle, tryin go legit
Man fresh home, back ridin' with the stick
Trapped into 3 shooters, first round pick
All of them thirsty, they just tryna get a lick
Used to had a shawty on side of the back
100k under the mattress I slept on the bread
Connect stopped shipping, started driving instead
Had my 200 by Friday like Smokey n' Craig
Where I'm from you hustlers starve
And staying alive is like a fulltime job
Before you send me to hell, Ima send you to god
Playa reach out from the deck but still playin' my cards

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Nobody looking to die young
But its a few smart niggas that are looking to die dumb
Why you think that I'm high strung
In the M, thinking the M's letting the 5 run
6,7 and 8, niggas pushin' that weight
But they rat till police [?] they hit the gate
You're just a monkey my nigga, you're not a ape
You're just aight with your rhymes, you're not great
You said you G but you checkin' cities n' got a [?]

Me when I'm checking the cities I'm getting paid
Yeah, I get honour of respect you get the finger
Right when we done with the shit, you get the blame
I dont like the sympathy from you, get the grenade
Yeah I'm back on my holiday shit, hope its a faze
You should get a beat and a mic and get a maze
I am like a book my nigga, its just a page
Ghost!

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