

Privilege

Styles P

Lucky to know, you know
You got good genes boy

Let me get to it
Throwing a beat, say something slick to it
Find me a town to run bricks through it
You thinkin' coke? I'm thinkin' about bricks of stainless steal and o
pe
Fly shit that build me a new post
Maybe I high rise
Yeah, I rise high
Smoke right after I pray, I'm a bad guy
May the day go well
That's a long way from praying, may the yayo sell
Mama said I was a angel but the halo fell
Had fiends on line like it was AOL
Rap spooky, link dooky
Chick all on my dick and she ain't roofy
I marry love, you should carry on
Unless you puttin' work and I carry on
Hop off the plane, play the coupe and put barry on
You know the vibes
President of the hood nigga that know to rise
Hope you get the picture my nigga its polarize
And they said I go dumb but you know that I'm Yoda wise
No paper, no ink my nigga I just think
What if I just told you I found the missing link
Throw everything at you except the kitchen sink
Or we could add that too
17 in the clip n' you could have that too
Know I'm making kind of music that make niggas bag up too
And I still pick up penny shit, add up too
No its nowhere in the ghost
We don't do that snake shit even balls gettin' chocked, nigga

Today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth
When you look around, wouldn't you consider its privilege?

If I pull my soul out, will the flow drink it?
I want more, so I'm thinking what the moles thinking
If your gut fucked up, what is your core thinking?
From the mud when I slide, will the flow sink in?
I think deep, counting the walls that eat sheep
If you think about the niggas that pull in deep
Fuck that I got a ways deep
And do [?] ain't thinking about my safety
If you got a wealthy soul, where is the safe key?
That's the question the ghost asking
I could get the answer, I dig in the smoke bag
Light one then travel n' bring you a cold bag