

Roads

Styles P

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
If you don't mind, we gon' get into the real tonight
Real lyrics, real music
Just sit back and relax, ya feel?
Yeah

I was made in Chicago
Clothes made in Italy
Did some real shit
Real niggas gon remember me
Pour a little liquor for deceased niggas memories
Even in death, my niggas wouldn't want sympathy
Who my enemies?
Poverty and brokenness
What's my pet peeve?
Niggas with no focus
I'm getting rich, my nigga
Oh, you should quote this
Let the money talk
Loud niggas be on broke shit
Better yet that hoe shit
I just want some gold on me
And yeah I splurge cause poverty took a toll on me
I gave my word, I would never sell my soul homie
I'm on a cell, talking business with some hoes on me
They wanna see me in a cell, prison clothes on me
Or farewell in a casket, that's closed on me
I fared well with a back against the wall
Ready to brawl, never to fall
Give me this moment, no promise tomorrow

I'm trying to understand where my life is going
Trying to understand why this world ain't showing
Love to a black man when he still growing
Walking on my way to the money, don't blow it
Yeah
I'm on this road alone
I'm on this road alone

Yeah, yeah
My niggas in jail
My women on poles, yeah
Room full of whores
These women exposed, yeah
All of this sinning, my living exposed, yeah
Multiple diamonds that cover the gold, yeah
United we stand. I die as a man
Divided we fall. Drunk on a flight to Japan
Talking drip? Then it's cool
I'm as fly as a fan (Uh huh)
Going up boy, I can touch the sky if I can, yeah
Five chains choking me (Five)
Five thangs notice me (Five)
Homie, I ain't gotta talk
I smile and they know it's me
They say I calmed down a lil bit
Well, that's the older me (I did)

Act like I never even knew her
That's the cold in me (Whew)
Tell me where my life going
All these rocks in this chain
Look like I got lights glowing
At night, see the lights showing
Taking risks in this life, we call that dice throwing
Only going up, that'll show you where my life going

I'm trying to understand where my life is going
Trying to understand why this world ain't showing
Love to a black man when he still growing
Walking on my way to the money, don't blow it
(SP The Ghost!)

Yeah

I'm on this road alone
(D Scott. What up! I'm on a road)

I'm on this road alone

I'm on this road alone
I'm a rolling stone
I'm a dog that is owed the bone
I got nowhere to roam
But I still keep a phone in the zone
And I got a rifle and a drone (What up)
I can catch you when you all alone
Four in your body, 'nother four in your dome (Yeah)
I could've ordered Capone, I'm that G
That's a fact, B (That's a fact)
From NY to Chi-Town
Play the backseat (I'm in the back)
Crazy like DeNiro, when he played in "Taxi" (Crazy)
Wavy like my nigga, yeah
Shout to Max B (What up Max)
I be maxing out. Air Maxes out (I see you)
But I no longer dash, when the task is out (Uh huh)
Just hop in the Porsche for the fastest route
Yeah, go to get the gas, 'fore the gas is out
I'm on the road alone (I'm on the road)
Got the nine with me, so really have a road alone, Ghost!