

Strong As Oak

Styles P

Arms have I
Strong as the oak
For this (this occasion) occasion (yes)

Is there a story that makes God cry?
Can I bring weed to Heaven to get God high?
They say the pineal gland is the God eye
Or the third one (third one)
Yours from the dictionary, Heaven is where my words from
(My word) Or maybe Hell
The gin in the crib can make your old lady crazy or your baby yell
You can hear my soul through the speakers in your JBL (listen)
That only take me a couple bars
Before I lust a chick, I would lust a car
Tryna beat time, a buck ninety'll up the odds
Before I stuffed paper, I would stuff cigars
Some smoke the pain away, some drink the pain away
Me? I take it in and breathe it out on a rainy day
Never a stingy nigga, willing to give the game away
Ghost stay low, yeah, I'm willin' to give the fame away

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I go to sleep and travel, I know the beast can tempt me
I know the snakes can rattle but knowings half the battle
Headed up shit's creek, no one likes to paddle
Live in a high rise, no one likes the gravel
Fuck with the gangstas, no one likes to tattle
Went into war but no one likes to battle
Love loss is a blood loss
God make clay but what's the price that the mud costs?
Dirt got wet 'cause you sweat when you bust off
Knew it was a sin but you knew it was a win
Got close to the end but you knew it would begin
Got away with it before so you doin' it again
I would probably do the same
Seen the dark, seen the light, so I'm callin' it a game
See the clouds through the joint, so I'm callin' it a lane
It's the picture without a cam, I'm callin' it a frame
Ghost

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Is life even worth the stress?
Used to wonder if I'm cursed or blessed?
If I can't fly high, will it hurt the nest?
If I don't clear my mind, will it hurt my chest?
Is there a place on the Earth for my soul to rest?
Will I make it through the gates to see the golden crest?
Will I stay with the wise or where the soldiers rest?
My testaments are dry but didn't know the test

But I inhale the weed to get to know my breath

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