

The Myth

Styles P

Cocaine Cowboys, Heroin Indians
Drug dealer fly, which car to put the Fendi in
I'm in a condo on a Louie couch
New York fly nigga, California gooey out
Mobster, know I got the tooly out
Cops come, you don't even put the doobie out
From the block, them niggas will make a movie out
Everybody fly like they got gear from groovy house
G'd up, know what you out for
I get high riding out to the Outlawz
Broke right hand, load the southpaw
Get off the turnpike, different route ya
How I know they sent a different scout ya
Trying to figure out, how the cat got the mouse ya
Trying to figure out, how the dog got the cat ya
From the hood where they let it go blat! ya
Weird science, simple math
Take a cab wherever you got the rental at
Check the spot wherever the connect sent you at
Check the creditor, homie that fucking lent you that
Word!

Smoke break, at the table bagging up snowflakes
9 mil at my waist, but I don't feel so safe
Cause a lot of niggas is ghostface
I mean two face, bitches get yo'food laced
I don't stay in the spot unless the mood straight
I rather be mad high in my new place
Rather be mad high in my old place
Wondering if the pearly gates is white like Colgate
A lot of dollar bills, can't fold straight
Cause the knot thick, told you that the plots thick
You in the way, you gon' hear the Glock click
God bless this ignorant and obnoxious

European American, V's with the smoke tints
Ten rack, black label suit with the smoke scent
Meet the connect by the ocean
I do my deals on the beach
Up to my neck in the water, and it ain't sweet
Cause trust is an issue
The ice pick tip with the rust gon' hit you
It cut through your tissue
Cause you could go to jail, niggas'll act like they miss you
It's only when they see you, when you gone they forget you
I fell in love with the money, and lust with the pistol
Always hated the cops, they fuck when they get you
I still "Kill Bill" I'll, monster from "300"
Talking money to G's want it
We roll up then we load up
It's a cocaine deal or a hold up?
I could care less about the set that you throws up

Came from nothing, used to have nothing
Now I'm somebody and I got a lil something
Rich nigga, Ritz nigga
You don't know this nigga

I don't like snakes, I'll kill it if it hiss nigga
Rat nigga, snitch nigga
Rap nigga, fuck 'em all
My posse over there tell your girl to go suck em off
They say I'm underated, I just be getting faded
Cause niggas'll have your name all on the affidavit
I find it fascinating
I know how to kill em all, holiday'll kill em off
When ghost procrastinating
You could see the holy ghost
I stretch your flat
And leave some herb in your pocket
You could call that the holy smoke
We ain't cut from the same cloth
I'm the boss, we couldn't work for the same boss
Point blank nigga, I would shoot your brains off
In the spot, the manteca and the cane soft
But you know that the bass hard
Dealer death and there ain't no safe card
That's Alchemist, this is Alchemy
Sniper on the balcony, higher then the Falcon be
It's a pack of wolves and you know I'm where the alpha be
Guns go north, but the drugs go south for me
If anybody is out for me
Better go the fuck in, cause I'm gonna go the fuck in
New York fly, California high
Miami hustle when I get up on a pie
Down south lean, midwest bounce
And I wanna double up, it's the buck that counts