

War Room

Styles P

Everybody turned up, me I'm just burned up
Sour lit, piff lit, flyin through the district
... My swag's in the weed bag
Live up in the hotel, hang out where the G's at
Where the B's and the C's at?
You fall back or you ease back
But a real homie'll rise up
Think of the 4-4 long, you got me sized up
I'm too old for the dumb shh
Cold for the numb shh, hand on the gun grip
The top down with the blunt lit
... Flyin, thinkin of hundreds
I'm in the juice game and the book game
But I'm still rappin, got my mass and my cook game
It's midnight but we 7-30
We legit, but forever dirty
So even if I'm thin, G
That old sweatsuit, got a pocket full of them Benji's
I want a goose neck, and the Benz-y
Still feel the pain from the cocaine frenzy
'80s, '90s and 2-G's
Know I was too G, listened to Kool G
No gun or knife then I'm throwin the two-piece
Cop me a new pair of kicks if my shoes crease
Lines and holes just like a loose leaf
Dope lines, bullet holes, homie is you sleep?
Yeah, you better wake up then
You ain't gettin it, get a job, cake up then
If the nine don't work, throw the eight up then
I'm a crooked dude, but I'ma tell you straight up then
Yeah we both rap, but you know that the Ghost trap
Back room from the back room with a dope track, yeah

I'm unchained, unblinded, unparallel minded
As I refined to combine with the finest finds of a titan
Vicious like lightning, Vikings enticed by full moons on islands
Filled with the loot that eluded troops of a previous tyrant
Devious rhymin, see me when writin, feastin with lions
and preachin the science to help me sleep and reap the defiance
No need for silence, my voice is heard through leagues of the darkness
I'm preachin the marches, I be so deep I preach through a carcass
and speak to the spirit, guaranteed deceased, read my lyrics
Critique it and feel it, the best as since they dreamed of a phoenix
In hopes of rebirth, I broke in the Earth when I spoke in reverse
I wrote with compressed quota, put the diamond to dirt
And grew a money tree in custody of Chris and dragon company
My cutlery is comfortably the sharpest of the underlings
And don't compare to no one, verbals like a shogun
Hotter than the whole sun, bars are like a Volcan
I split and form Voltron, an ocean's like a proton
compared to my emotions, Chris Rivers got the potions
that cures, I know the remedies, equity is never seen
Type of guy you'll never meet and you'll sill have me in memories

This guerrilla rap right here, life in a box
Keep a razor under the tongue and slice with the ox
You's a batti bwoi, you be in the cypher with cops

And the Freedom Arm cool, but I'm nicer with Glocks
Listen, I ain't gon' hold you, I'm liable to box
And roll four-five-six with the dice on your blocks
I'm a stealth bomb, move silent, sly as a fox
And while you at it, maricón, say goodbye to your pops
My hand speed move at 200 nautical knots
The words' a gun, the rhyme is an audible shot
A horrible plot, but this is just a hobby to him
Like sippin Grey Goose, smokin Bob Marley with him
You don't want war, you'll be countin bodies with him
In his house, John Gotti was just godly to him
Any East Coast paisan, probably kin
Probably connected to South Philly robberies with him
Your on-and-on cypher probably gin
Lookin like you got the monster, remarkably thin
The darker the sin, the darker that the sorcerer been
That's the opposite of life, that's the start of your end
Stupid!

Hahahahahaha, Boxcutter Pazzy!
Chris Rivers, Pinero the Ghost
Killadelph, Valpensy to New York
I'm not you rapper!
I'm a G! Hahahahaha