

# Welfare

Styles P

Fuck you and fuck all them  
If you don't like me then load up and bust off then  
That was me like a dime ago, now I'm cool my nigga  
Learned all of the places his baby mama go  
A bullet and blood is all that I'mma know  
Kill all these niggas is all the drama know  
Me? I throw the peace sign, violate my nigga  
I shoot everything up, even the street sign  
Welfare, section eight, fuck that shit  
It feel good heading to the loft clutching fifth  
Where I'm from the insurance policy is your gun and the coke pack  
Never go to sleep where they woke at  
Walk in your sleep, talk in your sleep  
Me? I rhyme and run and get it off in the streets  
What would an angel offer a beast?  
I'm hoping death in the form in a song that is deep  
Ghost

I grew up on welfare, starve  
Sugar water sub sandwiches, they ain't just to eat  
I ain't never had healthcare, naww  
Just a pistol on the waist for the beef, load up  
Lord nigga you can't stop it no (can't stop it no)  
If it's a war then you gotta go (gotta go)  
Then I pull up to your block hang that shit right out the window yelling, "b  
lagh blagh", adios!

Couple niggas wanna body ghost  
Catch that ass slippin' let it ring then its adios  
Yelling capicu playing Dominos  
With the cartels deep down in el barrio  
That mo rental had Montego though  
Now she selling juice independent but he major though  
Don't you ever try to play him though  
Your body's like a song he can't wait to lay it though  
Hand guns and rifles in the mix  
When you cypher gotta shit and them others niggas don't  
Then you gotta do shit that them others niggas won't  
Yeah its trifle in the mix you and your brother on the hunt  
Pray to God they get home  
If the Feds in the city, we switch phones  
Niggas hit up the lab and spit bones  
Nigga we gettin' wealthy and gettin' stones  
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Sugar water and a syrup sandwich  
A little bullet gain a big advantage  
Yeah I'm black but my nigga Spanish

We gon' do damage catch the lick then we tryna' vanish  
Downtime I'm a heavy swinger  
My gun go, "blagh blagh," like a Reggae singer  
That joint heavy in the Chevy but you better bring her  
There's gon' be a lot of blood, bring a set of cleaners  
Known in Mecha, Medina, and Medellin, An O.G. known all over the globe  
They say life is a gamble but you ain't bet a thing  
You said you goin' to war but you ain't dead a thing  
Yeah I been to jail but never said a thing  
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