

# Styles, Nobody Believes Me

(feat. Sheek)

Ahh... today's narrator, the Ghost, ha ha ha ha ha...  
This is a true story ladies and gentlemen  
You might not believe it though  
But fuck it, that's why I'm the ghost

[Styles]

I'm about to open up  
Listen, one day I fell asleep and my knife woke me up  
He said

[Cross]

Your gun is in the closet flippin  
Talkin bout I get the most action he about to soak me up

[Styles]

So I went to the closet said "Hammer what's wrong with you?"

[Sheek]

You ain't busting me off, it's like I don't belong to you

[Styles]

I said I just beat a case daddy  
And I'm trying to take it easy cause I gotta move this weight daddy  
Then the hammer said

[Sheek]

Man listen, used the knife twice in a row  
Tell me if the plan switchin  
Cause we used to get around together  
We used to put niggas down together, tell me if it's now or never

[Styles]

I said hammer take it easy baby  
Cause I got niggas to kill and I would never do you greasy baby  
And all you gotta do is chill a while  
And then the hammer said "cool" cuz you know that I feel you Styles

[Chorus: Styles]

I got a story to tell, my knife talk to me  
But nobody believe that my knife talk to me  
I got a story to tell, my hammer talk to me  
But nobody believe that my hammer talk to me  
I got a story to tell, my haze talk to me  
But nobody believe that my haze talk to me  
I got a story to tell, my money talk to me  
But nobody believe that my money talk to me

[Styles]

My knife said to me

[Cross]

I hawk niggas down, bust arteries

[Styles]

And he get bright red for me  
Knife you my nigga but leave me alone  
I got to talk to my man Haze to get in the zone  
I said "Haze what the hell is up?"  
He said

[J-Hood]

You know how we do, you know that we crew

So where's the vanilla dutch

[Styles]

Rolling something up,  
Thinking about killing every rapper in the game  
And holding something up  
My haze said to me

[J-Hood]

You need to calm down when the rage come to you  
'Fore a grave or a cage or a gauge come to you  
But you don't give a fuck  
So just open up your book and let your page come to you

[Styles]

Even though I'm humble and noble  
I don't give a fuck  
You ain't tryin to hear me I'ma shoot through your mobile  
It's funny, I'll stalk you  
Hold up my niggas, it aint a convo 'less your money start talking

[Chorus]

[Styles]

My money spoke to me  
It said shit that if it wasn't for his ass there wouldn't be no hope for me  
Money ain't everything, and then he laughed at me  
And said the hammer oughta blast at me  
He said I got you out of jail, paid for the lawyer and bail  
Take a look at the cars and the crib  
I keep the clothes on your back, food in your mouth  
Even paid for the birds when you moved niggas south  
Shit, I'm the reason why the block jumping  
Let a nigga try to stop something, D-Block'll pop something  
And I'm the reason why you ride or die  
Keep a lot of me by your side, shoot niggas in the eye  
I said money you the root of evil  
How they print "In God We Trust" knowing what you do to people  
But I'm a hard felon  
So I grabbed two stacks, dirty and bloody cause I heard my car yelling

[Chorus]