

# Styles P, Believe It

(Styles P and Akon talking)  
what up Jon (testing one, two, three)  
what up Kon (convict music)  
lets go (can you believe it?)

(Verse 1)

fresh white tee (fresh)  
fresh car walls (fresh)  
summertime hood niggaz look like stars (look like stars)  
lewellery drip, fresh white airs (frsh white airs)  
mummy shake it up keep your ass right there (ohh can you believe it?)  
my man got liquor and my cups right here (I got my cup)  
I can smell smoke pass the dutch right here (pass that dutch)  
nigga pass that, Capri pants with the waist cut off  
I wanna smash that (ohh can you believe it?)  
party ran pack, mingling baby  
and I can LL shake, you jingling baby  
back your ass up, I'm a start tingling baby  
we can have more fun if wiggling baby (yea can you believe it?)  
P hit the club with a dutch and a dub with it  
nigga don't cuff it if you ain't in love with it  
Matter fact let the grub get it  
please don't hate cause at least you can say you was with it

(Chorus)

Can you believe it?  
Get a break and get off the streets  
clear my mind from the shit I see  
In a world full of smoke  
contact from the weed  
thats when it really bond on me  
I'm a be here for life  
I ain't never gonna leave  
the ghetto is all that I know  
It's just another day in the hood my nigga playing back trying get this dough  
yellin out ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
all up in the club and you know how we roll  
squad deep like ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
bad little bitches with their booty on score trying to beat like  
ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
know your ass feel it cause its outta control  
Let me hear you say ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
Let me hear you say ohhhhhhhh ohhhhh  
Can you believe it?

(Verse 2)

big ass truck (big new truck), brand new rims  
tank top yankee (tank top yankee), tanned out Tims  
bracelet, chain, fronts bob thin (fronts bob thin)  
new tattoos, new black shoes (hey can you believe it?)  
gucci, Ermays, do that too (do that too)  
wanna feel the breeze get a new black coupe  
nigga drop the top, come through the hood  
put a hundred on your three or your foul line shot  
(ohhh ohhh ohhhhhh can you believe it?)  
lending outfits all on the bus (all of us on the bus)  
cause none of us could see a summer without trips (none of us can see it)  
mad hoops so the little boys might bark at you  
but they all act good if the hood bothers you

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

basketball tournaments, pitbull pups

ladies in the club poring Chris in cups  
Niggaz in the jail calling home on the phone (they locked up)  
but you still trying to act like ain't shit enough (and now can you believe it?)  
mad sieves in the park, mad fights in the park  
Niggaz talk how they run every night from the narcs  
aside from the light to the dark (light to the dark)  
then the dark to the light  
I wanna smoke but I could search for my life

(Verse 4)

Can you believe it? I done spent ten again  
watching her bend again, dancing for many men  
tell me have ever though about getting in (have you ever thought)  
a room full of convicts and D Block militants (D block militants)  
we'll show you the time of your life (time of your life)  
you can occupy my passenger side (come on girl)  
introduce you to the street life  
watch you fall in love after just one night  
ohhhhhhhhhhhhh all up in the club  
and you know how we roll, squad deep like ohhhhhhhhhhhhh  
bad little bitches with their booty on score  
trying to beat like ohhhhhhhhhhh  
know your ass feel it cause its outta control  
Let me hear you say ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
Let me hear you say ohhhhhhhh ohhhhhh  
Can you believe it?

(Styles P and Akon talking)

Can you believe It? (Can you believe it?)  
Lil Jon, Akon, S.P. the Ghost  
Feel what we trying to do (Can you believe it?)  
Can you believe it?