

# Styles P, Come Clean

[Styles P]

Yeah, yeah, Ghost, hah  
Feel the kid, y'know?

Ghost in the Machine nigga, time to come clean nigga  
Wanna touch the kid bring your infrared beam nigga  
Got to stay far cause none of y'all is close to me  
Most of you niggaz is butter, you know I keep a toast with me  
New York is way gone, I'ma be the one to get it back  
Try to stop the kid and get, popped in your fitted hat  
More respect than money, but fuck it I can live with that  
Ride around in luxury, but be where the Civics at  
Smokin haze, sippin 'gnac, gimme love I give it back  
Ride or die, two guns up, you can get with that  
The rage make me evil with the gift  
I'm mixin up the haze with the diesel with the piff, it's lit  
And niggaz rap funny so to me they seem humorous  
I bet they really bounce when the body count is numerous  
(You gon' bounce then) And there's nuttin you can do with this  
It come to bein street, we the niggaz that been true to this  
You softer than a blouse up in Bloomingdale's  
You probably wouldn't know what to do in jail  
You a bitch so you'd probably get screwed in jail  
But fuck jail, we here now, bitch nigga you a frail  
It's been a long time since I shot somethin  
And if I put you on your back nigga you not frontin  
It's been a long time since I stabbed somethin  
And if I take your life away nigga you have nuttin

What? Y'know  
Ghost, time is money  
Poobs I don't even feel like talkin  
I might as well fuckin be out, YEAH!