

Styles, Yall Know We In Here

(feat. P.K.)

P.K.iller!

[Verse 1]

Y'all gon die, so who gon cry for us
hop in they whip and ride for us
pop niggas in the skull in they frame, shit
it's a body for a body for the love of the game
But niggas'll call the precinct with your government name
but I'm still loadin my guns, gettin it on
and if a nigga bury my man, I bury his mom
I was trained to dump in your face, jump over the gate
hop in the hoop', grab a bird, get outta the state
stay in the dirt, dog we like pieces of shit
dealin coke like cars, come lease you a brick
Holiday bitch, I show you what a 38 special do
Turn niggas vegetable, salad ass niggas
Never send a coward around violent ass niggas
I'ma always bust my gun, use my knife
ride or die, til the day I lose my life

[HOOK x2: Swizz and P.K.iller]

Y'all know we in here! (YO!) Tell me who's in here! (YO!)
Y'all know we in here! (YO!) Tell me who's in here! (YO!)
You dealin with the streets, (YO!) you dealin with the thugs! (YO!)
You dealin with the set, (YO!) so y'all throw it up!

[Verse 2]

It don't matter who you are, or what you say
aint no rapper you name fuckin wit Styles
and I'll probably die young, shot in the war
but I aint never give a fuck, and I always was wild
and I'd rather have a open case, than an open face
kill every witness, I aint goin to trial
and everybody's a gangsta, nobody's pussy
there's alotta niggas lying and I know who you are
Next time I go to jail, I aint gettin the bail
I'ma kill a hundred niggas, right in front of niggas
When cops come through, they gettin it too
Goin out wit a bang, 'bout to start up a gang
cocksucker, it's the Holiday crew
get money, kill niggas, do robberies too
cuz you fuckin wit the grimiest, sheistiest
can't wait to die dog, life's a bitch

[HOOK x2]

[Verse 3]

I'ma die screamin, fuck you, meet me in hell
cuz I still got beef on my chest, and it gets no deeper
look at the ink on my arm, I tattooed the reaper of death
and they call me Holiday, I let a slug go in your shirt
and wait for the leak in your chest
I'll probably black out, think about my welfare days
and times I had to sleep on the steps
Niggas don't want it wit me, you could call me arrogant dog
until you get stabbed in the jaw
P'll run up in the hospital, stab you some more
don't you fuck wit no nigga that be plannin for war
I got slugs that go through you, put your man on the floor
purplest Porsche, mahogany seats, body your peeps
project was pussy and the lobby was sweet
niggas had alotta mouth, but they body was weak

[HOOK x2]