

# 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]