

Styles P, Get Your Dream Smash

[Intro]

Two guns up nigga
And a vest nigga, Big Fonz comin at you nigga
Think you a gangsta nigga? I eat you boy
Spit you out and throw you back up nigga
Quick turn the lights out 'fore you get your dreams smashed

[Styles P]

Let's go Poobs
S.P. the gunfire is rapid
And I don't talk on the phone just in case that the feds tap it
Fuck with me, you a lame, it's plain the game backwards
I'ma put your brain where your front doormat is
With the pump or the 9-M-M
P harder than jail and your time ain't end
Yeah, it's the Ghost motherfucker
Cop P's off a block close to Post motherfucker
And I went to Broadway for coke motherfucker
And the block close to Preston for the dope motherfucker
And I can name spots that I robbed, work I put in
Case you thought that I was not on the job
Damn, you frontin for who nigga?
Big Mike, Green Lan', Kay Slay or the Clue nigga
Fuck it keep frontin cause the fans gon' believe you nigga
'Til a real nigga catch you then he leave you nigga
Me I'm in the streets of New York, me and my gun
Run up on P I'll shoot your shoes off
Frontin nigga, pull your Coupe off
Ice your watch out, floss stacks when they pullin them dice out
Matter fact pop Crist', tell that bitch what your life 'bout
Invite her to the studio to see what you write 'bout
Sheeit, but I'll be comin round the corner nigga
Two guns up, you a motherfuckin goner nigga
Shit, I'ma show you how to wrong a nigga
Write a nigga swish on his face, straight Nike a nigga
Shit goin down when, P don't like a nigga
You ain't really hard, you just fuckin actin hyper nigga
What?

(Yeah Poobs)

The Ghost, I'm there nigga
Time is money comin soon, feel what I'm tryin to do