

Styles P, Ghost Stories, Part 1

[Styles P]

Ghost in the Machine!

This part is the movie part, y'knahmsayin?

Directed by me, produced by Vinny Idol

Feel this motherfuckin movie

Parts 3 and 4 comin soon

You don't like me fuck you it's more than enough shots for ya

Your man ridin wit'chu bet he gettin shot for ya

I got some hand grenades nigga but they not for ya

They for some other shit

My man got robbed out of town and I told him I could cover it

He younger than me and wilder than me

He wanna kidnap a mother I said nigga you on some other shit

Slow down young'n, we gon' get your revenge

When the shit get real we got to go down gunnin

Said he got a set of grenades he got from Jamaican niggaz

Said he goin through there and e'rything and shake a nigga

Nigga you buggin out

We gon' get that money and the work back, then we gon' slug it out

Slow down soldier, keep your composure

Stay quiet and close, then strike like a cobra

You can't attack now, they expectin you you pushy nigga

Give it 2 weeks, and they gon' think you pussy nigga

I guarantee you that they Eagles is big

So we gon' show them niggaz how, evil we is

And we don't give a fuck how diesel they is

Cause they all break down when the Eagle get lit

He young, get me thirsty but he listenin

Plus he know my M.O. so I ain't bullshittin him

Besides we was half on the work

I get it he knock it off you do the math it could work

But bein with the wrong driver on the wrong ride

is guaranteed to get a fuckin passenger hurt shit

You don't get it but you will in a minute

Told shorty to come home and just chill for a minute

It's been a long time we ain't build in a minute

He been deep down South keepin it trill for a minute

Now he back home, gettin his mack on

645i sittin on black chrome

I'm thinkin to myself, damn shorty mature

Got a hundred worth of ice, purple label velour

We got a dutch and we blowin it in front of the store

He asked how I was doin, who was in the studio

Which hood niggaz was frontin, tryin to make a movie though

Block still buggin out, told a nigga truly yo

Fuck rap, I need to get a movie like Coolio

Then he blurted out they got us for six figures

Kicked down the door and he counted out 6 niggaz

A bitch told him who did it, I told him the shit figures

Gimme 2 weeks and just bring me the get-wit'er