

# Styles P, How We Live

(feat. Jadakiss)

[Havoc:] Yeah! Watup, son?

[Styles:] Havoc, watup nigga good lookin for the beat. I'ma talk shit over this one

[Havoc:] Told you I got you my nigga. But um, I want you to let these niggaz

[know why you in that top 5.

[Styles:] This is my livin nigga

[Havoc:] Why you that nigga.

[Styles:] It feel good in here

[Havoc:] Yeah!

[Verse 1:]

Second time around I'ma let the magic shoot

This time it's off the Havoc flute yeah

I'm a general and criminal yall fags salute

I'm in the streets while yall sweet like a bag of fruit

And I stick to my timberlands like I'm maganoo

Ya man lookin like he want it he can have it to

Try to tell these muthafuckas they should do as do does

I been smoking haze just as green as the zoo was

Sorta like the city of Gods

We be screamin out "we gon' make it" but I pity the odds

I'm like knock out Ned when I pop out led

But I even been around to pass Biggie cigars

So I smoked wit a legend, if you took the oath then the ghost is ya bredrin

blowin smoke in the seven

Or maybe it's the hooptie in these pisshole slums

Just tryna kick my piece off of kiko's drums

Ya know

[Chorus:]

[Jadakiss:] This is how we live

[Styles:] Smoking, drinking, hustling, thinking

[Jadakiss:] This is how we live

[Styles:] Drug spots, projects, Jail cell stinking

[Jadakiss:] This is how we live

[Styles:] Whole block run when they see cop lights blinking

[Jadakiss:] This is how we live

[Styles:] Benjamins, grants, Washingtons Lincolns

[Verse 2:]

Die once you live twice die twice you live once

Get the shit confused so I'm puffin on the big blunts

Kick it wit the kid that be deep in the zone

It's the ghost, I got to go to sleep just to get home

I'm spiritually outta this world

Meet my lyrics on the darkside come back when the dutchie get twirled

I'm the alpha and omega of nice

I'm the messenger sent by the force at the head of the light

But satan's ridin my back in the dead of the night

I be doin some crazy shit for some bread and some ice

God I'm tryna focus with my third eye lens

I smoke haze to see my brother when he blow that wind

And I'm a grown man so I know my sins

And niggaz don't get the picture so do Kodak win?

The shit's over their head and under their nose

Not a star cause I'm a sun when it come to a flow

Ya Know

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I'm a rare individual

Represent my team till they put in me in the earth no air in my physical

I don't need to dream I live another life when I sleep it's so deep I'ma  
spare you the visual  
Far from religious but my heir's name is biblical  
Stay away from crabs they don't care cause they miserable  
School lil niggaz  
You could by diamonds but I could play wit words that's a jewel lil nigga  
Tongue sharp like a sword  
I could get ya fam killed just off my word that's the proper Art of War  
Stay wit the Parker and the Porsche  
I don't trust a soul cause niggaz threw rocks up at the Lord  
The cash aint right there the mask is right there  
Niggaz try P I'ma blast 'em right there  
You don't want ya right ear next to ya Nike Airs  
Said I'm from the darkside bringin the light here  
Wha!

[Styles:] Second time around, you know what time it is. It's all lyrics over  
here nigga. Feel me nigga! And I'm in the hood for real. All day all night  
shit like that. Yo Hav once again good lookin out for the beat nigga. SP the  
Ghost, ONE!