

# Styles P, Soldiers' Song

[Styles P]

Yo Poobs! Ghost..

Poobs turn me up my nigga

Time is money, Double R

D-Block, shit's real

Nigga it's the Ghost off the M.B.

I breathe off of liquor and weed and choose to be when the men sleep

I don't even pray with my eyes closed

Soulless screamin I know the demons, hide where the lies go

Try to fall back, off the lyrics with mysticism

Can't express myself, wild out and get shipped to prison

Got a lot of shit I could say

But it's kinda +Ludacris+ to make niggaz "get out the way"

Kinda selfish if I make niggaz get out and spray

Leave you helpless and the only thing you do is you pray, nigga

Shit is God-made, or man-made and machine-made

I don't want beef I want money, that's the green way

The pride overpower the brain

I won't die like a coward, muh'fucker I'm vain

I'm a gangsta in the car in the dirt and the chains

I've been hurt and in pain, and stood tall in this urban terrain

But a man must admit to his faults, I know mine

I'm the type that always wanna revolt (yeah)

If I can't kill a nigga then I want an assault (yeah)

Shit hard, just listen to the bars shit's makin ya {?}

Some niggaz shiver and listen, no lie

Close your eyes it's the bigger division

Life or death nowadays is a nigga's decision, here's your jewels

When you make yours, just make sure you make it on the move

Nigga

Yeah, Ghost, time is money

Shit's not a game

I ain't fuckin around

Yo Poobs we out {Mario?}