

# Discipline

## D-Block

[Styles P]

Straw... 354... Ghost...

Feel this... yeah

Let me break it down I'mma nigga to Ryde or Die homey  
2 Gunz Up or they either on my side homey  
I ain't first base so I won't let you slide on me  
I ain't Great Adventure so I won't let you Ryde on me  
You opened ya mouth but believe I can shut it nigga  
P ain't the barber but ya face I can shut it nigga  
Spent a half a million on the lawyer nigga  
Extraordinary Gentlemen just like Tom Sawyer nigga, yeah  
Bust the rifle from far away  
And I'm still tryna figure the triflin'est part of day  
Is it morning when the fiends cop  
Or is it noon when the willies wake up from they dream ock  
Or is it night time when we all grind till the green come  
I'm smoked out with a machine gun  
I'm in something all black know I'm always on the lean son  
Steady lookin' for the cream ma  
And I'm probably with a bad bitch  
But I'm usually for delf where I'm headed where the cash is  
When you come through the hood get a pass like Steve Nash kid  
Cause shit thicker than molasses; get blasted

[Snyp Life]

They say you only really as good as ya last rhyme  
So I make sure my next one bring back time  
So niggas can reminiese when they last had shine  
Through my lines see that's heart felt  
Make a cold heart melt  
Gring ain't for everybody homie get a new route  
Re-in' with the same shit you only see the same shit  
'Se goin' through them shoot outs my niggas did the same shit  
And they bang 'fits and they 'on't care who you came with  
Me I just happen to spit and got a knack for flippin' packs on the strip  
Turnin' rags to chips put that hawk in ya face 'fore I squeeze my clip  
I 'on't clap back I pop first read my lips  
3-5-4 nigga the shit so tell ya men  
And for my nigga P I'm puttin' it in till this shit end

You know what it is one for the Block two for the Team  
Screamin' 2 Gunz Up while I'm strippin' ya gleam yo

[Straw]

Ever since Straw small truck the mercedes  
You'd think that I'd be dumpin' a pump the way it drive the streets crazy  
The flows crack 60 for a verse is a pack  
And 16 keep the fiends comin' back  
It got me where I can't be without my hard hat  
Teflon long sleeve and a large gat  
Heat seekin' shells attract to ya body heat  
And even bullet time couldn't help you dodge that  
It's too easy niggas can't handle my beef it's too greasy  
500 SL Benz with 3 TVs  
Narc scope radar lens with green screens; built in beams  
And some eagles in the trunk with the money and caine  
Tryna figure out the best route boat or tha train  
Cause wit 9:11 crime feds watchin' the planes  
It's them Arliss boys at it again, immaculate mane

[Bully]

Comin' to box the S knockin' A Tribe Called Quest  
I'm comin' for you bad guys like I'm Elliot Ness  
I'm with the host the Ghost  
We gave you toast to coast it's 354 bitch you supposed to know  
I got it, you get it, you pay it, I spray it, you wit it  
There never been a time in my life that I couldn't get it  
Still got my eye on the prize, still in the hood with them guys  
Still got the hood and gloves, the ski mask for disguise  
Motherfuckers been hatin' you ready to dance with Satan  
The Rutgers cocked; I'm patiently waitin'  
P just gimme the word on these herbs that's my word  
Mail his head to his mom in a jar that preserve  
Hannibal Lector style nigga dinner served  
Still got birds with curves that move birds  
Gucci frame Donna Karen bitches that's nerds  
Get in where yo fit in motherfucker that's my word

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