

Papoose, Get Right

(Intro: Papoose)

Oh!!! This the one right here!!! Swizz Beatz you a fool for this!
I done took y'all everywhere, ain't nowhere to take y'all but to the club
Papoose, Pa-poose!!!

(Chorus: Busta Rhymes)

We got a riot outside homey (Huh!) and every hood with a thug
niggaz try to rush the door of the club
We 'bout to get right niggaz! (We 'bout to get right niggaz!)
We 'bout to get right niggaz! (We 'bout to get right niggaz!)
All my bitches with the bangin shit on, alot of Louis Vuitton
you know the shit then sing the words of the song
We call it get right bitches! (We 'bout to get right bitches!)
We 'bout to get right bitches (We 'bout to get right bitches!) Let's go!!!

(Verse 1: Papoose)

What you mean let's go?! go where?!
This my city I ain't goin nowhere (Nah)
Matter fact, Bus let's go over there (Come On)
Take all of they girls and bring 'em over here (Come Here)
New York City, have no fear, Flipmode, Streetsweeper oh yeah!
Oooh I like her, shake yo' rear
You look nice who did yo' hair?
Syke!!! Shorty over there look way better than you, I don't care
Violator, I brought Chris Lighty with me
I know he ain't seen a buzz this big since 50
I walk through the club let the liquor spill (Cris!!!)
Your girl chasin me down with her high heels (Oops!)
And I'm so glad I waited for a bigger deal
Cause now I got the club on me like a steering wheel

(Chorus)

(Verse 2: Papoose)

I got a damn good lawyer
(Yeah!) the best management and the realest DJ on the streets (Drama King)
So how the hell I'm 'gon lose
o one of y'all dudes when the album drop I'm 'gon eat (Nacirema)
You got the number one spot, really think you hot
(Oh Yeah) then homeboy just don't blink (Don't sleep)
When you open yo' eyes the game 'gon be mine
and I'm a bring it back to the East (Let's Get it)
Since the Touch It remix put the face to the voice
the ladies love my style, they get moist (They wet)
Chose with my mouth closed they ain't have a choice
I came from the bottom but I Rose like Royce
Man these boys can't mess with me on my worst day (Nope)
So how the hell 'gon mess with me on my birthday (Yeah!)
That's right, this is the day I was born
The music is my mama, I'm the son of song

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Papoose)

Who's that with the Red Monkey Jeans? My shirt was made by Gino Green (Nice shirt)
My jewels was made by David Bling (David) They call me the underground king
Chain bling bling I'm the mainstream dream (Yeah) The Nacirema Dream you lames ain't seen
I was in the club holdin my fifth tight, this dude keep grillin me I had to get right (What)
Shorty her face, her ass, and her hips tight (Oooh)
Took her to the Mariott had to get right
Cutie the bomb she live in the beauty salon
So her beauty is strong rockin like Louis Vuitton
Cause these dudes never wanna see the new kid signed (No)
They always wanna shine like the sun all the time

Fall back you passed yo' prime
Even the sun gotta go down so we could see the moon shine

(Chorus)

(Outro: Papoose)

Yeah! The East Coast get right! Yeah! The West Coast get right!

Yeah! The dirty South get right!

Busta Bus, Kay Slay Drama King, Streetsweepers, Violator, Flipmode, Sissy!!!!!!