

# Papoose, That's A Good Look

Papoose... on the Timbaland Track...

Yo timbaland good lookin man... Street Sweepers Entertainment

Now if you got that real ice in ya jewels you off the hook  
Real niggaz rock real things, that's a good look  
But, if you wearing cubic zirconia and then you put  
Fake minks on ya back that's not a good look

(Verse 1)

This is two thousand and five music, live music  
Make you wanna lean to the side and drive stupid  
I'm roc-a-weared cause I salute it  
Them fellas ain't rockin with each other no more this my blueprint  
To my the hustlas if you do what you do  
And you getting real money man this hooks for you  
If you made it out the hood and took ya crew  
That's gangsta love, it's a good look for you  
To all my independent women if you do what you do  
You know dimes with the matching pocketbook and shoe  
If you ran into some money and you took ya boo  
That's gansterous love, it's a good look for you  
Tim put his produce to it  
Pap put his Poose to it  
It's a new era in rap get used to it  
Kay Slay told me just do it how you do it  
He said Pap if they spit fire, then you fluid

(Chorus)

If you got that new whip on the road you off the hook  
Real niggaz drive real cars, that's a good look  
But if a bullshit ass ride is what you push  
And you still got spinners, that's not a good look  
Two thousand and five a lot gone change  
I don't think you muthafuckas know my name (Papoose)  
Real niggaz pop those thangs  
Neva let another man pop ya chain

(Verse 2)

They call me Pap Dapper Don, cause the Don Dapper  
And when Pap pack his long, hit ya brod faster  
After Pap bag ya brod, kick ya nat swagga charm  
Throw dem black khakis on, never back track I'm gone  
Go to war with the pussy like Afghanistan  
My weapon is black magic wand  
Getting head while I'm driving eyes rolling back tap the horn  
Hit ya whip Black I'm gone  
Shouldh've had ya hazards on  
Know the trap rap alone  
Ass, backsnapper Don  
Da fast rapper, ass capper, Ass tapper, splash at her, laugh at her  
Rat tatter, tat tatter crones  
Da cash stacker dat matters Pap's bad as Funs  
The pedal to the metal, metal to the chase  
I put the rap to the track, treble to the base  
Put the charm to that girl that you cheat on hater  
Stop now 'fore I keep on later (Preach on player)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Everybody cop jewels from Jacob they off the hook  
They all spending millions of dollars to get a look  
But I heard through the Grapevine they all getting took  
Jacob selling fake ice, that's not a good look

Everybody playa hatin each other they off the hook  
As soon as you get your feet in the door they step on ya foot  
They play the game but they ain't playin it by the book  
Jay the president of Def Jam, that's a good look  
Got some many clothes my closet look like a store  
Ya'll niggaz is bums, I got closed like a door  
Niggaz hate to see me in the lex, the ladies love me  
Cause they know I'll put a lean on 'em like bankruptcy  
See a weakling playin a crook don't believe him  
Believe, achieve, stay focused on succeeding  
Open ya eyes realize what you see in  
It's not what it looks like, looks are deceiving