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