

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