

# Papoose, Welcome

Ever since I was small I stood tall like the Palace of Ife  
Take a walk into my world ill be glad to invite you  
Cause to me American is such an arrogant title  
They should make a TV show called African idol  
In the streets you should never turn your back of a rival  
Cause every enemy active is liable  
So if you feel something jaggin behind you causin havoc inside you  
That's me pulling my knife from the back of your spinal  
Fornicating and claiming to be a master disciple  
Somebody should back stab him in the back of his bible  
You babblin spiteful shenanigan franicin frightful  
Spittin that savage recital you a faggot on vinyl  
Don't you ever try to go against a rapper this vital  
You rapping wit straight lines while my rapping it spirals  
My thoughts stay on point like an accurate rifle  
I get straight to the point like a jabber and slice you  
Straight food got some grub in my cabinet like you  
Ill stretch you across the table and wit a napkin and bite you  
I'm alive cause I'm wise and I practice survival  
Know the struggle so I balance the srible  
Paid some grand's for my jewelry so my karats enlight you  
Try to take my grand jewelry (jury) I'm a let the automatic indite you  
Had to pull it from my heart to my attic to fight you  
I left the arrogant stifle wit a strategist cycle  
But I still rather entice you wit lavage delightful  
Immaculate trifle raps I write you  
Deep as the largest abyss sub-consciousness Pap a revive you  
Don't ever challenge your idol this chapter is final