

Papoose, Welcome

Ever since I was small I stood tall like the Palace of Ifle
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