

Papoose, Gunz-N-Rosez

Lyricism and life guns and roses
Rob execs take the pennies out your loafers
A lot of rappers but papoose the dopest
Supercalifragilisticxpealadocious
Lyricism and life guns and roses
Jack Maybachs blow the brains out your chauffeurs
A lot of rappers, papoose the dopest
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My live crew pop like guy moo pop advise you pop
Wise new plots I ride through blocks and find new spots
Nah-uh you not uh-huh you watch
When I hop out the dread be like, "Man don't do dat"
Get lined up like five roof tops I cock two glocks
Find you behind new locks 'cause papoose got
Two knots inside two socks few rocks inside shoe box
You got two hot blocks who block you got
You dropped, you dropped you hot you not you popped you flop
you got to stop hops you not Tupac
Chew shots through blocks since doowop pop and koolats
Every last one of you niggaz could eat the ooh wop
I stack money while you spending your dough
I must-stash like the hair between your lip and your nose
Never partied always ran with the mothers
The only Summer Jam I ever had, was if my gun jammed in the summer
Cock the Uzi
Chip a nickel and diamond for a loosey
You coming through shining like we 'aint riding for the Louchey
Homie none of your diamonds don't induce me
'Cause yo I put blood on your ice, and turn your diamonds into rubies
Kill intent, catch my enemy at a big event
Watching while he party in advance of getting bent
Soon as he try to use the bathroom I'm slipping in
Sending guns smoke through the vents
I'ma add something stupid like, can I buy one of your cigarettes
Put the burner under his chin and leave the ceiling wet
They incorrect, niggaz spending money to get respect
They don't know the way to get respect is disrespect
How you cut a nigga in the face to get a rep
Real gangsters cut him in his neck
And if you catch an attempt murder that don't mean you a bigger threat
That just means you 'aint no motherfucking killer yet
My pistol send you to death
Rip through your Mitchell and Ness
Like car dealers you hit the deck
They hit your man with the Smith and Wess
Dump shots all in a nigga chest
You could see his bones he missing flesh
Stead of getting a gun, you run and go get a vest
Niggaz tore your man out the frame and you 'aint get the picture yet?
Dope fiends lined up making the strip a mess
That dope got them fiends online like the Internet
They tried to come on my block selling that fucking boy
Nigga my gun got fire like its unemployed
Say send me out the semi out they let me out I'm focused
Dessies out the holsters
Empty out the 4-5th
If I was a blood, I split the C like I'm Moses
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