

Papoose, Let's Play Monopoly

(Intro)

To everybody in the struggle
If somebody ever told you that you couldn't do somethin'
And you still made it happen
Congratulations
Soul clap for all the independent women
Soul clap for all my homies straight thuggin'
Clap for the real MCs buzzin'
We the leaders of the new school

(Verse 1)

Momma's in tha kitchen cookin' that rice
Father's outside shootin' them dice
Brother's in jail, raisin' hell
Sister's on the corner sellin' fruit cocktail
Family alcoholics still sippin' his booze
That's why I'm rappin over rhythm n' blues
To all you rich black folks wit ya glistenin' jewels
Entrepreneurs, all you millionaire dudes
Before you catch another case, limit your moves
Johnny Cochran got a brain tumor, I deliver the news
What if mother nature aborted the sky
When would we shoot our fireworks on the fourth of July?
We can't afford to live, so abortions rise
Can't afford the truth, so we told to lie
Can't afford a funeral, 'cause the costs is high
God damn, we can't even afford to die!

(Chorus)

But if you buyin' a house, I'll be your land lord
I'll finance you a car, that's if you can't afford
I'll own the jails, the banks, and all the property
Here's a million, come on big shot, let's play Monopoly

(Verse 2)

'Cause when the rappers start grindin'
It's a shame, a out-of-towner gotta sign them
But when his album drop and he go diamond
Everybody beside him
Every real artist need a real label to sign them
Just like every good man need a good woman behind them
It ain't about havin' the baddest chick on the streets
I respect the dude Nas 'cause he married Kelis, but still
If you ain't ready, just wanna be my fianc
Than we could do it like Jay Z and Beyonce
Pardon my language, if you a real bitch
Than we could do it like Jada and Will Smith
Coincidence, where we come in to spin it at
We in tha same place that we first got rich at
They only gonna give us what they know they will get back
So when you get money, don't you ever forget that

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

He got a DVD flow
They need to give me man, Smack, his own TV show
The voice of the jails, voice of the streets
Kay Slay's show should play seven days a week
We pull guns on each other, are we still peoples?
If you strapped and I'm not strapped, we still equal?
The say don't carry guns, 'cause guns real lethal
But guns don't kill people, people kill people
My cousin gotta do time, he say it ain't nuthin'

Told me, I could do the time standin' on my head, cousin
Yo Paps, stay focused, you out hear bustin'
By the time I come home, you gonna be somethin'
I wish I could do half his time for him
We go in there thuggin', he do a year, I do a year
They run and concur it, but still
It's all about havin' money and property, true
They'd rather see us doin' drugs and robberies, true
We gotta flip that into the economy, you
So my philosophy's the way of the world
Let's play Monopoly!

(Outro)
You gotta monopolize and strategize
So we can get this money
Get filthy rich
Thugacation
Street Sweapers
C'mon man
East coast, pop a bottle wit y'all
West coast, pop a bottle wit y'all
Down south, pop a bottle wit y'all
Count your blessings, you ain't promised tomorrow