

Papoose, Revelations Of A Lyricist

PAPOOSE! Im here with the hip-hop legend, Premier
Premo I got you
Check me out now, behold lyricism
Haters try to cremate him but he still exist
I'm limitless, envision this is genesis
I'm sippin' cris, spittin' this 'til I'm spiritless
Welcome to the revelations of a lyricist
Haters try to cremate him but he still exist
I'm limitless envision this is genesis
Ima rep thug-a-cation 'til I'm spiritless
The revelations of a lyricist
I CAN'T BREATHE!

I got the smell of death in my nose
Blood stains, I got this nigga flesh on my clothes
The best kept secret, thought that I would never be told
Sit back and watch the clever unfold, level your flows
Cuz when it comes to them bars nigga, I'm godzilla
When its time to sing songs, I'm king kong
when its time to lace tracks, I'm AIDS black

Motherfucker I'm a monster
You wanna move a lot of work in ya hood I'll be your sponsor
Take half or all o' ya bread like we was partnas
Collect my money in envelopes, like I'm a mobsta
Walk through this concrete jungle like I was Kontra
Like dreadlocks I'm at the top of the roster (rasta)
Hit 'em up and give 'em a seizure (cesar) like I'm a barber
Come through and put in that work with the revolver
You wont, I would (wood) like tiger but aint a golfer
I dont gotta hear your album cause I'm the author
Wrote the period, the question mark, and the comma
Wrote the first, second, and the third part of the saga
Yeah I hear 'em say they go hard, but I go harder
Yesterday, the day before, today and tomorrow
I blood sweat and tears, shit piss and saliva
Bought the pacifier, the stroller, crib, and the walker
Shine getting darker, you aint gimme a dollar
No drama
When I see you I say thats my son
Not cause you my man, cause I'm ur father
Got a lot of verses, more hooks than Tarver
Underground king like Arthur
You find me on the block deadin' niggaz on sales, dont even bother
And your customer chose me cause mines is harder
Next time you bag up make 'em larger, cause I robbed ya
Your sale (cell) dead like you need a charger
Daily departa, I'm known to bang that tool
Papoose, you aint never heard a name that cool
Spittin sixteen bars I'ma change that rule
Somebody with no bars musta made that rule
The industry owe me a lot, this a payback move
Ride the track like a Maybach, smooth
They say text jam on you, but you gotta pop your gun right
You goin mess around and get popped you dumb hype
They guns jam up when it's time for the gun fight
Cuz they get so nervous they cock they guns twice
What would you do if they had a plot for your life
And all you really had was a glock and one mic
Papoose, walk through they blocks with them ice
Go to they pizza shop, and stop for one slice
Get some garlic on the top and one sprite
Now thats enough time to pop if you want right?
But if you ever pull out a ox be dumb nice

Cuz I'll stab ya whole flock with one knife
They mad cause I got more checks than air nikes
If I want it, I cobs it on site
When it comes to spending money I stop at no price
I take a long time to stop spinning (spending) like the last dice
That four powerful enough to drop both y'all
Had a whole block flooded with the high most squad
I could see straight through you like a hydro jaw
My gun bust like I aint got no car
A lyricist, when I look in the mirror I see a rhyme
When I'm pushing my whip, I see a rhyme
When I'm sexing my chick I see a rhyme
And weverytime I squeeze my dick I pee a rhyme
Why ya man so washed up if he could rhyme
I got enough bars to give you a three to nine
The supremacist is ceremonial, masters in lyricist
Deliver poetry, vogulty above vintriliquist
With splendidness gave thug-a-cation a genesis
Put an end to this senselessness..