

faces of death

Papoose

I like to welcome ya'll niggaz to Faces of Death... take a deep breathe... don't be afraid

Papoose, let's go!

I take the grace from him,
Break his fate when I'm blazin him,
Place him straight in the grave and then [?]
Take his fate off the face of his cranium
Take a taste of your flesh,
I break the plate in ya flesh,
I hope you takin ya breath,
Cause this is faces of death,
I left the flesh molded,
Cause I'm the best and all the rest know it,
I'm papoose, the life or death poet,
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A young hustla on the block selling his jacks,
They told him he can't hustle now he dressed with his gat,
Hit him right between the eyes, dead in the head with the mac,
Heard how his melon just cracked? Faces of death!
Finally got her in the telly, she prettied that ass fat,
Pulled out a condom, and she told you "don't use that",
But you ain't see the monkey is sitting right on her back,
Now you positive and you trapped, faces of death!
Stick up kids see a big woolie who flossin,
Back the nigga down and took his jewelry off him,
But he ain't pat him down good enough and it cost him,
He gripped up on the larson, faces of death!
This nigga drunk drivin while he smoking his ganja,
They told him "slow down" but he told em "I gotcha",
He crashed, everybody died 'cept for the driver,
He the only survivor, faces of death!

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This wild nigga always known for pickin his gun up,
Got caught for a body from some nigga he stuck up,
The judge gave him 25 to life, he fucked up,

Went to his cell and hung up, faces of death!
This girl got a boyfriend, she taking him seriously,
She love him so much that he broke her virginity,
After that he called her and told her it was quits,
She went in the room and slit her wrists, faces of death!
This lady goin' to work tryin to feed her children,
The ain't know it was war cause she just a civilian,
Two airplanes crashed into the buildings,
She got crushed by a ceiling, faces of death!
A father left a loaded gun under his mattress,
His 4 year old son walked in and grabbed it,
He thought it was a toy so he cocked it and clapped it,
His body fell down backwards, faces of death!

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The projects look like oversized tombstones,
Guess the ghetto is a graveyard, we do em homes,
Been here before, so my spirit carry a used soul,
My soul can't carry my flesh, so I use bones,
I'm a death poet, through life I consume poems,
Words can't kill em, so I use chrome,
Next time you looking in the mirror, you better pinch your flesh,
Make sure the face in your mirror ain't a face of death,
Next time you eating your food, take a deep breath,
Make your the taste in your mouth ain't a taste of death,
Now I laid me down to sleep,
I pray to lord my soul will keep,
If the reaper come for me I put a hole in my sheets,
Every time I go to sleep I sleep holdin my heat,
If these upcoming rappers die before I wake,
The industry will be mine and I get all this cake

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