

## Fitted Hat Low

Papoose

I got the Armani's, got the Versace joints  
My fitted cap low , let me put my hater blockers on  
Papoose Pa-poose

I got my fitted hat low, block em out (Block 'em out)  
I got my hater blockers on, block em out (Block 'em out)  
I got my fitted hat low, block em out (Block 'em out)  
I got my hater blockers on, block em out (Block 'em out)  
I got my fitted hat on my face (My face)  
Why you all up in my space (My space)  
I don't want these haters all in my grill so I cop me some brand new shades  
(New shades)

I wear a mean dark pair of shades  
And you can't see my eyes unless my head bent  
It's about to be a cold winter, I'm on some s\*\*\*  
Show you how to rob the industry like 50 cent  
Hopped on the airplane, hit Miami quick  
Linked up with Scott Storch, so you know it's a hit  
Everybody lookin for me like where Pap went?  
Going going gone, I'm outta here b\*\*\*\*  
Look at shorty over there, she thick like quick  
But she got her breasts done, she thinks she slick  
Yeah, all the girls with the real hair  
Yeah, the real chest and the ill rear  
Even if it ain't real, I ain't hating on it  
Uh! It's still yours cause you paid for it  
Get your weight up not your hate up and see me after you got it up  
I'm clockin ya, Versace shades watchin ya

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My groove, come get into my groove  
Walk through the industry doing what I choose  
My chain hit your girl in the face, she 'gon bruise  
So when I'm on top, I take off my jewels  
Four hundred songs, what more can I prove  
Versatile, I'm hardcore, but I'm smooth  
Cop new hammers and give them to my goons  
None of y'all crews don't want it with my dudes  
The throwback Mike's, black and gray pair  
Not those, the suede pair  
Had that '07 leather in '06  
I switch it up every year  
Since it's 07, I'm copping my '08 gear  
They don't face fight, when I pull out the thirty eight here  
Make the doctor press down on your chest and say CLEAR!  
Sucker punched you fast and say they ain't care  
They can't swing on me, I weave like fake hair

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Count my money once, I count my money twice  
Then I count it again to make sure it's right  
I keep my guns dirty, and my jewelry plain  
Cause fly b\*\*\*\*\*es love gangstas, nah mean!?  
I know y'all shades is fake, but not these y'all  
Armani, Vioni, Versace, her body like Halle  
She probably think she got me, but not me  
Ma please I bet you I can make her feel like a virgin  
I bet you I can make her scream like a virgin  
And her p\*\*\*\*smells good, I said it  
Cause she a clean version) like a radio edit  
But it's all about the clothes, the homes, the hot cars  
Looking through my shades, it's easy to spot ya  
Rock ya to sleep, then drop y'all  
Seen alot of stars get rocked, that's why I call them rockstars

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