

Jive Ass Turkey

Papoose

They wanna score, niggas try to catch us slippin'
They wanna score, tryna get one up, listen
They wanna score, everybody screamin' "New York!"
They wanna score, dude tryna slide with a broad
He wanna score, you don't get no points for that
Dissin' New York, you don't get no points for that
Slippin' girls mollies, you don't get no points for that
We settle the score, that's a fact

Last artist to diss New York City suffered from low ticket sales
...I rocked his bells like LL
After that, I caused his man not to prevail
I subtracted the Big from Sean and his album fell
Next New York hater, lookin' like Jerome-Rome
Tryna diss the hip hop home, this my throne
You ain't no real Trinidadian boy, you hilarious
You ugly bride of Frankenstein, who you marryin'?
You the dumbest out the South, it don't get dumber
Don't you know my guns spit thunder? You one hit wonder
Halloween mascot, wore your costume early
I seen you in your video with all your costume jewelry

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Don't come back to New York with that B.S. dawg
Niggas is lookin' for you like the PS4
How you gon' even try to come up out of your talk?
With your hairdo lookin' like Bill de Blasio's son
If you a real rude boy, why you don't talk like it?
If you from Atlanta, why you don't tote the hawk like it?
Sweetest in Atlanta, peach, you ain't Atlanta brave
You closer to a falcon, a bird out of its cage
Love hip hop, like Peter Gunz, Joe Budden, Saigon
Papoose, my flow is deep enough to drown a lifeguard
...could use some more bars, but you ain't even worthy
Happy Thanksgiving, you jive ass turkey

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