

# Mixtape Murder

Papoose

Papoose Street Sweeper Ent.

This Is Mixtape Murder I Say Some Of The Illest Shit They Herd Off!  
They Betta Off Going To Get They Burner!  
This Is Mixtape Murder, Mixtape Spit-Strait Murder!  
This Is Mixtape Murder, Mixtape Murder-Mixtape Murder!!!

-Its Street-Sweeper To The Death On You Bastards  
When I Die Put A Street-Sweeper In My Casket And Close It  
Just Let Me Lay There With The Ratchet..Yeah  
Dust To Dust & Ashes To Ashes...So The Snake Who Killed Me  
Could Walk In Acting -By The Grace Of God I'm Jump Up Blasting  
Acting Like You Build You's A Fucked Up `hasbeen I Dress With A Gun Tuck Fashion..  
!I'm A Monster Son Of Raw!

-I Spit Americas Most Wanted Bars My Will-Power Got More  
Will Than 100cars I'm Show This Niggas How To Deal Just Cuase Of Cards You's  
A Cock-Sucking Brawd Look..  
You Got Something You Wanna Get Off Your Chest  
Besides Your Fucking Bra? Stop Throwing Hits  
Throw Shots Confront It `poau  
I Dont Got Drama With None Of Ya'll But I Hope You Niggas Kill Each Other I  
Dont Like Neither One Of Ya'll!!!

-You Could Go Try Get Who Ever You Want Invole Tell`em Im A Problem That The  
y Can't Fucking Solve, Acting Like You Really Thuging Hard  
And Buckin Cons He Thuging Becuase Of Ya'll They Put The Battery In Ya Back  
Now You Think You A Fucking Star...  
!Hit You In Your Back And Blow The Battery Outta Ya Stomach`poau!  
Who Died?-Left Them In Charge.  
Carry So Many Hoods On My Shoulders I Need Somebody To Give Me A Massage.

-Selling Jars Of Weed? If He Pull Out Another Jar.. Fuck Huging The Block.." Ama Have Him Huging God!" Cross Me Your Heart To Wont Live To Beat Another T  
hrobe My Gun Got Fired So Much It Need Another Job  
I Told You In Alphabetical Slaughter I Was'nt Large My Whole Borough Be Buck  
in Cons Yo Cant Walk Tru Coney Island Bumping Niggas You Buggin `poau You Ai  
nt Just Brushing Pass Niggas You Bumping Hard  
Next Time You Make Sure You Know Who You Bumping `poau Most Of My Coney Isla  
nd Niggas Will Leave You Slumtp On A Bucket Cars...  
Stop Saying You Wont Get A Nigga Who Front & Rob I Dont Care If You Wont I W  
ood(Would) Like A Lumber Yard!

-Evertime You See The Entourage We Come To Rob  
-Charged With Aborah  
-Regardless Cuase Its Hard  
-Hit Harder Than Bernard  
-We Parked In Your Garage  
-Your Brawds In A Manuge  
-Hearts Become Enlarged  
-Your Dogs Is Duck & Dodge  
-Your Squadgers Running Jaw  
-Arson Grand Larceny Larsen Rip Bars- Apart In Font Of Ya'll  
-Compare Color, Scars

-Harlem Sold Parts Of Yonkers Way Across The Bronx & From Strait

To The Coffin Give 'em Fatal Abortion I'm Able To Off 'em Brooknam  
The Puasing's Buzzing Hard Dont Cross The Reservoir Dogs See You In The  
Next Morgue ..Decent Of Song..

What???

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