

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 Involle Tell`em Im A Problem That They
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 Slumpt 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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