

# Revelations of a Lyricist

Papoose

PAPOOSE! Im here with the hip-hop legend, Premier  
Premo I got you  
Check me out now, behold lyricism  
Haters try to cremate him but he still exist  
I'm limitless, envision this is genesis  
I'm sippin' cris, spittin' this 'til I'm spiritless  
Welcome to the revelations of a lyricist  
Haters try to cremate him but he still exist  
I'm limitless envision this is genesis  
Ima rep thug-a-cation 'til I'm spiritless  
The revelations of a lyricist  
I CAN'T BREATHE!

I got the smell of death in my nose  
Blood stains, I got this nigga flesh on my clothes  
The best kept secret, thought that I would never be told  
Sit back and watch the clever unfold, level your flows  
Cuz when it comes to them bars nigga, I'm godzilla  
When its time to sing songs, I'm king kong  
when its time to lace tracks, I'm AIDS black

Motherfucker I'm a monster  
You wanna move a lot of work in ya hood I'll be your sponsor  
Take half or all o' ya bread like we was partnas  
Collect my money in envelopes, like I'm a mobsta  
Walk through this concrete jungle like I was Kontra  
Like dreadlocks I'm at the top of the roster (rasta)  
Hit 'em up and give 'em a seizure (cesar) like I'm a barber  
Come through and put in that work with the revolver  
You wont, I would (wood) like tiger but aint a golfer  
I dont gotta hear your album cause I'm the author  
Wrote the period, the question mark, and the comma  
Wrote the first, second, and the third part of the saga  
Yeah I hear 'em say they go hard, but I go harder  
Yesterday, the day before, today and tomorrow  
I blood sweat and tears, shit piss and saliva  
Bought the pacifier, the stroller, crib, and the walker  
Shine getting darker, you aint gimme a dollar  
No drama  
When I see you I say thats my son  
Not cause you my man, cause I'm ur father  
Got a lot of verses, more hooks than Tarver  
Underground king like Arthur  
You find me on the block deadin' niggaz on sales, dont even bother  
And your customer chose me cause mines is harder  
Next time you bag up make 'em larger, cause I robbed ya  
Your sale (cell) dead like you need a charger  
Daily departa, I'm known to bang that tool  
Papoose, you aint never heard a name that cool  
Spittin sixteen bars I'ma change that rule  
Somebody with no bars musta made that rule  
The industry owe me a lot, this a payback move  
Ride the track like a Maybach, smooth  
They say text jam on you, but you gotta pop your gun right  
You goin mess around and get popped you dumb hype  
They guns jam up when it's time for the gun fight  
Cuz they get so nervous they cock they guns twice

What would you do if they had a plot for your life  
And all you really had was a glock and one mic  
Papoose, walk through they blocks with them ice  
Go to they pizza shop, and stop for one slice  
Get some garlic on the top and one sprite  
Now thats enough time to pop if you want right?  
But if you ever pull out a ox be dumb nice  
Cuz I'll stab ya whole flock with one knife  
They mad cause I got more checks than air nikes  
If I want it, I cops it on site  
When it comes to spending money I stop at no price  
I take a long time to stop spinning (spending) like the last dice  
That four powerful enough to drop both y'all  
Had a whole block flooded with the high most squad  
I could see straight through you like a hydro jaw  
My gun bust like I aint got no car  
A lyricist, when I look in the mirror I see a rhyme  
When I'm pushing my whip, I see a rhyme  
When I'm sexing my chick I see a rhyme  
And weverytime I squeeze my dick I pee a rhyme  
Why ya man so washed up if he could rhyme  
I got enough bars to give you a three to nine  
The supremacist is ceremonial, masters in lyricist  
Deliver poetry, vogulty above vintriliquist  
With splendidness gave thug-a-cation a genesis  
Put an end to this senselessness..