

That Nigga Pap, Nigga Pap

Papoose

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Niggaz Know Me
Hottest Nigga On The Streets Hommie, P-A-P
The Bootleggers Tell Me, Aint Seen A Nigga This Hott Since 50
When These Labels Sign Me Ima Lock The Game Up, Me And Kay Sleazy
Im A Straight G, On Some B-K Shit, P-A-P

I Keep My Hammer Tucked
Picture Me Scared Of What?
A Skinny Nigga, So I Always Pull My Pants Up
(Them Niggaz Tear Shit Up) Who Me I Damn Jump
Them Niggaz Tear Shit Up, Hold Up Let Me Stand Up
Why You [?]
You A Scared Fuck
They Hit Cha Man Up, Then You Better Man Up
You Aint Got No Damn Guts, You God Damn Punk
Stop Eight Ball Shaving, Getcha Grams Up
Did A Sweep On The Block, When They Ran Up
You Aint Even Give Us No Warning, You Got Us Jammed Up
Seen Em Pull Their Vans Up, You Such A Damn Chump
Instead Of Say Ya Man Down, Let Em Lock Ya Man's Up
Better Hand Cuff Me To Myself, I Dont Share Cuffs
If They Handcuff Me To Him, Ima Tear Him Up
See I Came From The Bottom, But I Clammed Up
So All My Gangstas Throw Ya Fucking Hands Up
I Respect The Dirty South, Yeah They Get It Crunk
But There Something I Dont Understand (What)
Why Would I Let A Man Jump, And Pop His Damn Trunk
When I Can Tear Him Up, Before He Even Stand Up
See You Scared To Take A Risk, But You Aint Tuff
Papoose Take More Risk Than Handcuffs
Niggaz Say They Looking For Me
They Wanna Blare Me Up
Looking Where, Im Over Here Like Dandruff
See See Them Niggaz Chased You Down
Said You Was Running To Get Your Ratchet
You Never Came Back, You Ran Cause You A Faggot
U Like To Send Them Wolves At Niggas, You Give Em Ratchets
U Might Even Cock The Gun, But You Never Clap It
Go Ahead Send Them Wolves At Me, Send Them Bastards
I Bet You I'll Smoke Everyone Of Them Little Bastards
Wolves Move Around In Packs, I Know Their Tactics
Hommie I Smoke A Pack A Day, I Gotta Have It
I Never Shoot With My Bad Hand, I Gotta Clap With The Hand
I Bag Crack With
When I Re-Up, I Keep A Drug Attic With Me, I Open The Plastic
Let Them Test It On The Spot, I Dont Fuck With No Cabbage
I Cant Stand Middle Men, The Fuck Up Your Cabbage
He Tried To Get His Pc, So He Wants You To Have It
When I Go To Cop Grams, I Dont Come With Those Faggots
Im Like A Brand New House, I Come With A Attic
You Know That Nigga At The Dice Game Holding A Bank
Got Everybody Under Pressure Cause He Roll With A Eight
They Be Scared To Beat His Point And It Shows In His Face
Even When He Throw A Duece, They Be Hoping They Ace

But While You Raising Your Voice, Hommie Lower Your Base
Your Body Bluffin' Is A Total Disgrace
Deep Down Inside You Dont Want No Parts Of Me
You Aint Got No Heart, If You Aint Talking About No Money, What Cha Tounge G
on' Talk
When I Run Up On You, That Gun Gon' Spark
You Like A Nigga Who Getting A Shape Up, You Dont Want No Parts
I Just Dip From The Narks, Cuz Im On The Grind
I Sent My Dimes Ten Dollars, Dont Bring Me Mine
I Aint Taking No Shorts When It Come To Mine
While All Ya Niggas Take More Shorts Than Boosters In The Summer Time

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