

# Wut Yall Gonna Do

Papoose

DJ Kay Slay Drama King  
A moment of silence for all those that oppose Papoose  
You know what I'm sayin'  
I think ya'll need a little narration from here to  
there, come on

I don't know what you niggas gonna do when Pap gets hot  
Cause, man I got everything that these rappers got  
But this ain't rap money, na na naw  
Man, this crack money and gat and money  
What ya niggas gonna do when Pap gets hot  
Cause man I got every drug that your connect got  
But this ain't baking soda, na na naw  
Maan this is straight coca, come buy some weight  
soldier  
What you niggas gonna do when Pap gets hot  
Cause I got every gun that the army got  
These ain't little guns, na na naw, man these are  
huntin' guns  
You better fuckin' run

I get in drama I be poppin'  
See I will pop in an hour, but I do it for my dogs  
I rock with the Wielers  
The way I'm in the hood gettin' all these thousands of  
dollars  
I think I need to start poppin' my collar  
The way I'm murderin' these mixtapes man, I'm  
overworkin' you jokers  
I think I need to get some dirt off my shoulders, my  
shit is clean though  
When it come to gamblin', I'm like Robert Denerio  
Not in all them dumb ass movies, but in Casino  
When it come to hustlin' I'm like Al Pacino  
Not when he was Scarface but when he was Carlito  
Like Wesley Snipes but in only in one sense though  
Sit your five dollar ass down before I make singles  
At the end of the movie y'all can never be Nino  
Fridays I snatch Ice Cubes like I was D-Bo  
Like O'Dog when they was up in that ho crib  
Yo Papoose you strapped, and you know it  
Had y'all turn your turners up, I got my blinkers on  
Cause this is my turn, I'm a turn it up  
I'd rather be in Maybac liftin' my curtains up  
Instead they got me in the hood liftin' these burners  
up  
Cause man I get tired of beatin' my workers up  
They some uncertain fucks, gave the nigga a bomb full  
of weed  
Ask me did he mess up yes, he dropped he confessed  
I gave the nigga a bomb full of crack, ask me did he  
mess it up, yes  
He said the cops chased him and dropped it by the fence  
My workers keep droppin' my bombs I'm dumb vexed  
This lil' nigga drop more bombs than Funk Flex  
I keep my eyes on them these dudes are suspect, got now  
who wants next

But tell me why your man tryna walk in them gangster shoes  
They not his size  
Niggas tryna get this money, he tryna jive  
Playin' with nigga's bread, they ran up behind his ride  
Instead of tryna go for his gun, he tryna hide  
They told the nigga don't pull off, he tryna drive  
Beg for his life, no kinda of pride  
Now he in a hospital, your family standin' right by his side  
Talk about him like a dog, they act like he not alive  
They standin' by his bed, tellin' all kind of lies  
But now he ready to give up, he kinda of tired  
They talk about he passed away, I'm not suprised  
Ya'll talkin' about pullin' the plug, that's why he died  
Your other man got hit too, that guy survived, but he ain't tryna ride  
He got an exit wound on his arm, two exit wounds by his thigh  
Exit wound by his side, he told me he had a bullet stuck up in his body  
Why he lie, that nigga got more exits than a Audi '95

These lil' niggas runnin' around actin' like young bullies  
But y'all lil' niggas don't think you dumb rookies  
Violate them other dudes, but I'm a tough cookie  
Ain't a nigga alive can tell you he punk really  
I will put the gun in son hoody  
But that will be statutory rape if I fuck with a young pussy  
If he had the will power to front than would he, I'd break his will like police  
I used to rock a black sherlin, used jeans, with fat word hymns, started caps to match  
With the black curve brim, I came up in the era that crack burst in  
Used to stash them jacks in my black work Timbs  
Nigga head up or shut up, or scrap words then  
Shit was mad worse then, but if we had word with each other  
Neither of one of us clapped murked then  
I'd just tap a herb chin, cause when I set fire to their ass  
Soon as I put that work in, he runnin' to the cops screamin' Pap burnt him  
But if he keep frontin, I'll react worse then  
I feel like my mind snap, I was that certain  
Cause niggas let something as simple as that hurt them  
Whoever around they frontin for that person  
They always got to try and get the last words in  
That's why I kill niggas, make em your last words then  
I watch you basketball players passin' your rocks  
Watch all you football players tackle and block  
Listened to you rappers talk about, stackin' your gwop  
Blastin' your shots, crack on your block, flashin' your watch  
I got the key, who said the Big Apple was locked  
So what y'all gonna do when Pap get hot