

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 Wesly 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 alway 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