

## Papi (35 A Gram)

Saigon

35 a gram is too much for me  
They got it for 29 up the street  
So please, papi, work with me  
Cuz see 35 g's for a key is too much for me  
35 a gram is too much for me  
They got it for 29 up the street  
So please, papi, work with me  
Cuz see I don't wanna hurt you papi

No I don't usually rap about crack and all that  
I ain't doing the Devil's job, nah, fuck that  
And I don't usually just rap to jaw jack  
But I'ma take you back, way back, before rap  
Before I had to fight with a kid got clapped  
Before all of my fist fights and nap nap  
I grind full time son, VA was the jump off  
In somebody's city with mad coke to dump off  
Nah, we ain't come to act wild  
We came to introduce you and your hood to this crack vial  
Make a couple of big niggaz turn fragile  
Get some money, shoot a few niggaz and then be out  
1, 1, 2, 2, 3, 3, 4, hit it  
We wanted it so we had to get out and go get it  
So every month I was uptown  
Tryin' to get papi's high ass coke price to come the fuck down

I was livin' like a moron, the old E days  
The game is a oxymoron; we sold free base  
My partner was two face; he smiled when we was face to face  
Soon as I turn my back he made the screw face  
I know he want my spot  
He know he got to kill me to get it  
I don't care if I'm found guilty or acquitted  
Niggaz gon' feel me on some shiddit  
Cuz they know I'm a nigga that did it  
Not just a nigga that spit it  
Send you to the bottomless pizzit  
Then go to jail and get hed on a conjugal visit  
Yo, come here exquisite, um nah forget it  
I'ma stick to the script so niggaz can get with it  
Martinsville, Virginia, Richmond, sittin' in the kitchen  
Crackhead cookin' up the batch then  
Not matchin', same draws with shit stains  
Sellin' the same shit somebody sold to Rick James