

Papoose

"6 Foot 7 Freestyle"

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Papoose papoose
Im the greatest ever
Cakeing hella chasing devils wave beretas
Making fellas face dilemmas
Bake'em down to satan seller
Man i get it shaking with a rapper bet you they
surrender
Stomp'em with the male ugg boots u can taste the
leather
Let dice shake with tremors bet u i can try'em better
headcrack ace'em never uhh uhh pay the cheddar
Master what u ain't remember
Champion like a lakers member
Colder than a late december
Hit the bank n shake the teller

Your girl be chasing niggas say she needs a babysitter
Sending me them naked pictures return straight to
sender
Coming with a straight vendetta
You about as fake as
Banging since i play with sega
Eating since the regan era
Man im of the wall like street fighter play with vega
Got the nickel play whatever
You a bird ill flame your feathers
Im the crime better find their protector
Run'em over on the track shoulda shine they reflectors
Im a wise brave inventor brooklyn mindstate projector
Quick to vibrate your section
Make the migrate respect us

Ever violate the mecca of the rhyme stays professor

Ill apply a place to pressure then annihilate your lecture
We tri state profectors with some high rate investors
While them guys pay for pleasure
We arrive take the treasure
Mush your pop face heffa off a sky scrapper n tell her
you should try praying for better like the guy mase n
betha
Im the day collector redefine the face of terror

Bring the helicopters out make'em fly they propellers
Life is like a game of chess while u guys playing
checkers
Hesitate to smoke a dutch if the kind ain't Vanilla
Hustling bustling struggling juggling doubling
He's blundering mumbling fumbling
Suckers is stuttering

The ruckus i brung you is tuff as a puzzle is puzzling
Busting your bubble you stuck in a huddle they
huddling
He rough and he mellow a thug or he thorough they
wondering
Come to the burrel is such a rebudle ill muscle'em
Catch you on fulton n franklyn ill touch you and tuck it
in
Come off the shuttle and run threw the tunnel im
trouble son
Cutchu your blood in a puddle so sudden is flooding
in front of your mom with a slug is discoloring
This grave is for you
I dug wit a shovel and shoved'em in
Death is become to you
Your soul is above you is hovering
Blood on my chucks he buckled
I chuckle im chuckleling
Im humble revenge I love you
He stumble i punished him
Your bones can tumble im thunderous
Since you say u wanna rumble in the jungle
The jungle go fucking

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