

Papoose "Flashback"

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Marvin Gaye, Sample-

Mother Mother, mother mother,
everybody thinks were wrong.
Mother, mother. Who are they
to judge us? Mother, mother
simply cause we wear our hair long.
Mother, mother Oohhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Papoose- Verse 1

Im gonna take ya'll back on this one.
Mommy make me some oatmeal, the mailman outside
he bringin' mo' bills. Daddy driving in his raggedy
mobile.

Papoose got the cooties he killed a roach ill. Mommy
Toya' keep
kickin' me with those old heals. Boys stop trying to me
make me out of mo' hill.
I grew up in a shack just like oniel'. Born and raised in
the ghetto where it was so real.

Back in the days when K' was on co' chill. We lived on
the first floor Im from down the hill.
We had to duck on the floor, they shooting off steel.
They use to have shoot outs
over them dope deals. They say if he's so nice why he
got no deal? I say my talent is something these little
labels won't steal. Im doing this for those rappers who
out of brownsville who never went platinum.

Marvin Gaye -- Chorus

Oh, make you wanna holler
The way they do my life
Make me wanna holler
The way they do my life

Papoose Verse 2-

Yo mamma so fat when she walk her booty claps,
need gloves to eat a tootsie roll, she so black. You
actin' like your
mom's all that. She's so crosseyed that when she cries
tears go down her back.
Who ever stepped on a lines, yo' mother drink wine.
Who ever stepped
on the cracks, yo mother smokes crack. We told mother
jokes as if we took them for granted,
drinking sugar water eating the syrup sandwich. We
threw rocks at lots, buildings was abandon.
Father sinners were teaching, but we aint understand
it. Pissy mattresses, we was on the black flippin'
Needed some school clothes so we went shoplifting.
Triple fat goose first deal big difference.
Chasin' the girls, seven humps, eleven kisses. You slap
box better than me, then I fought you.
Smacked you in yo' face, and then start screamin' " i
caught you"

Marvin Gaye - Chorus

Oh, make you wanna holler
The way they do my life
Make me wanna holler
The way they do my life

Papoose - Verse 3

I was borned to rappers back then, I was nice kid. Had
them red& black lumberjacks
like BIG. Osh kosh bGOSH and flat tops. Battled the
human beatbox stuffed wax and skelly tops.
Used G's favoritest pants, tyson was the champ,
started small time hustlin' tired of them foodstamps
. Back then the dreads use to have all the weak spots,
niggas were scared when they use to say ' what the
blood clot!'
but the hood got tired of that you hood gunshots.
Niggas started to get gun budding and what not.
Tomahawks, faceheads, low lives,
the ceptic cards, black spades, lil wives, GP, SSP, HBO,
those are some of the new york gangs I know.

Man I'm daydreamin' off the haze I blow, I just caught a
flashback i smoked too much dro.
Flashback, Flashback, Flashback.

