

## Papoose "Gunz-n-rosez"

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Lyricism and life guns and roses  
Rob execs take the pennies out your loafers  
A lot of rappers but papoose the dopest  
Supercalifragilisticxpealadocious  
Lyricism and life guns and roses  
Jack Maybachs blow the brains out your chauffeurs  
A lot of rappers, papoose the dopest  
Supercalifragilisticxpealadocious

My live crew pop like guy moo pop advise you pop  
Wise new plots I ride through blocks and find new spots  
Nah-uh you not uh-huh you watch  
When I hop out the dread be like, "Man don't do dat"  
Get lined up like five roof tops I cock two glocks  
Find you behind new locks 'cause papoose got  
Two knots inside two socks few rocks inside shoe box  
You got two hot blocks who block you got  
You dropped, you dropped you hot you not you popped  
you flop  
you got to stop hops you not Tupac  
Chew shots through blocks since doowop pop and  
koolats  
Every last one of you niggaz could eat the ooh wop  
I stack money while you spending your dough  
I must-stash like the hair between your lip and your  
nose  
Never partied always ran with the mothers  
The only Summer Jam I ever had, was if my gun  
jammed in the summer  
Cock the Uzi  
Chip a nickel and diamond for a loosey  
You coming through shining like we 'aint riding for the  
Louchey  
Homie none of your diamonds don't induce me  
'Cause yo I put blood on your ice, and turn your  
diamonds into rubies  
Kill intent, catch my enemy at a big event  
Watching while he party in advance of getting bent  
Soon as he try to use the bathroom I'm slipping in  
Sending guns smoke through the vents  
I'ma add something stupid like, can I buy one of your  
cigarettes

Put the burner under his chin and leave the ceiling wet  
They incorrect, niggaz spending money to get respect  
They don't know the way to get respect is disrespect  
How you cut a nigga in the face to get a rep  
Real gangsters cut him in his neck  
And if you catch an attempt murder that don't mean  
you a bigger threat  
That just means you 'aint no motherfucking killer yet  
My pistol send you to death  
Rip through your Mitchell and Ness  
Like car dealers you hit the deck  
They hit your man with the Smith and Wess  
Dump shots all in a nigga chest  
You could see his bones he missing flesh  
Stead of getting a gun, you run and go get a vest  
Niggaz tore your man out the frame and you 'aint get  
the picture yet?  
Dope fiends lined up making the strip a mess  
That dope got them fiends online like the Internet  
They tried to come on my block selling that fucking boy  
Nigga my gun got fire like its unemployed  
Say send me out the semi out they let me out I'm  
focused  
Dessies out the holsters  
Empty out the 4-5th  
If I was a blood, I split the C like I'm Moses  
Supercalifragilisticexpealahoeless

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