

## **Papoose**

# **"Mixtape Murder"**

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(feat. Thug-A-Cation)

Papoose Street Sweeper Ent.

This Is Mixtape Murder I Say Some Of The Illest Shit  
They Herd Off!  
They Betta Off Going To Get They Burner!  
This Is Mixtape Murder, Mixtape Spit-Strait Murder!  
This Is Mixtape Murder, Mixtape Murder-Mixtape  
Murder!!!

-Its Street-Sweeper To The Death On You Bastards  
When I Die Put A Street-Sweeper In My Casket And  
Close It  
Just Let Me Lay There With The Ratchet..Yeah  
Dust To Dust & Ashes To Ashes...So The Snake Who  
Killed Me  
Could Walk In Acting -By The Grace Of God I'm Jump Up  
Blasting  
Acting Like You Build You's A Fucked Up 'hasbeen I  
Dress With A Gun Tuck Fashion..  
!!'m A Monster Son Of Raw!

-I Spit Americas Most Wanted Bars My Will-Power Got  
More  
Will Than 100cars I'm Show This Niggas How To Deal  
Just Cuase Of Cards You's A Cock-Sucking Brawd Look..  
You Got Something You Wanna Get Off Your Chest  
Besides Your Fucking Bra? Stop Throwing Hits  
Throw Shots Confront It 'poau  
I Dont Got Drama With None Of Ya'll But I Hope You  
Niggas Kill Each Other I Dont Like Neither One Of  
Ya'll!!!!

-You Could Go Try Get Who Ever You Want Invole  
Tell'em Im A Problem That They Can't Fucking  
Solve, Acting Like You Really Thuging Hard  
And Buckin Cons He Thuging Becuase Of Ya'll They Put  
The Battery In Ya Back Now You Think You A Fucking  
Star...  
!Hit You In Your Back And Blow The Battery Outta Ya  
Stomach'poau!

Who Died?-Left Them In Charge.  
Carry So Many Hoods On My Shoulders I Need  
Somebody To Give Me A Massage.

-Selling Jars Of Weed? If He Pull Out Another Jar.. Fuck  
Huging The Block.."Ama Have Him Huging God!" Cross  
Me Your Heart To Wont Live To Beat Another Throbe My  
Gun Got Fired So Much It Need Another Job  
I Told You In Alphabetical Slaughter I Was'nt Large My  
Whole Borough Be Buckin Cons Yo Cant Walk Tru  
Coney Island Bumping Niggas You Buggin 'poau You  
Aint Just Brushing Pass Niggas You Bumping Hard  
Next Time You Make Sure You Know Who You Bumping  
'poau Most Of My Coney Island Niggas Will Leave You  
Slumt On A Bucket Cars...  
Stop Saying You Wont Get A Nigga Who Front & Rob I  
Dont Care If You Wont I Wood(Would) Like A Lumber  
Yard!

-Evertime You See The Entourage We Come To Rob  
-Charged With Aborah  
-Regardless Cuase Its Hard  
-Hit Harder Than Bernard  
-We Parked In Your Garage  
-Your Brawds In A Manuge  
-Hearts Become Enlarged  
-Your Dogs Is Duck & Dodge  
-Your Squadgers Running Jaw  
-Arson Grand Larceny Larsen Rip Bars- Apart In Font Of  
Ya'll  
-Compare Color,Scars

-Harlem Sold Parts Of Yonkers Way Across The Bronx &  
From Strait  
To The Coffin Give 'em Fatal Abortion I'm Able To Off  
'em Brooknam  
The Puasing's Buzzing Hard Dont Cross The Reservoir  
Dogs See You In The  
Next Morgue ..Decent Of Song..

What???

This Is Mixtape Murder I Say Some Of The Illest Shit  
They Herd Off!  
They Betta Off Going To Get They Burner!  
This Is Mixtape Murder, Mixtape Spit-Strait Murder!  
This Is Mixtape Murder,Mixtape Murder-Mixtape  
Murder!!!  
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