

## Papoose "Ridin Shotgun"

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(Paul Wall Intro)

I go by the name of Paul Wall The People's Champ  
and I'm pullin' down with my partna Papoose baby  
They talkin' bout...

(Paul Wall)

Kick the door down, weighed glock, bag the money,  
gimme all that you got,  
Than its back to the hood, fo a all night flight, tryin to  
slang a lick at the gamblers spot,  
All or nothin, win or lose, grind all day, no time to  
snooze,  
Stack o' cash, one dolla at a time, just earnin'  
stripes, and payin my do's,  
5-9, 5-8, South Lee, South Bake, Lil E, Big Mix, my  
partna Bowdy, pour up the drank,  
Getcha eagle on flip a bird, 16 deep can buy you a  
brick,  
Plus that clock go stone for stone, gram for gram, lick  
for lick,  
Ova night celebrity in the streets, bust a move feet to  
feet,  
Cut the corner, slide off in the wind, and its back to the  
block for a meet n greet,  
Where's the drank? Where's the dro? Where's the  
whip? Where's the blow?  
Pop seal, pour a fo', fire up the piff, light n blow,  
I'm comin straight from dat Houston, Texas, I got the  
tech, who's next wit plex?  
I do yo ass, like a garbage fest, I'll peal yo shell n  
snap yo neck,  
It's Paul Wall no need to explain, emerged from the  
game in a slab on swang,  
Sip the drank, take it straight to the brain, I'm fuckin'  
round with that Drama King,

(Chorus) (Paul Wall & Papoose)

I'm on that 16 loop, down in that Houston baby  
I'm on Atlantic Ave. hip hop, police hate me,  
I'm posted up, I'm toasted up, I'm getting mine,  
New York Times,

The clock is tickin, time is money, partna its goin down

(Papoose)

You see folks, hit you wit the poetry notes, Flow league,  
low key, O-G's dope,  
The coke freak, dope feen, off a ski slope, talk to  
police, nope,  
Yo homies, no pito, the homey keep toast, turn ur  
ghostwriter to a holy ghost,  
Quick to pull a shank on the old ski coach, you can  
hokie poke,  
I drink so much, I cry liquor, wipe my tears wit c notes, I  
smoke so much weed, I fart weed smoke,  
I wonder a the moment she spoke, you know I like a  
woman with a mint coat n a deep throat,  
and ma I think your crazy if you don't deep throat, you  
serve no purpose like a slow speed boat,  
Im sworn to the hood, took the OG oath, the homies  
toast to the song P wrote (uh)  
On this shit I don't need votes, you 'bout to getcha  
hood, pass me voc,  
You can't afford this ice, he broke, 4-5, bitch 4-5-6 c-  
low,  
I smoke brown like my name nino, I'm Papoose,  
underground king no,  
Kiss the bling-bling ho, my ching-ching do'or let tha  
ding-ding go, like a sing-sing row, (uh)  
Why ya'll talk wheezy, 'fore I, grip I, pull out the  
toasta, come back an kill em like Piper Sosa,  
Eat em like Ponderosa, touch em like Tony Toka, push  
range rova's wit shoulda, holdsta, this verse is ova.

(Chorus)

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(Paul Wall)

What it do, it's Paul Wall the people's champ, n dat  
boi Papoose,  
My pockets fat like bruise, bruise, cause I'm goin'  
hangin round do'ors spot like a noose,  
I'm goin' hard, on tha block, posted up like Jermaine  
O'Neal,  
If you scared take yo ass back home, turn on tha tube n  
watch Dr. Phil,

Watch n learn, clock ???, no sleep just crash n burn,  
Paint tha slab, weigh tha trunk, bolted up, than bounce  
n turn,  
On Bay Bridge, wit tha undaground king, shakin bike  
logs, stayin afloat,  
It's tha Street Sweepers an tha Swishahouse, Paul  
Wall, Papoose dat's all she wrote.

(Papoose)

Paul Wall n Papoose, we ride her, shortay in tha back,  
wit a back lookin proper,  
Face like a model, n a match wit da prada, little time n  
she mine, I'm time her,  
Popped in tha night, so I popped up beside her, popped  
2 bottles, than I popped my colla,  
I didn't have a pen, she gave me eye liner, wrote her  
phone numba on a back of a dolla,  
She crumbled it up, n put it in her vagina, shortay was a  
turnt out freak like Madonna,  
Then I seen her friend lookin betta right behind her,  
took my dolla back matta fact, I'm a holla!  
You nigga's is imposters, we eatin like we mobsters,  
Street Sweepers n Swishahouse, you fuckin wit some  
monsta's.

(Chorus X2)

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