

Papoose

"Run Down On Em"

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VERSE 1

yall rappers be lookin real rinky dink on B.E.T./when the fans look at papoose they see a g/ say it aint so but yeah what it b and b/ ill have all of yall lined up like the DMV/ come thru yo block 2 deep count me as three/ make it hot like da gun boyz on t.n.t/ do you like G-money on cash money if you scheme on me/ his last words we all we got C.M.B./ thats the reason you got scratched tryna be a g/ look at you all scratched up like a dvd/im underground like that old studio DnD/ this punk nigga pop off and run like DMC/ i aint the one to lay on with the ox/ i spray off wit da wap hop in and take off in da drop/ cake all in his sock i put the yayo in the pot/ dont take em till it pop/ an knock da weight off on the block/ yo team get bumped off like the playoffs wit the glock/ cuz they say they did long bids but they dont want the shock/ i aint the one to pray on wit yo plots/ yo man think he smart but he aint the brightest crayon in the box/

chorus:

what we do to these lame niggas (RUN DOWN ON EM)
he internet thuggin (RUN DOWN ON EM)
Everytime they fronted we ran down on em (RUN DOWN ON EM RUN DOWN ON EM)

VERSE 2

no mercy, i sip henney so thirsty/ like b.i.g ill give you a long kiss no hershey/ sticks and stones words dont hurt me/ but if you call me muthafucka Slay'll fuck yo mother dont curse me/ say you wanna get it but nigga when we go get em/ you be tryna switch yo feelings/ if a man try to stop me from shootin a man im gon hit'em/ how you gon try to stop my shot thats goaltendin/ my whole crew eat we gettin them bricks cheap/ in six weeks i touch mo keys then swizz beats, alicia/ rep what you sow the grim reaper got me in deep/ so i only sow wit the grim reap/ leave one man walkin on two legs wit six feet/ yo goonz is missed meat/ i aint the type of nigga to stash i wanna see everybody have/ they dont keep it the same thats the

shit that make you mad/ cuz you could be the type to
give a nigga yo last/ they see you fucked up them
niggas turn around and laugh/ you shaky wit da cash
you aint appreciate when i put you on yo feet now imma
put you on yo ass/ no question am i sendin them shots
no question/ say he get it alot well the block dont test
em/ cant move a rock you niggas is not progressin/ the
feins know i get rid of the rock like wrestlin/ me and
green lantern got chemistry/ hustle hard ghetto soldier
we make classics feelin me/

chorus:x2

what we do to these lame niggas (RUN DOWN ON EM)
he internet thuggin (RUN DOWN ON EM)
Everytime they fronted we ran down on em (RUN DOWN
ON EM RUN DOWN ON EM)

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