

Papoose

"Russian Roulette"

Visit "[Russian Roulette](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Russian roulette when the battles spins you dead
Why you let them dude shoot his self in the head

Look at you now, brains all over your bed
Your favourite rapper shot his self in the head

Russian Roulette gay you who not believe gave them
sharades
I gave you chess, you motherfuckers know my name

PAPOOSE gotta say 'em why he gone come with next
Who wanna play a game russian roulette

Russian roulette uh, I'm a keep the rule on my belt
You ain't got a killa fool he do it hisself

I got this city on fire if you foolish your mouth
Couse fuckin' with Papoose is like shootin' yourself

Russian Roulette now gone celebrate somewhere else
You never had nothin'you ain't use to the wealth

You could lie to the people but be true to yourself
Couse you know the record label gone put you on the
shelf

Russian roulette I don't understand them stupid guys
They know they ain't nice they'll choose the rhyme

I know what you got in this way his foolish pride
It's a suicide, is a suicide

Russian Roulette I see a lot of waitin' dudes
You talkin' on the phone bout the bridge you move

The man facin' life he got shit to loose
You did it to yourself that's a self inflicktin' move

Russian Roulette the war stop rappers defendin me
But I'm your evolution man I age you fuckin' enemy

Retire now you'd be a good memory
If you keep rappin' you gon' kill your own legacy

Russian Roulette when brooklyn and harlem get
together
They blow, hoe they did it with rocafeller

Biggie smallz and puffie they did it with bad boy
History repeats hisself ya'll enjoy

Straight from harlem I'm from brooklyn of course
We carry guns but we all so carry the torch

You don't suport us then you die
Is your falt what typ of games is this motherfucker
playin in new york

Russian Roulette

Visit [Papoose](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.