

Papoose "Salute The Dream"

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game that nigga you was tellin' me about from
California
I'mma handle him in the flesh
Salute to Jim Jones, salute to Juelz Santana
Everybody who embraced me man, it take real
To recognize real
DJ Enuff, Sunny, Clue, Green Latern
I'mma this one for y'all man
Check it

[Verse 1:]

The big homie met a lot rappers and artists who could
sing
But he chose Papoose cause he had a [dream]
Now the name of my album is the Nacirema [Dream]
Straight into rotation monopoly's the theme
I wrote Monopoly to show the people my mind's great
We gon rise like the crime rate
United States is not 52 states, I'mma tell you just why it
ain't
It's 53 states if you count my mindstate
The mirror ain't show me 2005 face
I'm just gettin' started, I wrote these rhymes in 9-8
Straight tru is drugs that make me hateful
You don't understand what they put my mindstate
through
I wanna smoke witch'ya lame crew
Cause sometimes when I blaze a L it make me wanna
blaze you
Hennessy's an enemy when I drink it straight through
Probably shake you
I taste blood when I taste brew
Snakes prey on rats from the streets to the state zoo
That mean you a rat if you let a snake, snake you
Turn ya back and I'mma have to lace you
But don't call me a backstabber, I'll stab you in your
face too
It just stopped raining, so the weather is kinda damp
We tryin' ta make a couple links, me and my camp
Police wanna rush us so they drive by and glance
Every fiend I've seen, I licked him like a stamp
The mother weight sellers givin' work in advance

But it's garbage so you gettin' jerked in advance
Now in the first you gotta reimburse grants
Say Pap comin', they murk in advance
They leave like a tree when I come, none of them herbs
gotta chance
Cause they know I keep birds on me like a branch
They hatin' but we ride right up on 'em like a ramp
They run like it's ants in they pants
These rappers always sayin' they the champ
Until you pull out the 4-4 and sit it on his chest like a
lamp
Real gangbang is what they is for life
Why they fake niggaz switch they stripes
Yesterday you was a blood but you flip tonight
You like that shit that killed Superman, cause you a
+krip-tonite,+
Road rage, niggaz be gettin me that fanned
When drivers cut me off I wanna clap land
So nigga was drivin' that new cadillac grand
He cut me off then black-fled
I pulled up on him with the screwface that nigga
dropped his fat hand
Cause I +screw+ +drivers+ like +Phillips+ and
+flathead+
I don't drop pills but the haze on me
You like an empty gas tank, you on E
Challenge me for some bread, you can't afford me
Get crossed out, you crossed me
Let's do it on +the Drama Hour+, but don't start yellin'
A lot of you yellow belly ass niggaz is yellow like
lemons
When I spit off ya melon
Slay gon say 1-800-223-9797
Lousy slouch, yeah by the thous we count
But my money long enough to buy route these out
Go get ya clout renounced
A drunk person speak with a sober mind, so why
pounce an ouki out
Lot of people counted me out
So if you got your +Thug-A-Cation+ identification have
ya ID's out
All these loud mouth rappers tryin' to drown me out
I hear him mumbling I doubt if he can knock me out
Listen if he doubt he doubt
Let him keep actin' like a boxer, I'mma knock his
mouthpiece out
This is for all of y'all who don't wanna recognize real
You makin' me stronger because I exercise skills
The eyes never lie, the naked eye's real
That's why it take real to recognize real

[Talking:]
Papoose, Thug-A-Cation
Let's go man
Most versatile
Most ambitious
The most dangerous.... MC on this mother fuckin'
planet...

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