

Papoose f/ Busta Rhymes, Raekwon**"Address Me As Mister"**

Visit "[Address Me As Mister](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Busta Rhymes] Ayo Kayslay, Papoose (huh) I
finna cook some shit in the kitchen with ya'll niggas
Let's go [Busta Rhymes] Busa Bus and Papoose will
come and really hurt this I fuck you niggas up, see
none of you niggas serve a purpose I hook on niggas
like Kareem and jail em like Julius servants See these
niggas powerless on how we reemarges So deserving
of the title, crown it, whatever you call it And though
you niggas was havin fun, see we come to spoil it
Treatin niggas like the shit they are, flush em down the
toilet Bitch see you can't afford it, see I'm advising you
to forfeit Gotta come up off it, homie what you doin
ain't that important See we don't need what you got
plus the street don't want it Yo Pap come get these
niggas and slap them across the face With some more
venomous rap, spike the strappers up on our waist
When we in the place, I know you know he we do this
nigga If you think you new muthafucka, I'm the newest
nigga With the newest money, with the newest album,
the newest label The newest cars, cribs, roll chains,
used to call them cable New commercial landscapes,
get me a new stable of bitches Their thoroughbreds,
I'm meticulous and very anal About how I'm gonna
strike and attack you cus I'm able And give it to you
niggas back and white like I'm interracial And continue
to keep it lyrical just to make them hate you Sometimes
make me so cynical until I come and stick you Stick a
pitch fork in em, watch while I come to take them up To
another level, if you sleep, we came to wake em up
[Chrous: Busta Rhymes] See you might get a blister
when we give you the heat Better address me as
mister, see me in the streets Mr. Papoose, Mr. Busa
Bus, this is grown man shit Repect niggas like they
born with it The hood they always talk with it (you hear
them talkin about us?) But we the top rank, flawless in
our weight class You niggas don't really want
problems, see every time we come with it Shit is
obvious, you muthafuckas straight ass [Papoose]
Papoose, you can call me Mr. Clientele My mixtapes
make more sales the Nextel I ain't hard to find, they
know where I dwell, hell Never been a chubby niggas,

I'm skinny like twelve 12s You had that cocaine for so long it smells stale I make hell sales, my caine GOAT like LL Rip the smif n wessun with quick aggression And get the reppin, rip the nigga's neck in Bang his head in and cave his chest in less than sixty seconds Spit the weapon through his intestines Hit the exit, can't get arrested, it's pig infested Got sick obsessions, for walking in nigga's sessions I make illest efforts to disrespect em with different gestures My wisdom threatens these wicked peasants with ill intentions He said he was laying in the cut, but shit's infected I got disprected, I am the sheppard, so spin the record I'm representin for this profession I ressurected I'm giving belssings within the lessons of his intentions This is the essence of my lyrics brethren, Busta Rhymes is a living legend I don't know what you acting like you're heartless for When you know that you're a target like the department store Cus Justo gave me the crown, and ya'll knew it My song's ruthless, your bars truthless, it's all foolish Fill you with embaldment fluid, this is ex con music I'm like the Van ???, I'll show you how a con do it [Chorus] [Raekwon] Blood on the Chef's hatchet, I'm here for the action Kill a hundred niggas with aspirins and piss in they caskets 4-5s rip through your glasses, all mine, Mr. Gymnastics Gimme more time, or visit the blasters Cus I'm starving, hungry for classy, I'm dead up your lassy See it's nothing, press a few buttons, the city's diasaster Ayo anthrax em and axe em with sianide acid Choke em out, escape in the cold and left through Lake Placid Stop fronting, know you a pastor, you know I'm a master I'm like six sixes in traffic, you niggas is taxes, hardbodies come through jurassics It's all about mausberg lugers, loadin them rachets, blow them like napkins Cus I'm elevated at the top of my flowest power The m-o stay young, fly, and rish like ?raw child? With transaction, grandmaction, niggas on the stove maxin Throw a thousand birds off the road, while my soldiers catch it Playin all the lobbies, the Gotti's the red Mazaratis My colleagues will blow something, show you Karate We know the code, pot, X and parties, the live section Keep him on his toes, take off them chromes and pass them to mami Cus the feds around us, watchin us, ?Gottis? is everybody's laundry We could prbably get more if we hunting, probably We hang niggas, bang pistols, take a piece of your finger Same whistle, you better respect it cus my name sizzle [Chorus]

