

# Papi I Missed U

Jpegmafia

You think you know me  
I-I'm-I'm, I'm pretty sure I coughed on fuckin' every song  
Woo, ayy, no lie  
Hahahahahaha  
Bet, fight  
I see you hittin' that shit, you know what I mean  
Say, uh, yeah  
Said, uh

Big dope  
Niggas broke, bitches shake  
Records gold, cracker pay me  
'Round here, niggas really think shit great  
Black ears, big guts, since the mid-eighties  
Since a little baby (Sad, yeah)  
Left wing, Hades (Uh)

Her white folks like beer (Like beer)  
Rich, young swan, I'ma see 'er (See her)  
Fuck him, he is not top-tier  
And he never-ever spit a fuckin' rhyme that made me care (Facts)  
Big strap lookin' like a dildo (Like a dildo)  
Lookin' like a creep when I kick door (When I kick door)  
Young, black male with the four-four (Haha, brr)  
Ha, I'm a terrorist (Yeah), I don't spit raps, bitch I spit rhetoric  
And I be in your kid's mind, gettin' leverage  
I hate all white niggas, I'm prejudiced (Yeah)  
But I'ma take you niggas money like a reverend  
Better than me, rather than you, I'ma bury it (Right)  
Tryna lead these niggas to freedom, Peggy Harriet (Damn, Peggy)  
Target practice on an Aryan  
Redneck tears with a beverage (Ha)  
Dead cops on my songs, that's hilarious (Yeah)  
Are you mad 'cause a nigga done bought a gold tooth? (Yeah)  
Are you mad 'cause you see me up in your Whole Foods? (Why?)  
Man, these thick young dogs, they get bulletproof

Niggas broke, bitches shake  
Records gold, cracker pay me  
'Round here, niggas really think shit great  
Black ears, big guts, since the mid-eighties  
Since a little baby (Yeah, nigga)  
Left wing, Hades (Ah, shit)

Uh, bitch, I'm on your street right now (Yeah)  
Creep up, turn right down (Nigga)  
I'ma show you what this hype 'bout, I know (Figure it out, ha)  
Uh, bowlin' for the Columbine (Yeah), heard you want the nicotine  
Sic up in his chin and make him move like Pistol Pete  
Flash the burner in his face and make him pray to me (Haha)  
Amen