

# Battering Ram

Papoose

Yeah  
Y'all know what type time I'm on, man  
It's thugga  
Yo

I got the triple beam scale in the drawer  
Drop safe, I got a couple bands on the floor  
The 50 cal by the door  
I only fear the battering ram

Hey yo  
Yo I'm a foreign car handler  
Raw scrambler  
Large gambler  
I just beat a charge in Los Angeles  
Huh!  
Now I don't care what y'all status is  
We was all scavengers  
Violate me to cause a massacres  
Huh!  
The wrong challenger  
22 long is a small caliber  
But these bullets is long travelers  
They start in the back of ya  
Pow!  
The your heart start attacking ya  
Then they fuck up your cardiovascular  
My man sprayed this bitch Porsche lavender  
Other hoes mad at her  
They wasn't on them flaws in Attica  
I got a squad of all traffickers  
I got enough paper and squares to make a small calendar  
Huh!  
Last time they kicked the door down  
They found 554 thou under the floor tab  
But they couldn't find the working drugs  
I ended up having to pay some back taxes  
Nigga we corporate thugs

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Papoose and 38 Special  
Cartier glasses will grain specs  
The gun handle tied to the drawstring of my gray sweats  
Gold Jesus piece with the nails piercing in slain flesh  
My jeweler baptized it in holy water to stay blessed  
The batting ram knocks in the Caravan I'm fake stressed  
A wise hustler never keep his birds in the same nest  
Calculated moves of a grandmaster who plays chess  
Gun in your mouth now you talking with 12 gauge breath  
The cat burglar got your amplifier and tape deck  
You can hear his feet running down the fire escape steps  
Black leather gloves while clutching the nickel plate tech  
They'll leave fingerprints never use gloves that's latex

Sick and tired of fighting police homie I'm straight vexed  
Cops pepper sprayed me so much they think my name Treach  
Bought a loose condom for 50 cents safe sex  
Your girl head game was like Long Island Great Neck

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