

Da Flow

Papoose

We continue on
Papoose, Sheek Louch, Dave East
Let's go

I got one question for you, nigga, what you frontin' for?
From the streets, man, I like peace, but I love the war
Think it's sweet 'til I knock-knock, that's your mother door
Now the doctor gotta run a wire through your brother jaw
They ain't got no bail money, damn, what they hustlin' for?
Mad 'cause I ain't answer my phone, what they fussin' for?
I answer when the G call, I was on another call
I ain't answer your call 'cause, nigga, that's a sucker call
Creepin' up, it be heatin' up when I bust a four
It's hot, I grab it with one glove, that's an oven door
Outlaw, down by law, we say fuck the law
Run your lips, that's 'cause you a snitch, you above the law
The vill' never ran, never will, what you running for?
Thought you said you ready to die, what you duckin' for?
You line niggas, but you run your mouth, you a fuckin' whore
Draw the line, then I keep it low, that's an underscore

D-Block

Let's talk about fresh
Lox marry Yonkers, let's talk about X (YL)
Salt and pepper diamonds, let's talk about sex (Uh-huh)
Head from your bitch on my project steps
Neck game diesel, got that bitch doing reps (Ah)
They off the hook this year (Uh-huh)
Tight necklaces and pocketbooks this year
Gay people like, "Rappers took our looks this year"
And I ain't beefin' with none of y'all, I pinky swear (I swear)
Okay (Okay), but you don't gotta give me props (Nah)
Boy, I knew your moms when she was cheatin' on your pops (Shit)
And drops and Ruff Ryders was wheelyin' them blocks
I don't talk to the cops, I'm the motherfuckin' Lox (L-O-X)
Clap off (Clap off)
I wish I was in charge for a year (Why?), I'd turn rap off (Word)
No navigation, I'll take the map off (Uh-huh)
You gon' kill me with eyeliner? Nigga, you mad soft (Soft)
Yeah, the silverback of rap (Shit)
D-Block, New York with my nigga East and Pat
Uh

It's how shit come down
Kay Slay, Drama kickin' the building, Papoose
Back 2 the Streets the mixtape
Hip hop is here, motherfucker
What?

I'm havin' issues with niggas that never spoke to me (At all)
I'm realizin' I'm different, the only hope is me
A rat could never smoke with me
Key in the ignition
Always tryna talk, just listen
Rob CVS for prescription (Uh)
Eighty K in the district, that Philippe shit

Me and four bitches, this shit feel like Freaknik
Barney's during the week, hit Niemann's on the weekend
Nine times out of ten, money while we ain't speakin'
'Bout to slide with some eaters
Lowkey, I'm hidin' and able
Desert like we out in AZ
Back and forth with Nas, they think I'm AZ
Catch you with your group if you move solo like you Swae Lee
Just admitted my uncle into rehab, he on day three
Coke habit, fuck a broke status
You ain't never seen no pressure, never been in no static
Never drank with millionaires, never slept in no palace
If you wanted leak, I'll pull up on you with like four gallons (Four)
Artist with this shit, I got a gold palette
Got blow in the package, pasta and a cold salad
Flow is cold and most niggas just don't matter
One of the few, got to the roof using no ladder

As long as I'm around, y'all motherfuckers is not gonna confuse popularity w
ith talent
Fuck out of here