

Double Crosser

Papoose

It's a lot of double crossers out here
I rely on talent though
One gun up
I represent the epitome of lyricism
Double crossers die slow

Sometiimes, I think about it
And my poor heart wants to die about it (Woo!)
About the sweet sweet love lost
And the way i got double crossed
By a guy who was my friend
I see him now and then

My enterprise is ya demise coming into ya defeat
I write with a fire in pen and signature the beat
In and out of the system, snitches get released
They eat breakfast in jail and dinner on the streets
Niggaz get caught slippin' wit slippers on they feet
Get cut from ear to ear, blood drippin' from his cheek
I carry the broke gun, was missin off a piece
The clip all bent up, but gripped it when it's beef
The clip don't wanna go in, I force it in the heat
I force it (faucet) like the water with the dishes in the sink
Went on a robbin' spree, been stickin' up for weeks
Don't communicate with the Jake or listen when they speak
"Come out wit ya hands up, this is the police!"
I tell 'em "Hell no, no surrender no retreat"
They wasn't built like me, these niggaz don't compete
Ya gimmick is unfinished, my image is complete
You say you underground but the wisdom that I speak
Walks upon the ground you livin' underneath
Mainstream dream I was lifted from beneath
Anybody deeper me's the deceased
But yo, you ever stared at a man with the vision of a beast?
Make 'em look just like food, just lift em up and eat

You wanna be a thug, I must say
It ain't a two way street, it's a one-way
The more money then the more gunplay
But everybody gotta go one day
I'm prepared to ride, won't hesitate to put a man in the sky
So when you talking to me you should stare in my eyes
Lookin' for me, I'm right here in the 'Stuy
Brooklyn niggaz ain't scared to die

Before I had an interview, a photo shoot and a show
All I had was a jukes, I laid niggaz on the floor
When I run in the spot, I know when its time to go
Get the drugs, get the jewels, the money and hit the door
Niggaz do what you tell 'em when you holdin' that 4-4
Pull a gun on a "Yes" man and make 'em say "No!"
How long you been beatin' ya girl?, you straight wilin'
Now you in and out of the can, domestic violence

It's kinda childish, man I wouldn't wanna be you
The judge gon' either 2 to 6 you or 1 to 3 you
On the visitin' floor, with the girl who ID'ed you
Dem broads'll get you locked up, then come see you
I be in ya hood, I got a chick on ya block,
I be spendin' the night, she got a nice lil' spot
You say ya hood tough and whatnot
But all the times I been in ya hood, I never heard one shot
Hop in the caddy truck and swerve up the block
The nerve that I got it
Niggaz be actin' like they harder than me
But tell me, How hard can they be?
Startin' wit me, then wanna squash shit wit me
Mayne u far from a G
All those fagets gonna either have to Automatic, or Revolve' it wit me
I was mindin' my own, why they botherin' me?
I bring death upon enemies
If my daddy was a real nigga-what they thought I was gon' be?
The apple don't fall too far from the tree

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