

Fitted Hat Low

Papoose

I got the Armani's, got the Versace joints
My fitted cap low, let me put my hater blockers on
Papoose Pa-poose

I got my fitted hat low, block em out (Block 'em out)
I got my hater blockers on, block em out (Block 'em out)
I got my fitted hat low, block em out (Block 'em out)
I got my hater blockers on, block em out (Block 'em out)
I got my fitted hat on my face (My face)
Why you all up in my space (My space)
I don't want these haters all in my grill so I cop me some brand new shades
(New shades)

I wear a mean dark pair of shades
And you can't see my eyes unless my head bent
It's about to be a cold winter, I'm on some s***
Show you how to rob the industry like 50 cent
Hopped on the airplane, hit Miami quick
Linked up with Scott Storch, so you know it's a hit
Everybody lookin for me like where Pap went?
Going going gone, I'm outta here b****
Look at shorty over there, she thick like quick
But she got her breasts done, she thinks she slick
Yeah, all the girls with the real hair
Yeah, the real chest and the ill rear
Even if it ain't real, I ain't hating on it
Uh! It's still yours cause you paid for it
Get your weight up not your hate up and see me after you got it up
I'm clockin ya, Versace shades watchin ya

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My groove, come get into my groove
Walk through the industry doing what I choose
My chain hit your girl in the face, she 'gon bruise
So when I'm on top, I take off my jewels
Four hundred songs, what more can I prove
Versatile, I'm hardcore, but I'm smooth
Cop new hammers and give them to my goons
None of y'all crews don't want it with my dudes
The throwback Mike's, black and gray pair
Not those, the suede pair
Had that '07 leather in '06
I switch it up every year
Since it's 07, I'm copping my '08 gear
They don't face fight, when I pull out the thirty eight here
Make the doctor press down on your chest and say CLEAR!
Sucker punched you fast and say they ain't care
They can't swing on me, I weave like fake hair

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Count my money once, I count my money twice
Then I count it again to make sure it's right
I keep my guns dirty, and my jewelry plain
Cause fly b****es love gangstas, nah mean!?
I know y'all shades is fake, but not these y'all
Armani, Vioni, Versace, her body like Halle
She probably think she got me, but not me
Ma please I bet you I can make her feel like a virgin
I bet you I can make her scream like a virgin
And her p****smells good, I said it
Cause she a clean version) like a radio edit
But it's all about the clothes, the homes, the hot cars
Looking through my shades, it's easy to spot ya
Rock ya to sleep, then drop y'all
Seen alot of stars get rocked, that's why I call them rockstars

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