

## Motion Picture

Papoose

(Car drives up, engine turns off)

"Yo Pap, yo son

What you doing out here this late, son?"

"Hey, nothing I came to the twenty-four-hour store and all that  
Out here, fucking playing dice with these niggas, man"

"Hey you know my style, man

I'm just making it rain in the golden lady

I'm about to take it in, man"

"Yeah, me too, man"

"Yeah, it's like four in the morning, man

Take it in, dog"

"It's four o'clock? Yeah I'll go get some rest"

Hey-yo, I left the corner four in the morning

Henny'd up, hit the crib, tumbled down the stairs

Pick me up

Overheard my own people planning to hit me up

And they ain't even know I was listening, silly fucks

"Papoose be stunting; yo, son, tear his kidneys up

And clap him on the top of his head, that's if he ducks"

I dug in my pockets so I could load the milli up

And all I felt was Phillie blunts, I'm pissy drunk

Body me, how can it be? We blood brothers

We hid behind the same cars when slugs hovering

We talked about the future and rising above hunger

But now you've got envisions of making this thug suffer

Thinking--what could've made him flip?

Is he a Blood, and he think I'm Crip?

Is he in love and I hit his chick?

No time to think; creep like a night burglar

'Cause for my life I'll incite murder, vice versa

I bust through the door ready to let my iron boom

I'mma turn this livin' room to the dyin' room

Turn the bathroom to the blastroom

Bedroom to the deadroom

Plain left 'em red, dead, doom

(Cell phone rings)

"Hey-yo, Pap, remember that kid you had beef with back in '94?"

"What about him?"

"Yeah, well, that coward nigga home now

And he talking reckless, nigga"

"Word?"

"Meet me in town so I can kick it with you"

"No doubt"

"You know how it's gonna go down"

Word in the ghetto, this kid I had drama with before

Insane tone, just came home, he want a war

That black on black crime is swine, truthfully

But if my brother try to do me, I have to empty five in his hoopy

Who plotting to shoot me? Gotta be loony trying to go against my

Block with a toolie, that's like a ox to a Uzi

Found out where one of them live, so we hopped in the hoopy

Hit his crib, caught him in the bathroom, watching a movie

I asked a few questions; he tried to fool me

So I electrocuted him, I kicked the TV inside the Jacuzzi

Some naked cutie ran in the room screaming "Don't shoot me!"  
My bullets hit her dead in the cootie, came out her booty  
I grab this chick named Rudi, put her to a doobie  
And made her tell me where the rest of the crew be  
Soon as we hit the other spot:  
"Yo, park the car on the other block  
Keep it running, cause if they see us coming, I'm dunning out"  
"Shut the fuck up, I'm running the shots  
In fact, Black, you'll take the Mac back and Clack, pass back  
The other Glock;" hopped out of the car, gats cocked, ready to rock  
Pull right up on the side of us, an off-duty cop  
I told him: "Let's make a deal, split it partially  
You don't disrespect my rivalry, I won't disconnect your arteries"  
He poofed off and didn't bother me, sort of heartened me  
My niggas by the car with me, screwing 'round with authority  
Bum rushed our way in the door, wage of a war  
Waving a four, "Y'all know what this is, stay on the floor!"  
(Everybody lay down!)  
I pick one of them up and put his face to the wall  
Told him: "I want the guns, drugs, jewels papers and all," but he stall  
He tried to lie and say some chick had it  
Soon as he said his word is born, I gave him a miscarriage  
Put the money in the big bag, and  
I saw two of the dreads on the floor, chit-chatting and slick acting  
I told them: "I'll pint if you flitch, faggot"  
When Strong grabbed the big ratchet from Flip's jacket and shit shattered  
We walked out of the building, holding cases of loot  
When we made it off the stoop, niggas was blazing off the roof  
My man tumbled down the basement steps  
Grabbed him by his shoulder, turned him over, looked in the face of death  
He was shaking, stressed, trembling, sighing, and shit  
I took the money out his pocket, no sense in dying with this  
Cock the hammer on my iron and spit, heard everybody crying, "I'm hit!" (You  
r son hit, son)  
My whole life relied on my clip  
Ran out of bullets, niggas pullin' up behind me in whips  
Bat me down, looked around, all my crimies was hit  
To all the thugs still breathing, take a deep breath  
He who live a street life shall die a street death