

Numerical Slaughter

Papoose

You heard the legendary Alphabetical Slaughter
My man Papoose is back to make history again
Check it, I'ma scream out the numbers and he gonna break 'em down from one to
o nine
This is Numercial Slaughter
Yo Pap, let's go

One!

To keep it one-hundred all I need is one mic
You only live once, God gave you one life
I caught one felony, committed one crime
I was on 1st Street, duckin' from the one-time
It's only one light, one king, one sun
One lead, love's gonna get you KRS-One'd

Two!

I had to run from two cops, for two blocks, it's too hot
Hand on my twenty-two, listening to 2Pac
I'm now a two time felon, two thorough, two llamas
Had to call up my ex girl cause she was a two timer
Two in your lower body, two in your upper
One time a lollipop, two time's a sucker

Three!

Bust three checks, they gon' clear in three days
You was talkin' bout me, you ain't know they let me listen on a three-way
He had a three-pound when he caught his third strike
He a three time loser, they gave him a three to life

Four!

Forty four magnum, forty caliber handgun
Sippin' a forty ounce of beer, hang where you can't come
Twin forty cal's on my waist, I'm a thug
I got two forties on me like the forty-forty club

Five!

Five boroughs of death, you don't understand
Don't give me a five if you ain't my man
They taking shots at Remy Makaveli, I'm like wow
Five shots couldn't drop her, she took it and smiled
A couple of my homeboys rep that five
They throw it up, give you five on a black hand side
If my fam got a problem, I'ma ride, I'll be there like
Jackie, Tito, Jermaine, Marlon, Michael, the Jackson 5
Six!

We could build on a 6 God
Six stands for equality, that's if you swift, God
Head cracked you at the dice game, I rolled a six, y'all
Fuck a 16, I could kill you in six bars
You sold your soul to the Devil so it's hard to compete
You reppin' 6-6-6, that's the mark of the beast

Seven!

They say seven's a lucky a number
But we been suffering seven winters and six summers
In a sprinter with seven shooters, the seven seater
Niggas is snitching, they be singing like Sevyn Streeter
Caught him slippin' at the 7-11 and did him dirty
Try to play me, I'm crazy baby, 7-30
Eight!

Last night I ate on the block, made eight licks
Last customer who got on my nerves got eighty-six

Cross me, get your food ate, crow Papoose
Messin' with me'll get you ate, like four times two
Nine!
Travel with the nine on my side since '99
Wide-eyed, these pussy cats got nine lives
The greatest rapper died on March 9th, son
I got 99 problems, and a bitch ain't one
If the G don't get you, the nine will, I'm the king
Nines all over my shirt, Gino Green

Yo that was crazy, Pap, from one to nine
Now go from ten to twenty, let's go!

I was a tenant in them tenements
Had hustling tendencies
Ten niggas doubt me like Memphis, that's something Tennessee
Ten AM to Ten PM, ten toes down