

# Salute the Dream

Papoose

This track is crazy man, salute to The Game  
Aiiyyo game that nigga you was tellin' me about from California  
I'mma handle him in the flesh  
Salute to Jim Jones, salute to Juelz Santana  
Everybody who embraced me man, it take real  
To recognize real  
DJ Enuff, Sunny, Clue, Green Latern  
I'mma this one for y'all man  
Check it

The big homie met a lot rappers and artists who could sing  
But he chose Papoose cause he had a (dream)  
Now the name of my album is the Nacirema (Dream)  
Straight into rotation monopoly's the theme  
I wrote Monopoly to show the people my mind's great  
We gon rise like the crime rate  
United States is not 52 states, I'mma tell you just why it ain't  
It's 53 states if you count my mindstate  
The mirror ain't show me 2005 face  
I'm just gettin' started, I wrote these rhymes in 9-8  
Straight tru is drugs that make me hateful  
You don't understand what they put my mindstate through  
I wanna smoke witch'ya lame crew  
Cause sometimes when I blaze a L it make me wanna blaze you  
Hennessy's an enemy when I drink it straight through  
Probably shake you  
I taste blood when I taste brew  
Snakes prey on rats from the streets to the state zoo  
That mean you a rat if you let a snake, snake you  
Turn ya back and I'mma have to lace you  
But don't call me a backstabber, I'll stab you in your face too  
It just stopped raining, so the weather is kinda damp  
We tryin' ta make a couple links, me and my camp  
Police wanna rush us so they drive by and glance  
Every fiend I've seen, I licked him like a stamp  
The mother weight sellers givin' work in advance  
But it's garbage so you gettin' jerked in advance  
Now in the first you gotta reimburse grants  
Say Pap comin', they murk in advance  
They leave like a tree when I come, none of them herbs gotta chance  
Cause they know I keep birds on me like a branch  
They hatin' but we ride right up on 'em like a ramp  
They run like it's ants in they pants  
These rappers always sayin' they the champ  
Until you pull out the 4-4 and sit it on his chest like a lamp  
Real gangbangers is what they is for life  
Why they fake niggaz switch they stripes  
Yesterday you was a blood but you flip tonight  
You like that shit that killed Superman, cause you a (krip-tonite),  
Road rage, niggaz be gettin me that fanned  
When drivers cut me off I wanna clap land  
So nigga was drivin' that new cadillac grand  
He cut me off then black-fled  
I pulled up on him with the screwface that nigga dropped his fat hand  
Cause I (screw) (drivers) like (Phillips) and (flathead)  
I don't drop pills but the haze on me  
You like an empty gas tank, you on E

Challenge me for some bread, you can't afford me  
Get crossed out, you crossed me  
Let's do it on (the Drama Hour), but don't start yellin'  
A lot of you yellow belly ass niggaz is yellow like lemons  
When I spit off ya melon  
Slay gon say 1-800-223-9797  
Lousy slouch, yeah by the thous we count  
But my money long enough to buy route these out  
Go get ya clout renounced  
A drunk person speak with a sober mind, so why pounce an ouki out  
Lot of people counted me out  
So if you got your (Thug-A-Cation) identification have ya ID's out  
All these loud mouth rappers tryin' to drown me out  
I hear him mumbling I doubt if he can knock me out  
Listen if he doubt he doubt  
Let him keep actin' like a boxer, I'mma knock his mouthpiece out  
This is for all of y'all who don't wanna recognize real  
You makin' me stronger because I exercise skills  
The eyes never lie, the naked eye's real  
That's why it take real to recognize real

Papoose, Thug-A-Cation  
Let's go man  
Most versatile  
Most ambitious  
The most dangerous.... MC on this mother fuckin' planet...