

Shooter

Papoose

I'm a shooter
Look down on my side, I got the Ruger
Haters keep running they mouth, they spread rumours
None of these lame niggas can't do nothing to us
Do somethin' to us? You're talk go through us
Sent the haters on over to the E.R
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I told you I'm a shooter

Three felonies is what they gave me (uhuh)
Predicate felon is what they named me (that's my rep)
They threw shots, them shits grazed me (uhuh)
I threw shots, it got crazy
Arm leg up, leg up, arm, head
I ain't got no opps no more, they all dead
Brother you're sick of shit, your boy fever
My life thrill, I belong in a dark driva (put me on it)
I can make you a believer (what)
Where's love when you need it (fuck love)
You ever gave a dollar to a preacher?
Just to find out he'll leave you
Hold up, I need a breather
I won't believe me either
Hold up, I need a breather
I won't believe me either

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Me and constituents notice how much a bitch you is
We don't care how rich you is, lit you is 'cause its frivolous to judge you
by residues
Just, makes it all ridiculous
We're just tryna size up a casket that we could fit you in
Everybody got their own issues, no one is issue-less
But I'm a straight shooter, my missiles'll fish you, dish you, bitch
Bussing shots at me and missing, that cancelled Christmas, prick
Burn you like a mistress with syphilis who promiscuous
And ball premises with envisions of dog images
New beginning, Papoose is penning the ball genesis
Smart lyricist from a country that roasts innocents
Daily depart ignorance, nigga, we arch nemesis
Ask if I got something to give you and I'ma give you this
Fully loaded clip in this pistol, you on the menu, bitch
Wanna hold somethin', you owe me 'cause I'ma lend you this
Pistol whip, continue to end you 'cause it's continous

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