

# Smack

Papoose

Remy Ma  
I grew up with the killas'  
100 dolla' billas'  
My mob roll deep  
We ain't go no feelings  
Chip up on your shoulder  
I guess you got a point to prove  
I would put you little bitched on the 10 o'clock news  
Wait, see I'm always on my shit  
Yah big homie on my dick  
You a clown and he a trick  
See I know I got that drip  
I be rolling with the clique  
I put Rollie's on their risk  
You just a phony little bitch  
I got the homies in the whip and they gunnas (gunnas)  
I give you ho's seven winters and six summers  
Making moves in the street  
How my wolves eat the sheep  
All y'all bitches straight pussies  
Say somethin' (ah!)

Ride on them in a second  
You must got death wish  
My nigga's is hungry you lookin' like breakfast  
Y'all niggas be texting, y'all think that's a weapon  
Spray your momma crib now that's how you send a message  
Ante up, ante up  
Yep before you necklace  
Nigga that's a heckla'  
You gotta respect it  
Bitch I made a movie, put that shit on Netflix  
You be talking gangsta  
But you were selected  
Said you run a set bitch  
Now you tryna set trip  
I'm calling you pussy, you calling detectives  
Hit you in your chest quick  
That's what I call a breast lift  
Had to move a body  
That what I call a deadlift

Shout out to Beasley and Smack yo!  
Papoose militant Brooklyn Fidel Castro  
Black of into door  
SVJ the Lambo I thought a broke nigga said something  
Money bag yo'  
Landscaper pushing a lawnmower through mad slow  
Cause it easier to see the snakes when the grass low  
That Boeing seven seven seventy moving fast yo  
I'm on the Jet-son, Elroy, George and Astro  
Punched your man dead in his face 'cause he's an asshole  
Made his nose bleed like a concert, last row  
Niggas try to book me, the pussy I'm more dangerous  
If you were smart you would book someone who's more famous  
I still got hood in me my whole life I caught cases  
Robbed dice games because I threw all Aces  
How you gonna book me I'm one of New York's bravest

You was moving slow and your homie was all anxious  
You know this if you open that book and be more patient  
Y'all on ain't the same page  
Y'all both on the wrong pages  
When it comes to Louis Vuitton I've lost wages  
Man I wear more LV than Las Vegas  
Eat fish these broke dudes Ramen noodles  
More LV than fifty five in Roman numerals  
Merciless purposes serving the herd with these services  
Fly as a bird with this swerve in the urban with turbulence  
Heard your chick turned to tricks slurping dick with the herpes lip  
Turned the wig checking and then purchase some fucking Percocet's  
Hurt your clique and burnt your whip coward you was the perfect vic'  
Murder murder shit when it burn the clique and disperse the clip  
First to flip insert the clip jerked your clique to earn the chip  
Learning from a verbalist  
Earning from a journalist  
Burnt the pimp to squirt the fifth  
Dirty shit reverses quick  
With a Mac son I jacks son on some Curtis shit