Victory 2007

Papoose

If I made a title that offend the whole industry
Would ya'll all say my title in your interviews?
If I came out dissin everyone of ya'll
Would I sell as much records as these other dudes?
If I said I was retiring but never left
Woulda ya'll all show me love when I come back?
If I ran the streets for the past two years
Would you respect me or would you say fuck pap?

Yo where my thugs at?
Cock ya guns back
My headphones ain't loud, yo turn up the track
Ok bump that
Homie I run rap
I add on to the game, you niggas subtract
Yo where my bloods at?
Throw it up, blat
Yo where my cause' at?
He cut you, cut em back
They said they tough cats
But they some rugrats
I drop em off on the block, and make them pump packs
Owe me a couple stacks
He tried to duck pap
I sent a shot at his ass
And told him duck that

Ayo bump that
Bump this
Stay hot
What's this
He broke
He rich
Homie we run this
It's a new era
Your heart pumpin in fear
2007 the god number is here

The stronger I become the more ya'll weaken
So when I'm at full power your gonna be a weaklin
If my heart still beatin and my lungs still breathin
My brain still thinkin ain't none of ya'll eatin
Over my dead body and my blood still bleedin
I'm a rap rebel
Clap with' black metal
Look into my eyes, realize what pap symbol
Lies but wise got pride is that visual
Nah I don't slap high five with you
Hot side guys
It's not my vibe
You just not my size
I cock my 9
Cats got 9 lives get shot 5 times
I cock pistols back and clap missles
Black it's that simple

Bump that

Bump this
Stay hot
What's this
He broke
He rich
Homie we run this
This a new era
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Hate when the cops keep printin me each of them bums
Bendin up my index finger and squeezin my thumb
I'm lookin at him hoping he get it done
Them new fingerprinting machines in the precent is dumb
Through the speakers I come
With the weed in my lungs
You ever ran into ya enemy deep in the slums?
They scheming on you
And you scheming on them
Then you realize the nigga who you be with is one
Hell of a big pussy why you beefin with son?
He keep tappin you tellin you they reached for a gun
But he lying he just lookin for a reason to run
Ever catch you on the block?
I beat you like them african boys be beatin them drums
Why would I start eating with them and they starvin
Might as well say I'm feeding these bums
I don't like them niggas
I be talking greasy to them
They say pap a slick talker
That boy got grease on his tongue
I'm the real beast from the east I'm not done
The most official spitting the swift musician
That's if you listen
It's a simple mission at his? it's his decision
Cause my intuition end a vision
It's benefiting all my men and women
Who doin' bids in a mental prison
But if you wishing to get the griping and since you tripin
We gon blast till it's the end of class
With quick collision
Cut you from ear to ear
Give incisions
Eat your food like it's nutrition

I can give you wisdom
Cause it's tradition
But if you dissing
I can switch positions
Put missles in em with quick persision
I don't care if it's linen or if it's denim
I grip the lemon
Squeeze hit em my enemies
Rip em with venom in em
Likely to hit the ism after I send you spinnin

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