

Papi (35 A Gram)

Saigon

35 a gram is too much for me
They got it for 29 up the street
So please, papi, work with me
Cuz see 35 g's for a key is too much for me
35 a gram is too much for me
They got it for 29 up the street
So please, papi, work with me
Cuz see I don't wanna hurt you papi

No I don't usually rap about crack and all that
I ain't doing the Devil's job, nah, fuck that
And I don't usually just rap to jaw jack
But I'ma take you back, way back, before rap
Before I had to fight with a kid got clapped
Before all of my fist fights and nap nap
I grind full time son, VA was the jump off
In somebody's city with mad coke to dump off
Nah, we ain't come to act wild
We came to introduce you and your hood to this crack vial
Make a couple of big niggaz turn fragile
Get some money, shoot a few niggaz and then be out
1, 1, 2, 2, 3, 3, 4, hit it
We wanted it so we had to get out and go get it
So every month I was uptown
Tryin' to get papi's high ass coke price to come the fuck down

I was livin' like a moron, the old E days
The game is a oxymoron; we sold free base
My partner was two face; he smiled when we was face to face
Soon as I turn my back he made the screw face
I know he want my spot
He know he got to kill me to get it
I don't care if I'm found guilty or acquitted
Niggaz gon' feel me on some shiddit
Cuz they know I'm a nigga that did it
Not just a nigga that spit it
Send you to the bottomless pizzit
Then go to jail and get hed on a conjugal visit
Yo, come here exquisite, um nah forget it
I'ma stick to the script so niggaz can get with it
Martinsville, Virginia, Richmond, sittin' in the kitchen
Crackhead cookin' up the batch then
Not matchin', same draws with shit stains
Sellin' the same shit somebody sold to Rick James