

The Cipher

Styles P

BET get your recorders
You rocking with the ghost Papoose
And Lupe the skate boarder (this is crazy)
Welcome to the cipher the beginning of rap,
For record deals first I'm going to toss you the cap

Over 100 soilders died dis month I drop info out of ahundred da majority was
negros George Bush is on a roll like a round hero dey still findin human re
mains at ground zero dey foundem in da sewers yeah it shows aww man yo I gue
ss dats y dey call it a man hole when we say B.E.T we ain't tryna spell bet
black entertainment Papoose is da best Nacirema wait till my album drop he h
op up I clap him in his hip u can call it hip-hop rappers be actin like dey
tougher den dey really is so I sitem in wheelchairs like jada pinkin kids u
was puttin your sneakers on da wrong feet whan Papoose was reppin for da str
eets man defeat u mineaswell face your defeat look patna I have u lookin at
defeat like a foot docta

That's Right

They say the game as the belly of a beast (Lupe)
Blunt for fingers and hallo tips for teeth
Wire taps for ears NIKE AIR for feet
Blaspheme for prayers the system full of heart
Rap music for beats heorin for the son and married to the streets
Crack pipes for lungs
And he never sleeps just spized with dice in his eyes
Love life cause he like when it dies
For baking for the soul he cough up pleasure
Clothes made out of dolar bills that he sowed together
He knows he's clever
Jealous his house all the liquor that pours out and goes right to his mouth
Rides around on a stray bullet
With prositute, pimp, dope dealers and killers tied to it to pull it
TV in his head
Strippers slide down his leg and he known to ride around with the Feds
He's
Out there [x4]

[Let's go P] Don't call me ghost no more call me the phantom
Real brothers lover street brothers understand 'em
This is to the man with his hand on his Canon
Right at this moment I know we need an atonement
The Malcom is dead, The Martin is dead the guns the barber
Let me know who want to pardon there head
And I am back to the clip fill to the top
I'll grill with a bop
Poloce coming through kids still a rock
I don't give a F cause I wanna die cause I am gonna die
You to figure, don't boo who figure
Want to the play the game find out who's who figure
After you do that, find out who's true figure
Lots of brothers died over B.S, nonsense
School of Hardknocks no Parent Teacher Conference
Got to learn the rules real fast, move fast
Stand up the [?] shortie
Cause they know that you ass

[Styles P:] Yeah

[Papoose:] Yeah that's hip hop

Before there was radio, before there were videos, before there were magazine
s

Put the camera down this what it was

The cipher 360 degrees, the cipher

Show you cats how to rhyme man

Take that [x2]