Papa

R.J. & Ziggy B

[Chorus]
Yo bitch is calling me papa, that's cuz I'm fucking her proper (x2)
Yo bitch is calling me papa (x3)
that's cuz I'm fucking her proper

[Verse 1]
Yo bitch is calling me papa, head trigger got dreads like a rasta
And I'm boppin' like Diddy the shit ain't no Biggie they asking who shot ya
I'm Nas with the flow, my shit too Ether
Get yo shit peeled or get beat like a new speaker
drinking codein out a two liter two heaters
cuz I stay with that girl scout like a troop leader
And ain't shit you can do either, cuz if he run then this can'll get em
or I just break his shit call it vandalism
Hit a lick now the list just a mannerism
Or my man's will get em
Make ya man's a victim, make his family miss him, R.I.P. shirts
And I'll drop a band on a clean hearse
Momento you see the last scene first
And let Ray take the metal that's team work
But fuck it we balling
What you need bitch we got it
Got bars like Whatchamacallits
My niggas is all in
Quan be taking them shots, but he ain't no alcoholic
The mac an extendo, make yo as dance like Silento
This clip long as Trapped In The Closet

[Chorus]
Yo bitch is calling me papa, that's cuz I'm fucking her proper (x2)
Yo bitch is calling me papa (x3)
that's cuz I'm fucking her proper

[Verse 2]
Yo bitch is calling me Papa
And giving me brain like a mathlete
and we just laid up in the back seat, put yo bitch on the rope like a tag team
niggas talking that shit they ain't scaring me
I see through that scope with some clarity

I got a hawk eye like I'm Jeremy
I keep that mask on me like Laremy
she on her knees, marry me
so many shots, gotta carry me
laugh at yo life like a parody
walk in they stare at me
yo outfit dead as fuck, bury me
yo girl and my girl be sharing me
hah
hot damn, gah damn
niggas pulling up in a black van
take ya life, leave ya mixtape in the trash can
smack it out ya hand
got your girl and the world in the palm of my hand
I crush it like pills
you niggas know the drill
im shooting overkill
my bullets on refill
i push a daffodil
then buy a happy meal
my niggas got a deal
now beats is all i kill
flippin it and rippin it
its imminent
you niggas on beginner shit
and most you niggas couldnt spit my written shit
my nigga said you killin shit
i told em just to worry bout the dividends
i told em boy its all about the benjamins

[Chorus]
Yo bitch is calling me papa, that's cuz I'm fucking her proper (x2)
Yo bitch is calling me papa (x3)
that's cuz I'm fucking her proper

[Verse 3]
Yo bitch is calling me papa
like Luke im ya father
i pull up in that black empala
i tell Maury im not the father
i splash on yo bitch wit da agua
i get her wetter than a sauna, uh
ay yo stop talking y'all aggravating
y'all telling stories quit fabricating
my paper stacking im calculating

like damn
yo bitch is calling me papa
thats cuz im fucking her proper man
I'm counting, i need me a rubber band
I'm fresh out, I feel like I'm Gucci Mane
And these shoes on me, they Gucci mane
Got the key to the streets like I'm Lucci mane
And I keep that strap on me like Pooty Tang
Yo bitch looking for X like the Goonie Gang
Looking but she ain't gone find shit
Getting brain by a blonde bitch nonsense
And she climbing on top let her ride this
Bought once I bought a rollie I ain't had the time since
Now yo bitch is calling me papa, y'all niggas still driving in Hondas
But this body shocking like blancas, Got hoes from Compton to Yonkers
My niggas is balling I want it I got it I don't need a sponsor
Bum$quad my partners we got it, now yo bitch is calling me Papa

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