

# Current Events

## Papoose

Niggas ain't ready to ride no more  
They used to try to keep it real  
Now they don't even try no more  
They don't represent the star no more  
Ever since Big died nobody ready to die no more  
They don't get murdered when they testify no more  
They just tell the whole truth, they don't lie no more  
They don't sell real lye no more  
When you smoke the same weed it don't even get you high no more  
They ain't loyal to they connect, not no more  
They just cop one time and they don't buy no more  
Can't listen to music when you drive no more  
'Cause they don't make thinking music for the mind no more  
50 Cent ain't got beef with JA no more  
Jay Z ain't got beef with Nas no more  
Too friendly, ain't no competitive side no more  
Rap game boring, it ain't even live no more  
Here it is, step into my bizz  
With the free flow stylo, hand clap like leelo  
I'm a winner, spit heavy rotation for the gangsta nation  
Got no time for wangsters  
Here it is, step into my bizz  
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I'm a winner, spit heavy rotation for the gangsta nation  
Got no time for wangsters  
I said I'm better than Jigga 'cause I'm better than Jigga  
I ain't no rookie to this shit, I'm a veteran spitter  
I grew up with jugs men, good fellas and killers  
My homies catch a case, man, I sent letter to niggas  
I ain't hating but I ain't getting bread with them niggas  
I feel like it should've been me instead of them niggas  
I wish the doctors and the paramedics was quicker  
'Cause I'm sick with this shit, I need my medicine, nigga  
Niggas talking indirect, I step to them niggas  
I wouldn't give a motherfucker if it was ten of them niggas  
Head crack, six niggas, I'm on a six men spree  
Your girl think you a gangsta, I think that bitch can't see  
Niggas say they gonna hit me, your whole clique fear me  
I get your head man hit up, they call me Head Man P

You the best in the city, I'm screaming this can't be  
You ain't no fucking gorilla, you just a chimpanzee  
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I'm a philosopher, popular for just popping and pasta's up  
Rising like the mercury inside a thermometer  
You say you off the meter, they lied to you  
I'm a thousand more times off the meter like a fucking kilometer  
I'm not a big enough star, what are you? Astronomers?  
Swallow a hollow 'cause you ain't promised tomorrow  
I'm cocking a chopper to pop shots like photographers  
My third eye focused and like I watch with binoculars  
Drug money in my sneakers, foam posit depositor  
The coppers be watching but I ain't stopping, I'm tired of you  
Middle finger to camera while they watching the monitors  
Smoke Ganja from Florida  
When I roll a blunt I hold the blunt to my mouth like the player hold a harmonica  
Can't stop the drama, it ain't no hot, bro  
I'm Barack Obama, Osama Bin Laden, yo  
Here it is, step into my bizz  
With the free flow stylo, hand clap like leelo  
I'm a winner, spit heavy rotation for the gangsta nation  
Got no time for wangsters  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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