

# Nosetalgia

## Papoose

[Verse 1: Pusha T]

20 plus years of selling Johnson & Johnson  
I started out as a baby face monster  
No wonder there's diaper rash on my conscience  
My teething ring was numbed by the nonsense  
Gem Star razor and a dinner plate  
Arm and hammer and a mason jar, that's my dinner date  
Then crack the window in the kitchen, let it ventilate  
Cause I let it sizzle on the stove like a minute steak  
Nigga, I was crack in the school zone  
Two beepers on me, Starter jacket that was two toned  
Four lockers, four different bitches got their mule on  
Black Ferris Bueller, cutting school with his jewels on  
Couldn't do wrong with a chest full of chains and a arm full of watches  
What I sell for pain in the hood, I'm a doctor  
Zhivago tried to fight the urge like Ivan Drago  
If he dies he dies, like Doughboy to Tre  
If he rides he rides, throwing punches in his room  
If he cries he cries, we don't drink away the pain  
When a nigga die we add a link to the chain  
Inscribe a nigga name in your flesh  
We playing on a higher game of chess  
Once you delegate his bills who's gone fuck his bitch the best?  
A million megapixels of the Pyrex  
Started on the scale digital, my only Timex  
Nigga, this is timeless, simply cause it's honest  
Pure as the fumes that be fucking with my sinus  
Nigga this is Simon says, Simon red  
Blood on your diamonds til you dying; dead[Hook]  
You better change what comes out your speaker[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]  
You wanna see a dead body?  
Instrumentals from my mama's Christmas party  
Troubles on my mind, I still smell crime  
My little brother crying  
Smokers repeatedly buying my Sega Genesis  
Either that or my auntie was stealing it  
Hit the pipe and start feeling it  
Oh wee, cut me some slack, weed never did that  
This was different, geez, Louise please help me relax

Quantum physics could never show you the world I was in  
When I was ten  
Back when nine ounces have got you ten  
And nine times out of ten niggas don't pay attention  
And when there's tension in the air nines come with extensions  
My daddy dumped a quarter piece to a four and a half  
Took a L, started selling soap fiends bubble bath  
Broke his nails misusing his pinky to treat his nose  
Shirt buttoned open, taco meat land on his gold  
I said "daddy, one day I'mma get you right with 36 zips  
1000 grams of cocaine then your name will be rich  
Now you can rock it up or sell it soft as leather interior  
Drop some ice cubes in it, Deebo on perimeter"  
He said "son, how come you think you be my connect?"  
Said "pops, your ass is washed up with all due respect"  
He said "well nigga, then show me how it all makes sense"  
Go figure, motherfucker, every verse is a brick  
Your son dope, nigga  
Now reap what you sowed, nigga  
Please reap what you sowed, nigga  
I was born in '87, my grand daddy a legend  
Now the same shit that y'all was smoking is my profession  
Let's get it[Hook]

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