

# Line Em Up

## Papoose

Thank you ladies and gentlemen  
Hold your applause, yeah, holla  
It's bout to go down, shut 'em down  
Just Blaze, Freeway, Young Chris, Young Guru  
The Roc is definitely building, yeah uh, holla  
Yeah, listen, if the rhymes stop dumpin'  
And beats stop knockin' then Free still fuckin' with Beans  
R U to the G-S, maneuver the ve  
Throughout the U.S. with two teks of keys  
One start up your whip and the other start up your block  
Retarded just like a Carter El Nino come take a sniff  
Or take a few of you like the glass zit  
Or stick shit in your artery  
Hustlin's a part of me, niggas retardin' me  
Come at the team wrong it's like a see-saw  
They down and we up, the pound heat clowns up  
I'm moving and re-up teks, blocks and keep gon'  
Hustlers and cocks like a school bus  
It make stops and it picks kids up  
And they wake up the block really early in the mornin'  
Word, niggas want drama? Then line 'em up  
Line 'em up, line 'em up, line 'em up, I, I shut em down  
Line 'em up, line 'em up, line 'em up, I, I shut em down  
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Listen, if the coke stop jumpin' and the block stop poppin'  
Then Free still fuckin' with Schi M to the is-ash  
Come down with the gat and take your sti-ash and kidnap your keeps  
One puff in my face and the other go in your face  
Retarded? This is a stick up if you slow then pick up the pace  
I came to take everything out your safe  
And even snatch all your jewelry  
Robbins a part of me, you just oughta be  
Singin' the same song when money low  
Ain't no parameters, snatch chains even honeys know  
Amateurs get state green's and hit with 24 months  
From playin' the game long, the eight long  
Make pockets short snatch hair and bones weight  
They been taking from us for too long it ain't wrong

Line 'em up and I jam 'em all yo  
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They want a war with the Roc? Okay  
Cases catch 'em and beat 'em like O.J.  
I been stretchin' my d's since the O'Jays  
Before I met Beans and Free, before Jay  
Homie, Pops never was there  
So I hustled 24 7 like the cops never was there  
Yeah, fuck a box 'cause the metal was there  
Fuck the cops 'cause the Fed's was paid  
I been settled for years, I'm ahead of my years  
Tuck the glock come pedal with K's we can settle it here  
We run with this beef, we runnin' his peeps  
Like five in the mornin' while they under them sheets  
Like five gats drawn, soldiers come out they sleep  
Tell me what they gon' tell me when the gun out they reach  
Homie, we ain't gotta cheat, y'all ain't stopping Sig  
Young Gunner startin' P. Guard from State Property  
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