

The One and Only

Prodigy

Papa Johnson!
My name miss Fieldmore, Danny's mother
Ma'am.
I wish more black could men would stand up
And fight for their home
Th way you're doing it
I heard you killed three of his men
Like the Lord swooped in on Sodom and Gomore
You swung your mighty cypher in 'em heathen's heads
Rolled on the pavement
You're a killing machine
You, papa Johnson, you fuck mess, you just a killa
But I'm telling you
Thank er'body
Papa Johnson, mr. Johnson, you know what?
I've been singing for you a long time
I've been tryna get a job down at the cotton court
For six months.
Now look here! Come down to the Bamville, see my man
Calvin. He's a clean head man, he's down, he does all the hiring
Excuse me, please? Calvin, yes.
Is he gon' take care of me?
He gon' take care of you
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Don P, Colonel 16's
Captain Bars, man, you can call me
Whatever the F you feel best
Just as long as you spell my name right on the checks
I'mma, keep doin' what I do so well
Truth be told, without money I would still spill
All of my thoughts onto the beats
This is my passion, my baby, I breathe
Eat sleep and shit soul music
Watch how my song touch you, it's spiritually movin'
You might wanna cry
He got a problem with P? He might wanna die
While I'm, so lovable and so humble
That if you cross me, then you deserve to stumble
And fall on a Rambo knife

Look homey, you obviously don't know me, I'm
The one and only, Infamous, notorious
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I'm Bandana P, the fantastic one
Reptile, I spit acid, they kyan't done
I die harder than your average die hardheaded nigga
I don't learn 'til it's too late, and it's early, nigga
I don't take orders, fold, or break under pressure
I don't take kindly to strangers or new faces
It might be the police
Maybe the D.A. brothers, come to get me
I've got a dark sense of humor
Gotta calm down a lot, I, got a hot temper
I'm tryin' to change
But these people out here push me to engage
in all types of fuckery, jealous and they envious
Misery love company they don't really love me !
I had to sever our ties
Sit back in my jacuzzi watchin' pelicans fly
Thinkin' back how we used to be on the same page
I realize now, that you nothin like me, I'm
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My reign at the top don't stop, it's endless
Watch me crush so-called competition, man, listen
There is no threat to my position
These niggaz is harmless, there's no comparison,
To rap's top shotter, best sellin' author
In non-fiction, you better pray I go easy
and thank me for not exposin' your bumba claat
I could go in on you, but I'm not
Success is the best revenge
And I'm fit to show you people how to do this here
intelligent, smooth criminal music
You never lived this life, you can't relate to it
I'm the chief of all chiefs, the Don of all dons
The boss of all bosses, the fuckin warlord
The grand wizard of bars
When I die, my tombstone'll read "He was..."

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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