

# You Made Your Choice (Produced By DJ Kay Slay)

## Papoose

This is our bump in the road  
There's no where to go, no no  
You made your choice  
Place, BK, what's the occasion?  
Party around the way  
Who DJin, of course Kay Slay  
Your favorite day of the week ? payday  
You fuckin Remy hold on, ay ay  
She my sister like Brandy and Ray-J  
whats the name of your clique, thug-a-thug-acation  
Is that a gang ? it's an organization  
How many awards u won, bout a deuce  
What's your name fool, Papoose, Pa Poose  
The industry ain't prepared for us  
They ask questions, ain't understandin us  
We be rappin over tracks that they scared to touch  
Came to my show, everybodies hands was up  
He was hidin in the basement, I was tearin it up  
Talk slick?? now I'm callin your bluff, "Hello"  
Whenever you call me, I'll be there  
Whenever you want me, I'll be there  
Whenever you need me, I'll be there  
I'll be around  
Somethin' like Scarface I'm sittin in the jaccuzi  
One hand on my dick, other hand on my uzi  
Shorty blockin the TV wit her booty  
Whatchin the 50 flick, them bootleggers sold me the movie  
I'll be givin the grand for cheap usely  
But tell em lil niggas gonna pawn their jewelry  
It's the cash, yall know what this is, throw me the stash  
The words that I spoke unto light show me the path  
Them other ghetto gave me a gun, told me to blast  
Learn to pass master my mack ?? to flash  
It's the Nacirema Dream the dream of life  
I payed the price, spent through my nights, I need the light  
Cops hold the keys to your chains, and read your rights  
It's hard to get your mind to believe your life  
This struggle keep me feelin doom, hopin these clouds will clear the moon  
I heal the wounds, give my kids the silver spoon

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You made your choice  
Streetsweapers entertainment, stay on the rise  
Old dogg behind me slay on my side  
We don't stop for nutin, we stay on the grind  
Every Wednesday, catch us on Shade 45  
Every Thursday, catch us live on Hot 9  
You can call me, my number 5-9 nevermind  
Niggas say I'm light in the ass, I say whatever  
I weigh as much pounds as Floyd Mayweather  
Listen homie I hit the bag, let's get together  
I run these Mc's like I'm tougher than leather  
You really think your artist nice, he on the brink  
Of becomin the next nigga, he a weak link  
Put him next to me, if that's what you think  
I make him look like shit, that nigga stink  
They havin battles with the Jackets??, I'm gonna creep  
Slay and Yayo better watch out for me with them minx  
Whenever you call me, I'll be there  
Whenever you want me, I'll be there  
Even if I have to call, I'll be there  
I'll be around

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

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