

# Dumpin'

## Papoose

Who you are?

One nation under a thug in bullet scar  
Young nation no revolution and no cause  
One nation young, black and dangerous by far  
Young nation just trying to get this  
Murderous mind state, can't keep my nine straight  
Sipping on this Hennessey, waiting for the time to break  
Show up and motherfuckers bow down, recognize  
Westside, Death Row, Outlaw riders  
Untouchable mob of pistol packers  
Well known felons, labeled for drug selling, merciless jackers  
Forever buzzed roll with thugs and dons  
Commence to letting off rounds, then escape in the fog  
Who wanna see me solo? Catch Makaveli while he sleeping  
My mini-fourteen murdering niggas while they creeping  
Duck or you ass out, drink till you pass out  
Ain't scared to die, drunk driving in my glasshouse  
Niggas is under me, they bitches come to me  
They heard the stories nigga, now they want to really see  
Bomb first my motto is fully guaranteed  
Niggas is player haters, label them my enemies, I'm dumpin'

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When it's on I'm popping off every chance I get  
Out the window on some uptown anthem shit  
I'm stressing, but ain't no pressure here I've been here before  
Fugitive task force at my girlfriend's door  
Now they checking in her bedroom, I ain't there  
Forty Cal's, extended clip's steel, I ain't scared  
Outlaw, and best believe they won't take me alive  
I'm different and I'ma prove it if it take me to die  
Knew that God had a plan for me but  
He won't be laying up in my casket and doing life in a can for me  
Maybe I'm brazey and paranoid than a bitch  
Me dying? You think I'll let them see joy from that shit?  
Walking dead angels spending last days by me

New Jersey Jon like Dave Tyre  
Young George or Jonathan Jack, your guns clap, mine'll got brat  
A soldier like Geronimo Pratt  
And come through cocking the black pound  
When they put twin towers up, 'Pac, I'm knocking 'em back down  
Poster child yeah, Air Force one's with the crocodile checks  
One some poster wild sex  
Money and murder, is all I breathe in my life  
It's full of judges and chasing enemies in the night  
Through the Henney I see the eyes of the devil  
G riding with extra boxes of bullets to the nine in the shevil  
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I always thought I'd have to die to do a record with 'Pac  
So I wrote from the perspective of a graveyard box  
You end up in a box 'cause of them grave robbing bastards  
Dig ya' grave back up snatched you out the casket  
Worms in my eyes eating through my cabbage  
It's the flesh to the bones, the bones to the ashes  
But I'm not dead, I'm actually in a session  
With the 'Pac keeping the shot money, progressive  
They don't really want no drama, I know your goon's  
That's why I keep pressure on them like on a open wound  
This God given, He keep giving me better music  
So every time you hear me, my songs present improvement  
Y'all can't kill me, y'all forever losing  
Songs are evolution if I load your gun for you will you bang it out  
With some other niggas you better shoot it  
Don't try to lie and say you was busting I'm clever stupid  
Claiming you repping Ruthless  
You got the same bullets that you had when I loaded it for you  
You never used it, the none sareen a dream, get ready for execution  
Papoose, Fatal and 'Pac, the revolution  
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