

Back On My Bullshit (feat. Fat Joe & Jaquae)

Papoose

Where was you at when I was trying to blow?
Waste my money on weed farms, I was trying to grow
Niggas tried to eat on my block, I had to cock the fo'
Ran down on them and told them niggas they gotta go!
Had the Triple FAT Goose on, it was kinda cold
I was on the block eating Mike & Ikes and Jolly Joes
Police asking me questions; I told 'em "I don't know,"
You was in the precinct crying, you had the snotty nose!
Had to run down on my connect, they playing dominoes
Backed them niggas down for that work and told them "adios!"
Brought my money up, I'm looking like King Jaffe Jo'
I ain't make "Panda," but I've been wearing Desiigner clothes!
Back on my bullshit, Mac with the full clip, might have to just lose it
I'm quick to use it, who you acting a fool with? Is y'all niggas stupid?
Smacking a few bricks, stacking a few bricks, this track is exclusive
Packing the U-censored, he packing the toothpick, I'm packing the pool stick
Mad 'cause I move with .40-caliber tool grip, I'm faster to shoot shit
Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta, get madder and madder, they scared that I'll shatter the glass on your new whip
Maggots with loose lips, they catching a cruise ship, I'm grabbin' the [?]
Back with the movement, it's a fact you a true bitch, my status is too lit
Cats I was cool with, sat in classes at school with, keep acting confusing
Man I refuse it, I think you'd rather defuse it, your head, I'll have to remove it
Lacking improvement, all you rappers included, I'm Ravishing Rude Rick
Ancient pretenders were hit in the genitals [?]
Let's [?]
I'mma take what's mine
I want more money, more part, goddamn, nigga, it's about that time!
I'm back on my bullshit
I'm back on my bullshit
I said I'm back on my bull-shit
I'm back on my bullshit
Hey! On my BS, we platinum Day's and diamond Jesus
Had some rumors they killing 'em, that's an understatement
Same nigga used to move the blue Malibu
Soon as a nigga get money, they get mad at you!
Sitting on a Hollywood sign, I ain't got a view
And all my bitches is loyal, they got a debt or two
I've been getting busy playing Frisbee with the rakes
Everybody pissy, well then, lift them by the case!
Could've bought a boat for the price of the wristwatch
Pulling dope out the tires like a pit stop
(Whoa! Whoa!) Duck when I come through

I already sent you, tell your niggas what the gun do
.45'll miss, the AK'll hit
Everybody lit 'til they laying in shit!
Your love is a 187
I've been killing 'em softly, get in niggas' apartments!
(Jaquae! Jaquae!)
Coka the Don
Double P!
(Papoose, Pa-poose!)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>