

# Ambulance

Papoose

Yeah papoose in the building  
I got the city locked  
Thugga up in the building  
They got the semis cocked  
Man we always on fire  
Niggas ain't really hot  
Culture Power Homie, 4, 5  
You fuckin with the wrong guy  
In the back of that ambulance it's  
A long ride  
In the back of that ambulance truck  
I put your ass in the back of that  
Ambulance truck  
You dying slow you actin like  
You gonna pop soon as you think you hot  
In the back of that ambulance truck nigga you shot  
In the back of that ambulance truck  
I put yo ass in the back of that  
Ambulance truck  
You betta watch who you call or hold you down  
You ain't neva know when you gonna have to blow em down  
Friends be yo worst enemies  
I know it sounds crazy but it's real homeboy  
I show you how  
Callin on the real niggas you know in town  
Talking about meet me at the club I know ya style  
You don't callup no one but time  
You rollin foul, You just be callin him because  
You know he be towin clown  
What if you and him catch drama it's goin down  
You don't tote yo hammer like that and you know it now  
You got yo red monkeys on you fly my nigga  
Ambulance come they cut yo jeans with scissors  
You talking like you gully got in yo ass  
Now you talking like a mummy through that oxygen mask  
You man coulda dropped you off left you in the streets  
He ain't wanna get you blood in his car seats  
Now they askin you ya name ya age ya address  
But you can't give an answer you breathin ya last breath  
'Bout to panic under pressure and fold you mad stressed  
See yo future faddin you past tense  
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I put your ass in the back of that  
Ambulance truck  
You a coward in the streets in you bars you tough  
But I don't believe you I don't care how hard you bluff

Niggas comin through with hoodies like they hard to touch  
I pull that hoodie over you head and wash you up  
Ya'll supporting these lost artists like they the Godfather  
That's word to my Aunt Margaret None of they bars honest  
Talking about you New York's hardest you spit  
Hard garbage. You ain't a hard artist, You a Con artist  
Get it on ya'll cowards avoid it when it's on  
Scream like a bitch and make noises when it's on  
My man right or wrong  
That ain't the point the point I pointing crowns  
So I point if he right I point it if he wrong  
These little rappers being putting poison in they song  
You paranoid man you annoying when it's on  
I came up hard ain't have a choice to get it on  
Told this little nigga stop topyin when it's on  
You man died I'm disappointed that he gone  
But the way you movin you about to join him in the morgue  
You getting older now you voice is getting strong  
If you make it past eighteen then boy you  
Livin long  
This is thugga thugga we enjoy to get it on  
I keep it Brooklyn like Hoyt ans Schimmerhorn  
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