

Span, Papa

Papa

You think you've become such a man,
But you don't impress me.
You tell me stories from the can,
But you can't arrest me.
You thought that I would be your fan
But you're just like the rest and,
I'm all you hope to be,
And way, way more.

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So you're the man in here.
You say you're the man in here.
You don't look like a man to me.
And here's some pa turn of advice for free, PUNK

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Don't try to dictate what I'm to do,
Don't even think about it.
But those who try and survive a few,
Might think about it.
I ain't got time for barbie-dolls like you,
Just think about it.
You are just a poser in some fancy clothes.

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So you're the man in here.
You say you're the man in here.
You don't look like a man to me.
You need money you run to daddy.

And I am the papa.
I'm the father of you all.
I am the papa.
I'm the father of you all.
Aowwww.

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SOLO

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This is my place this is my home,
I put my mark on it.
So don't try to teach me my own song,
'Cause I'm the best at it.
I've been running things for way to long,
And I was made for it.
You push me around, you'll go down,
I'll put the weight of the planet on your shoulders.

And you're not a man to me.
You'll never be a man to me.
I know you wanna be,
But you'll go from wannabe to has been.

Cause I am the papa,
I'm the father of you all.
I am the papa,
Don't fire me up cause you don't know what you've started.
I am the papa,
I'm the father of you all.
I am the papa
I'm your great great grand motherfucker.
WOW.
Oh oh oh I am the papa oh oh oh oh.
Oh oh oh I am the papa.

