

# Chase The Paper

50 Cent

I'm still a rider, I'm still rolling  
A nigga still hold the steel, that's how I'm owning  
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper  
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper  
You chase the hoes, I chase the paper  
You're a sucker for love, nigga, I'm money making

I'm still a baller, I'm still balling  
That's five times I ain't picked up, your bitch still calling  
I'm super ghetto, I'm still with the shit  
Still pass the steel to my nigga, hit a lick  
We still mob, niggas steal stuff  
We still deal after deal, shit is no problem  
He still love her, she ain't shit  
Get her a pair of Louboutins, she suck a dick  
Still real niggas, still will kill  
Told the still bitch don't squeal, get your cap peeled  
The Mac filled, black talons, hollow tips  
Copper-tops, get your ass popped, watch a body drop

I'm clean as a motherfucker, still getting my hands dirty  
Bitches they wanna fuck, grab a glass, you looking thirsty  
See I'm a gangsta, you soft as R&B singers  
I'm at a war with the banger, in the club with the shanker  
Mask on, lone ranger, scope on the K, long ranger  
Rather be alive and rich than die and be famous  
Live my life in the fast lane, I crash into anything  
I ain't here to entertain when I let them bullets sing  
Rims on, Rida Gang, slap the fuck out of you, nigga  
Trying to pull out your pistol when you know that you're lame  
You chasing these bitches instead of chasing your paper  
Niggas taking your bitches while they taking your paper  
I'm gone

She on my leg like a little kid  
She hump my leg like a horny pit  
Pitbull in a skirt, yeah, I'm a magnet  
Now I ain't running after no broads, she stuck on my dick  
I'm a different breed, blame it on my genes  
Money in my jeans, pockets turn her eyes green  
She's seeing dollar signs, I'm seeing reasons why  
Never had to stress no pussy, I'm one of a kind  
Pretty nigga with a gorgeous gun  
You die a beautiful death, pull a stunt, look  
There ain't a bitch more dime than me  
The thirst is real, she knocking over drinks to get next to me  
While you

Ghetto niggas still'll pick a penny up  
You outside chasing them hoes throwing your Henny up  
Little homie loading a semi up  
Catch him all after the club, tell him to ante up  
Anyway, each and every day, I'm looking for a better way  
You owe me, you better pay

Ghost, let the beretta spray  
Hood want uncut dope and some better yay  
I ain't chasing pussy, never have  
Hustle hard, take a break, run and get some head and ass  
Still robbing, still rolling, still need a mask  
Still popping, still slinging, still need the cash