

I'm ridin' down baseline, [?] on my waste line
Baby mama textin' me, tellin' me I should make time
Is niggas in my city who envy me cause they can't shine
Hate their own life so they're out here plannin' to take mine
But I ain't sleepin', you kill me just know you die with me
I'm trustin' God but still got this fifty shotgun with me
These niggas way too efi for me to relax

Real life, my life so realest so real than you
Antistress he can't rest without pop a pill or two
Pray before I go to sleep, time to do [?]
Grew up on the Westside now I'm pushin' that blue flag

My team all turnt up [?]
And honestly [?]
I'm a misfit

Notice that you're dealing with real niggas
With none to loose and all to gain
All these streets is all the same
All these guns and all these gangs
But all you see is all the pain
But we gon' get this paper, nah we gon' get this paper
Like me and mine we gon' get this paper
And ain't now way you can fix this, so switch this
The chances are right now I can't miss this
My whole life be tryin' to [?]
So right now you're dealing with Misfits
For real

Young Lord
I stay up in the palace, HS87 niggas fresher than your styleless
Me and my niggas be wildin' like no harm is comming
I'm too lazy for revenge just know that [?] is comming
In with the bullets out with your heart and off with your head
Stop gettin' attitude and get money instead
Speaking of money, when haters see you get it that's when it hurts
And if it's the root of our evil, why they ask for it in church
I see human but no humanity, that's insanity
Let me guess you mad at me? You got them J's no cars uh
And if you do got one and no gas, it won't start uh
You ex is a groupie just cause she want to be with the star uh
And let me guess, I'm broke and I ain't got no bars uh
I'm over niggas [?]
Half or this rap wasn't even written

Don't finish

We gon' get this paper, We gon' get this money baby
We gon' get this paper, We gon' get this money
We gon' get this paper, We gon' get this money