

## Paperwork

Bun B

Yeah I'm a dynamic duo all by my damn self  
I got that fire, the hottest shit on the damn shelf  
Niggas go right, I'ma pan left for GP  
I don't need them niggas to see me, be easy  
Runnin' your mouth, but you don't know what you be talkin' 'bout  
Soon as we see them fuck boys come in, we walk 'em out  
That's right, we gotta even up the odds now  
Pullin' up the skirts and exposin' all of the frauds now  
Because it's later for you snakes in the grass  
That's what's wrong with the hood, you let niggas that's fake get a pass  
But meanwhile, real niggas die at a high rate  
From the west coast to the dirty south to the tri-state  
You know we hatin', why wait? Give that nigga the blues  
Run up on him, flash the strap, he gon' shit in his shoes  
Piss in his pants and pass out  
Then we dig in his pockets and take the cash out and leave him ass out

I saw that paperwork, ya homie a rat  
How you still hangin' with him, you been knew about that  
Huh, but we gon' get back to that later  
Malcolm X would be alive if what's-his-name wasn't a hater  
I ain't march when them other million niggas did  
But I marched in Brooklyn when they had the parade for BIG (Biggie!)

White America on drugs, bet they sniffin' lies  
Pull 'em over like they black, watch how many pills you find (Watch)

But they ain't gon' pull 'em over 'cause they ain't black (They not)

I saw that paperwork, you can't tell me you ain't rat  
We all did some shit, be wishin' we could take back  
But you cooperated with police, I can't relate to that  
When you a street nigga, certain shit you ain't supposed to do  
That paperwork comin' out, niggas gon' be exposing you (You are wack)

Oh, we live on TIDAL right now, come see this real nigga rap  
Uncle Murda and Bun B