

# Paper Made

C-Bo

My whole crew is platinum  
Quick to throw it down with Magnums  
We ain't duckin' when the guns start blastin'  
What's happenin'  
West Coast rollin', Benjamins foldin'  
Nigga bank accounts holdin', more loot than the jews  
And I just stepped fresh up out some county blues  
Had me all on the news, cuz I'm gettin' my paper  
And my goal life now is livin' it major  
Coppin' Crystal, Champagne  
I'm in the 'Natti with the blow brains  
Leavin' my mansion up in Spokane  
The dope Game, was lovely  
Out with the flip rollos and drop Benzes when they clucked me  
Now the haters wanna mug me, cuz I'm AMG kid candy on some dub leech  
But f\*\*k them tricks cuz they haters  
They stick out like short thumbs around Playaz

All I wanna do is get my paper straight  
Roll up highways sideways out the gates  
Luxury livin' baddest women and I'm straight  
Back up with the flames BITCH  
I'm Paper Made

I still scream "Fuck the World" \_Til My Casket Drop\_  
I give a f\*\*k about parole and these bastard cops  
He could see me on TV coat with two glocks and a P  
Cuz some bitch nigga snitched on me down in Cincinnati  
I bet the bitch thought he had me  
Ain't that a bitch how niggaz trip  
That nigga must have been smokin' the cavi  
I won't rest until my 'Natti niggaz get him  
Run up in him hit him with a blade up of in his kidney  
And leave him face down, real niggaz don't play around  
Paralyze that motherfucker from the waste down  
Cuz he's a bitch turned snitch on the next nigga  
On sight I'm takin' his life with the Tec trigga  
And give a f\*\*k about his kid, cuz he didn't give a f\*\*k about mine  
When I was servin' my bid  
I knew he was a flunky, punk nigga dressed like a junkie  
Runnin' around with a pound of bunk weed

See I'm all about the cash fool  
Blast to get a mill and I keep it real fool  
I owe court and the streets, f\*\*k a deal  
Wanna see me cuffed and stuck in the back seat of a cop car  
When I got jewels and pull more strings on a good tar/guitar than a rock star  
Cop car by the UB wanna do me down like Doobie  
Straight haters is what you fools be  
Hangin' on my balls like newbies  
You do three's dumped outta trees is how we do these  
Enemies when we WC 'em down like my crew be  
Pack heaters nonetheless and now better leave his  
Bulletproof vest down in the Beemer  
Hit 'em up we lead 'em then streetsweap 'em

We don't need 'em  
That nigga's a bitch like Ru Paul  
Whipped his with his ass you'll be sold like blue balls  
We some murderers, haven't ya heard of the straight killa  
All black, the realest on the map, mission to get the millas  
Y'all best off feel me, a motherfuckin' real G  
In this shit Paper Made til they kill me kill me