

Paper Bag Boy

CalBoy

I've been trappin' got a hunnid in that duffel bag boy
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Hey

I don't do a thing, I'm a boss
They locked bro in prison got him talking to the wall
You swore you were solid till that second that you called
You fucked up a million times and swear it wasn't your fault

I've been trappin' got a hunnid in that duffel bag boy
But I come from the trenches I'm a paper bag boy
I'm like thank you God I owe you one I'll pay you back for it
Hit the gas I'm in that foreign like I'm tryna fast forward

Hit the gas I'm in that bitch like I'm tryna race
You want talk business a hunnid or better I can't do basic
Got a bad bitch with me wanna suck me to sleep this bitch amazing
New switch on me can't dodge these bullets this ain't the matrix
Don't get turned victim, can't even war, don't got no paper nigga
Finally get you some motion, you know that they'll find them a reason to hate you nigga
Finally got me some motion, I'm stuck in my lane, I can't even relate to niggas
I done got me some money, I ever go broke then it's back to the basics nigga
Duh

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You can ask my brodie nem, I had the smoke all under my mattresses
You ain't felt that floor, then niggas wasn't poor for real, I made it happen (duh)
Shit, was lurkin' with brodie for real, you don't get no sleep when it's real life static
And you know ain't no keepin' the peace when you in too deep, gotta let a nigga have it
Yea yea yea, I've been trappin' got a hunnid in this duffel bag
Really stood on business, you just dirty, call you hustle man
You said you want static, say you like that, flex your muscle then

Really with the mob, and before you move I got the upper hand

I've been trappin' got a hunnid in that duffel bag boy

But I come from the trenches I'm a paper bag boy

I'm like thank you God I owe you one I'll pay you back for it

Hit the gas I'm in that foreign like I'm tryna fast forward (hey)