

Paper Up

Cassidy

get-I get my paper all the time, I keep tellin' you

[Swizz]

Cassidy the problem, c'mon!

All my people out there, gettin that cake man

Take somethin out your pocket, and put it in the air like this

Put it in the air like this, and say some shit like this, c'mon

[Chorus]

I get my paper on my block, I get my paper from my block

I get my paper ALL THE TIME I KEEP TELLIN YOU~!

I get my paper on my block, I get my paper from my block

I get my paper all the time I keep tellin you

[Cassidy]

Look if you deal coke and you still broke, start grindin more homes

Cause I'ma drug conniseur homes

In the hood good jobs is hard to find like dinosaur bones

I'm tryin to start shinin more homes

That's why I make 'em hurry up and buy like that china store homes

Cause they'll give you time for a dime or more of stones

And tellin ain't my twist, I ain't that kind of boy homes

But a lot of niggaz singin like the Commodores homes

I'm ridin when it's time for war homes

The chrome on my hip, can flip a fully grown dinosaur homes

I'm the kind of boy known to split domes when I pop the Taurus

I spray rounds that could lay down a tyrannosaurus

My mind like a thesaurus, I'ma shine regardless

My brain a dictionary, lames I'm quick to bury

I spit scriptures and put pictures on obituaries

So get your own sound or hustle a home now, nigga!

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

[Cassidy]

Yeah! E'ry bar that I write like a brick of that hard white

I've truly been blessed, it's a gift from the Lord Christ

But yo if you livin the hard life

You can't get back the hand you was dealt, so play your cars right

They say you ain't promised tomorrow right? (Nope)

So I stay in the street, like a deer that stay in that car lights

With the high beams on and the fog lights lit

I get, my lean on on some B.A.R.S. type shit

Until, my cream gone I'ma ball like this

In my all white tee and my all white kicks

And I still toss the white on the strip that's why I floss like this

With the frostbite wrist cause we all quite rich, I love this life!

I threw different color ice, in my cross like Swizz

And all I give broads is hard type dick; have 'em twirlin they tongue

Yeah I know I got a girl and a son, but umm

It's a man's world and I'm as thorough as they come - WHAT?!

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

[Cassidy]

Yeah! I'm from a block where niggaz get it poppin at

Where cats is known for boxin and poppin gats
But you gotta aim low when you poppin that
Cause that hot shit got kick like a soccer match
I'm from where the M-1's and the choppers at
Feel me where you can come to go gun shoppin at
You rockin plaque, got your chain with the watch to match
Watch your back if you go and you ain't got your gat
Cats'll jack your pop he ain't got a strap
Cats'll rob your mom if she got a stack
Cause niggaz tryin to get paid
And niggaz not tryin to get waged when they rockin the stockin cap
Round the way they got gourmet pots of crack
And you would spend like 24 for a block of that
My niggaz tryin to get the cheese but no not the rat
I'm from a block where snitchin ain't a option at

[Chorus - repeat 2X]