

Yeah

Yeah

Trying to get a helipad on top of this bitch

Hustling a long time

Bentleys out side the villas

Rose petals on the sheets

Mints on the pillows

Baby smoked out

Dancing in the mirror

Trying to draw me nearer

But I got paper love

I can't make it any clearer love

I can't make it no realer

Than the ceiling that I get from depositing millions

I love thumbing through them Benjis

Getting head on the beach

In the drop top Rolls couldn't match the feeling so

Please excuse me if I keep it moving

I know them big licks just ain't gon' come to me

So I'm on the hunt

Some people think I'm tripping, think I'm on one

This is the mentality, brutality of New Orleans

Trying to come up and share my pot with my lil dog and them

Yeah

Yeah

Trying to come up and share my pot with my lil dog and them

Its enough loot and bitches in this world for all of us

Lil homie you gotta think larger, broader

Crabs in a bucket they kill you before you touch it

That fucking money, them haters don't want to see you get none

They want you on the porch right next to them

Can't entertain these bums get on your money

Bro you'll turn into a skeleton just waiting for that bread to come

Get up and get to the paper

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Get up and get to the paper

Get up and get to the paper

Get up and get to the paper

Get up and get to the paper

Yeah

Yeah yeah yeah

Get up and get to the