

Paper on top of papers, stack papers some more
Look or places to put it like where this gon' go?
Floatin', creatin', changin' like switchin' up clothes
Once they bite our styles, we done want 'em no more
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Sick, all my life they got me sick
I can't get after the grip with all 'em on my dick
I can't quit, I got some more 'bout to purchase this
I hit my wrist up, lit my shit up, 50 clips
That's your beamer on my wrist, homie and that ain't it
I tell my youngin' how I got all this, they learned it quick
I see 'em swingin' 'round 'em corners in all kind of shit
Now I'm him, top dog in the yard when I walk in
It's like the whole earth pause
Against the physics laws, niggas livin' large
Germ's lit, fattest Cuban cigars, you thought you seen it all

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