

Get This Paper

D12

Don't do shit, don't do shit!
We gon' keep right gettin' them though
Cause we put a dime in the money

I do what I do, to get more paper
Gotta get this money, gotta get this money more
Shit has to rock, shit has to rock
Shit each one is dying fast in the money
I gotta do what gotta do to get more paper
Paper, paper

I ain't good for nine to fives 'cause I'm too lazy
I'd do it if I gotta but it just ain't me
People with seniority used to say he crazy
Show up to that bitch late and get rolled up daily
[?] hate me for being a motherfucker with a plan
But self-preservation, the first rule of man
In my hand is where the jewels is kept
I can't lose a step, making this money, G is that in depth?
And what I'm reppin' is only grindin'
Two steps in front, not behindin'
Fighted long enough, now I'm shinin'
Run your nav, [?], where I grew up
Learn how to fight shit, learn how to fuck
Learn what a pound was, learn how to back it up
Learned if I earned dough, [?] hate, keep it tucked
Shots blown, keep her vest buzzin' up
Shirt on in the club, [?], I don't give a fuck
'Cause I'm...

(Once again I have to get out there and say this DJ Young B
DJ Young B The mixtape man, the mixtape man The fuck you at, [?], what you a
t, [?]?)
Pay attention, millions, billions)
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First the plug get plugged in
Then them truckloads drug in
Then them barrels get broke down
Them pockets get swollen
And the stack so thick that the knot's not foldin'
We gettin' that
New cars in the wristwatch
And the popcorn bustin' out the Ziploc
And the head cocks cock when the shish pop
And I got the killers poppin' from P-Rock
I got the D-Lock
And the dime so big that they lookin' like quarters in the weed spot
It's like money just grown off the treetop
I'm around and shit is goin' like counterfeit
But, it's comin' much quicker
Hit the lil' bar and blow stacks on liquor

We been eatin' good since that spot on Pickford
Now it's a whole lot better
We gettin' that paper
I'm tryna get it right, get it in dope
Because he's with his dime, passin' the money

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My only frustration was just the waste of time in these streets
Now I'm older, I'm grindin' much more than my teeth
I forgot how to sleep, 'cause laziness wouldn't accept it
I was up three hours, y'all was drunk elected
I showered every two days, and [?] thought I wouldn't win
On the corner sippin' gin, dirty as a pig pen
I needed no friends, sinnin' with the sinners
They hated, 'cause I knew how to save while they was spendin'
Behavin' like everything was gravy and splendid
Them [?] fell off and got mad 'cause I didn't
Surveillance in my loot, I can't trust my bitch
'Cause she bit off the tree of forbidden fruit and turned snitch
Now when my nose itch, it's residuals I sense
I chase it, 'cause I don't like to wait to get my checks
An individual who beats in ten hour intervals
You into the hustle, but the hustle ain't into you

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Shit has to rock, shit has to rock
Shit each one is dying fast in the money
I gotta do what gotta do to get more paper
Paper, paper
(Because he's with his dime, passin' the money)