

Get This Paper

Do Or Die

D.O.D., new style (hustlas)
AK, Belo
Bout to show 'em how to paper chase
Chicage if you with me
C'mon, tell me something K

Do you know, now do you know
They give you, triple-life in jail
For some shit that you didn't even do?
Now do you know, now do you know
They got majority locked down
While we cry for our peoples and they tools
Now do you know, now do you know
They got a nigga in hell
But we hustle cause our rent is past-due
Now do you know, now do you know
We know right from wrong
But motherfucka's ain't actin' brand new

This shit is all good
We hustle in the hood
I gotta get my money riiight
If it don't make dollars
It don't make sense
I gotta get my money riiight

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We hustle in the hood
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We gon' get this paaper (Yeah)
Ridin', smokin', comin' like we don't care
No matter what haters might say
We grindin' like every day
Can't let this get away
We gon' get this paper

I wake up early
Start chiefin' while gettin' blown
I'm thinkin' of ways
That I can get my money on
I got four-five in the 'Lac
And packed with chrome
And bitches be all grimey
They fuck til' yo money gone
I keeps it grimey
You find me off in the hood
Gettin' dis-combobulated
With' little Jimmy and them and umm
We poppin' bottles
You follow while shootin' craps
Give me daps, rock up, get paid
On the block, we get to hoppin' em
Now, what you say, now, now

My pockets hum with the mum
With the bump, get crunk
Well I'm bout to kick it off
I got my nigga with' pump
With' the thumb, let's go, well
We goin' out for the door
And I'm not lettin' off
I gots to keep the hustle
I got to keep the paper
A broke man can't understand
If he don't got paper
Benjamins won't come to you
Unless you go head out and make 'em
No matter what they say
I'm always paper chasin'

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Paper (Paper)
Paper (Chase that paper y'all)
Paper (Paper)
Paper

I know it's hard without a nine-to-five job
Or a twenty-four hustle
When the coke get low
It make the whole street struggle
I grind so grimey
Because my ho shoes buckle
And my pants drag low
I got to fold 'em down and tuck 'em
The dream from the past
Was to come outta the shade and scuffle
Now watch the rich people sit back and get paid
While the haters and the envy had a plan for that
They tried to put me in a situation-
Where they thought I couldn't adapt
I'm tryin'a tell you...
You livin' in a cold, cold world
When I used to live in the 'jects
With' a dope fiend girl
You ain't never had no struggle like this
And you ain't had a hustle like this
If you ain't never walked around in my shoes before
How can you judge all the drugs that I've used before?
Lord help me, look at the place that we livin' in
And tell me you wouldn't scuffle
To get you some dividends

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