

Paparazzi

EST Gee

(FOREVERROLLING)

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

He must thought this shit was sweet, but it's a Sour Patch (Sour Patch)
Yankin' all through Tennessee, lost police like a hour back
He gon' get found hit up if he diss us, that's how I'll react
AR out the window, make his trigger clap like jumpin' jacks
It's gon' be a killin' if we found out that you fuck wit' that
Get low, I shoot this pole, chop' make him limbo, no hittin' back (Ain't no
hittin' back)

You heard somethin' 'bout it, I can take you where they do it at (Take you w
here they do it at)

They don't want no ZaZa, this where snorters and them shooters at
Raw, I mean, I started wit' a ball and flipped to two, three zaps
Silly fool, kickin' it wit' dude like you ain't know he rat? (You ain't know
he told?)

You got picks and choose, I ain't got no picks, all of 'em get this clip (Al
l of 'em get this gun)

I up this blick, I shoot, I ain't gon' miss, now when he talk, he spit (When
he talk he spit)

Playin' tough, nigga, you been a bitch, like when he walk his switch (Like w
hen he walk his switch)

(Yeah boy, I heard you been a bitch, you probably take 'em)

Ayy, this that slide music (Yeah)

Grab yo' blick, go hit the switch, somebody died to it

Some of these niggas ain't killers, they actually murderers, they really in
fifth (Fifth)

I seen a nigga poppin' Ecstasy (What?), blame the body on a pill (Damn)

Bitch tried to hurt me (Hurt me), I popped a perky (Perky), bitch, I'm good
(I'm good)

Numb to the pain (I am), my feelings don't even exist (At all)

Really if it's 'bout a bitch, nigga (Yuh), why it's all the rich niggas?

Executive drug dealer, who the fuck raise you niggas? (Who that?)

You ain't never watch 48 Hours?

You don't understand law and power? (Do you?)

I cherish this thing of ours, let me gon give my niggas they flowers (Let's
get it)

Rollie, Rollie, Richard AP, can't buy time in these streets

Don't put time in these freaks, everybody shine, just not me

Who you ever help, nigga? (Who?)

You only 'bout yourself, nigga (Facts)

You ain't a boss, you ain't got a trace

You ain't a boss, you ain't got the vision

Seen this shit when I was in the kitchen

Turned around, then I went and did it

Walkin' out of each state, wit' a choppa on me (Choppa on me)

Damn, first it was the feds, now paparazzi on me (Paparazzi on me)

(Yeah, first it was the feds, now paparazzi on me)

Headshot, bury him, dig him up, turn around, do it again (Gang, gang, gang,
gang)

I'm too consistent wit' murder, my shooters gon' do him in (Bow, bow, bow)

When I up this fire, niggas gon' sing just like a violin (Gang, gang, gang,
gang)

Bitch, you cross yo' head, yo' mammy, she gon' miss her child then (Pussy)
I'm cutthroat retarded wit' the Draco, I'll put you to shame (Pussy)
Nigga play wit' me one time, I swear that lil' shit cost his brain (Pussy)
Walk 'em down, certified, streets'll tell you 'fore I got the fame
Switches on my Glock, all my young niggas, shit, I ain't got no aim
(Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang)

Walkin' out of each state, wit' a choppa on me (Choppa on me)
Damn, first it was the feds, now paparazzi on me (Paparazzi on me)
(Yeah, first it was the feds, now paparazzi on me)

That's crazy
First it was the feds, now paparazzi on me
That's crazy G, you hear?
They still takin' pictures though