

# Paper

Fredo Bang

I've been counting up these Benjamins  
My bank account ain't got no space I filled it in  
I ain't dippin in your business if it ain't bout no dividends  
Fuck a friend  
I got it I don't need nobody to put my feelings in

Got it out the mud what's a handout  
I'm always walking with a bag just like Santa  
I went and got it on my own I can't uno  
I made a million talking over these pianos  
Walk up in your party I got 40 on me  
I used to spin on niggas block with that 40 on me  
Glock tucked on me right now you just don't see it on me  
Ya prolly lose your life if you run up on me  
Rich nigga shit I kept feel it on me  
Water drippin' on my neck this shit spillin' on me  
Said I wouldn't be shit had me feeling lonely  
Now your TV screen gotta see me on it  
I heard ya came from the dirt now ya neck froze  
I heard ya turned some lint to a bankroll  
Now you spending thousands on some plain clothes  
It turnt out you that nigga guess they ain't know  
Never let em tell you what you can't do  
Never let a nigga know your next move  
Gotta keep on pushin' when that work through  
Can't nobody stop your blessing that's the damn truth

Get that paper, get that paper  
Get that paper, get that paper