

Paper

Gucci Mane

I ain't really havin' no paper problems
Man I'm just tryna get paper
That young nigga that got a paper problem
He can't get to no paper
I ain't never had no paper problems
Nigga I been gettin' paper
That young nigga got a paper problem
Cause he never had no paper, paper, paper
Paper, man I got so much paper
Don't smoke my weed in papers
Don't buy blunts that got flavors, nah

I just touched down in Jamaica, I'ma try to smoke two acres
Send a nigga to his maker, be cheaper to cremate ya
Fuck the nigga and the bitch that made ya
You ain't really doing that major
Gotta eat for the water extendo, like bally bally water
Big timer, timer, timer got a timepiece full of diamonds
Sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle, got your girl gone off that Molly
Ballin' in the VI-, don't I look so icy
I need to go to rehab, addicted to Ferrari's
My Royce go rollin' like brrrrrr nigga
My yellow go rollin', brrrrrr, brrrrrr, nigga
I concur that you're not real nigga
So man I don't even wanna deal wit ya
And the niggas that you with is some bitch niggas
Cause they know you lame and they still with ya
One to get ya then I'm comin' to get ya
When I shoot nigga it ain't hard to hit ya nigga

I ain't really havin' no paper problems
Man I'm just tryna get paper
That young nigga that got a paper problem
He can't get to no paper
I ain't never had no paper problems
Nigga I been gettin' paper
That young nigga got a paper problem
Cause he never had no paper, paper, paper
Paper, man I got so much paper
Don't smoke my weed in papers
Don't buy blunts that got flavors, nah
Paper, paper, man I got so much paper
That young nigga got a paper problem
Cause he ain't never had no paper, paper, paper

They like Sosa, why you runnin' thru 100 thousand?
I ain't never had no paper
I ain't 'Wop, I ain't Jay, but I was making 500 every day
Make One Call Send A Stain That's Caper Problem
Caper Gone Pull That K
Run in your house, where your safe
Anything to get that cake
In the club wilin'
Make it rain in this bitch cause it's hot and bitches crawlin'
Let a nigga try me
Fuck around, fuck around, fuck around, fuck around
And meet his daddy

Smokin' on a fattie
And my pocket is a fattie
All I fuck with is fatties
Boy hope you ready
Coming real hard like the G that's after the 'a' in spaghetti
I'm wearin' lunatics, I don't do Nelly
Hey, I'm rolling and I don't know Kelly
Racks up in my jeans and I don't know Billie
Walked up in saks, throwin' up racks, they smell me