

Blue Face Paper

Jay Webb

I been on the grind, gettin' blue face paper
Bottle up to shine, gettin' blue face paper
Crossin' county lines for some blue face paper
She fuck me 'cause I got all this blue face paper

She like, "How a redneck get this blue face paper?"
How you gon' flex in a room full of haters?
Said the price on the booze is some tires for the Razor
If I'm in the fuckin' booth, know it's gonna be a banger
Won't get her back if she climbs in the ride
Murder Duramax with the steps on the side
Too busy gettin' bags, give a fuck if she mine
Turnin' on the flash when I fuck from behind

Said that you was damaged and your heart so cold
Baby, I could do some damage on an old back road
Just look up and call me, "Daddy" while I hold you close
When we're done, I'll hang your panties on the rear-view, woah (Yeah)
I been lovin' every curve and every inch of your fine ass
Everything I got, I pay my shit, aim finest
Pop another pill and take a hit, let the time pass
Careful with the shine if you sip out of my glass

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Pretty feet up on the dash while I'm ridin' the line
Damn it, I'ma beat her back in up under some pines (Ayy)
I been dready with an axe in at one twenty-five (Twenty-five)
You won't, you won't be needin'
You won't, you won't be needin' in
You won't, you won't be leavin'
You know, you know you need this shit

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In the fuckin' booth, know it's gonna be a banger