

# Paper Trail\$

Joey Bada\$\$

[Hook:]

Before the money, there was love  
But before the money, it was tough  
Then came the money through a plug  
It's a shame this ain't enough, yo

[Verse 1:]

Sitting back plotting, jotting information on my nation  
Really started from the bottom, boy, cotton  
But they still planting plantations, we keep buying in  
Closed-minded men, pride is higher than the prices on your pradas  
Balenciagas, balance my soccer with the henny agua  
Me and my niggas tryna eat, you pussies empanada  
The flow like plenty lava  
With just a penny I could multiply my worth  
And make you work for me for twenty hours  
I swear these niggas love to copy, thanks for listening  
This kid ain't been the same since Biggie smacked me at my christening  
Watch your tradition and please play it safe  
Cause your position on the top is switching right in front your face  
Rocking on this bass with rhymes, I'm bustin' out  
He duckin' down, got some issues now, headed for your house  
So put the pistols down, got that red dot on your nose  
Who put the clown on lock, jaws like the blue knows  
Froze, keep your mouth closed or you can see the solar  
I got connections that guaranteed to see closed doors  
You hear that underground sonar  
The way I flows, this wisdom  
The Pros been on a mission  
Listen into the chamber, get hyperbolic  
They raisin' max, I raise stakes to keep the brolic  
My bitches is macrocosmic, pass the chronic  
The mastered sonics is lightyears above your conscious  
You're novice, but I got notes that strike nerves  
I promise your minds ain't sharp like my swords  
So cut the BS, and don't worry where my jeans is  
And PS: Your bitch a genius, learnt from my penis  
I got dreams filling arenas and breaking brackets  
Tend this racket, while I'm cracking a Serena  
God damn, God bless the heaven that sent you  
But now I'm breezing out, baby, cause my rent's due

[Verse 2:]

Shit is really real out here  
I said shit is really real out here  
Just trying to get a deal out here  
I'm screaming cream  
Who fucking with the rap supreme?  
Joey Bad, the Big Preem came to collect the green  
I got a dollar and a dream, know what I mean?  
And I gotta get my mama off the scene [x2]  
Cash ruined everything around me [x3]  
They say money is the root of all evil  
I see money as the route of all people  
Cause we all follow paper trails, paper trails  
And everybody gotta pay their bills, pay their bills [x2]  
It's the dollar dollar bill, y'all

It's the dollar dollar bill, it's the dollar bill that kills, y'all [x4]

[Hook]