

## That Paper

Kap G

I love that paper, I love that paper  
I love that paper, I love that paper (te amo)  
Get em' in by the bolo, you know I can't fuck with a broke ho  
Cause I love that paper  
I love that paper, I love that paper

I love that paper, I love that paper  
I'm getting this paper (dinero)  
And if it ain't money then we're not related, there's no conversation  
I just keep it pimpin', girl why is you trippin'? that's just in my nature  
Got my barber in Cali, he got LA Clippers, he give me a shape-up  
If this ain't no migo shit, you don't know nothing about it  
My weed is so loud and yo shit is so quiet, yo pockets on diet  
I've been tryna get money, I've been rollin' these blunts, I don't worry bout no broke hoes  
Girl you're gettin' on my nerves, I can't buy you no Louie, that's a motherfuckin' no-no  
Migos bring em' in through the bolos  
This is for all of them sellin' cocos  
Got a bad bitch named Coco, can't put a ring on it, I ain't fro do  
And whenever we see the popos, hit the backdoor, here the 4-4  
Oh no, and I got dope boys, cortez, you know, just like cholos

Go get your weight up, don't owe you no favors  
Don't like me, then sue me  
Got powerful lawyers just like great debaters  
Put the money on the table, I'm the truth not a phantom  
Tim Tebow, [?] from Florida Gators  
I'm kickin' I'm kickin' that flava, I'm kickin' that flavor  
Money on my mind, I don't got time to be a conversator  
I've been rollin' these blunts, I've been tryna get money, tryn a get my cake up  
And I'm rollin' with my dawgs, yeah I'm rolling with my wolves, like Twilight, Jacob  
Straight up, pay up, and my bitch got on no makeup  
And I gotta act down with her face up, put her in the hip like a pager, straight up, straight up  
I don't play no games, no Sega, gotta kick her out when she wake up  
Say "Kap G but te amo", I don't need no bull no Chicago, adios