

# Papercutz

Key Glock

Wonka secured the bag

Glizzock, yeah

Yeah

Uh

Get the bag, King Wonka

Ay

Countin' money, paper cuts in my fingers

Young nigga got stripes like a Bengal (Yeah)

Married to the money, I'll never be single (Uh-uh)

Ain't no nigga seein' me, John Cena (Yeah)

Ran the money up, fucked up my femur (Uh)

Off the block, now I pack out arenas (Let's go)

I take it everywhere, Gilbert Arenas

I'm on stage and they reach at my penis (Yeah)

Countin' this money, paper cuts in my thumb

I know Ma Dukes proud of her son

Yeah, I fucked around, turned to the one (Uh)

Cutthroat chain and it weigh 'bout a ton (Yeah)

I'm knockin' this bitch out the park, Barry Bonds (Phew)

All she wanna do is have fun (Yeah)

Yeah, all she wanna do is have fun (Have fun)

This Richard cost an arm, and leg

Yeah, yeah, let's go (Yeah)

I been busy gettin' this dough

Plant a money tree, watch it grow

Real P, just sold a bitch hope

Hit it from the back, sound like she hittin' notes

She got addicted, she lovin' me more

This bitch done turned to my favorite ho

Man, she love when I pull out the cam

She hate when I pull out, the bitch be like, "Damn"

I'm in Miami with heat like Bam

I'm Mr. Glock, they're gon' pull up and blam (Glizzock, yeah)

I want it all, just like Uncle Sam

Got blues in my pockets, all of 'em crammed

If you ain't talkin' 'bout money, then you can scram

Bye-bye, adios, ciao

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Yeah, yeah, let's go (Yeah)

Go, go, go  
Yeah  
Cutthroat La Familia  
Yeah