

# Get This Paper

Maino

I hustle, I scrape, I gamble, I take  
Anything for me to get that paper  
I rob, I steal, I plot, I kill  
Anything for me to get that paper  
I work, do dirt, hit the block, sell work  
Anything for me to get that paper  
I pimp, I play, I scam, run game  
Anything for me to get that paper

Picture me down on my luck, down to a buck  
Barely ate, ribs touching, nigga, I'm stuck  
Nothing in the fridge, I'm so hungry I'mma bust  
So these niggas with money start to look like lunch  
Maybe I can pull a jux, run up in the store  
Make Papi give it to me, get away or  
Run up in the weed spot, come through, fifth cocked  
Take everything, leave him nothing but his dreadlocks  
Might be easier to just sell [?]  
Stand around the corner and just make sales  
Nigga, I'm broke, how the fuck I'm gon' chill?  
Anything that ain't nailed down I'm gon' steal  
It feels like I got a right to rob  
You would do the same, dog, what, I'm supposed to starve?  
Rather be the frank man, before I beg and bark  
You think if I played lotto I'd get rich tomorrow?

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Sometimes I sit and think what'd happen if I didn't get my rap on  
I would be back in the hood with a mask on  
Probably pushing every rock til the crack of dawn  
Seeing me, run and snatch the chain that you had on  
One of these days I'm gon' get me rich  
Plus the girls say I'm cute, I could pimp me a bitch  
I could shake up the dice, I could gamble a bit  
I could pull a burglary, steal your TV and shit  
But the [?] fells, then I'mma hit the ave again  
And sell bootleg DVDs like the Africans  
T-shirts, socks, CDs and aspirines  
I do anything for me to get cash again

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Now this is for my niggas in the hood that'll pull them capers  
Do anything just to get that paper  
Run up in her spot, tie her up, duct tape her  
Take money now, then think later  
Every bitch that's trying to get  
If you're riding a [?] or you're riding a [?]  
If you're riding a [?] you're riding with bricks  
You can ride next to me if you're trying to get rich  
Homie do what you gotta do if you gotta booze  
Gotta rob, gotta steal, get your dollars, duke  
Cause when you're broke, nobody love you but your mama  
Nothing worse than a man living with his mama  
Dead broke, sitting there low in his [?]  
He'll shoot a dude for every bit of [?]  
For that bread I'll go wax your neck  
In 91 I connect my connect, motherfucker

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